

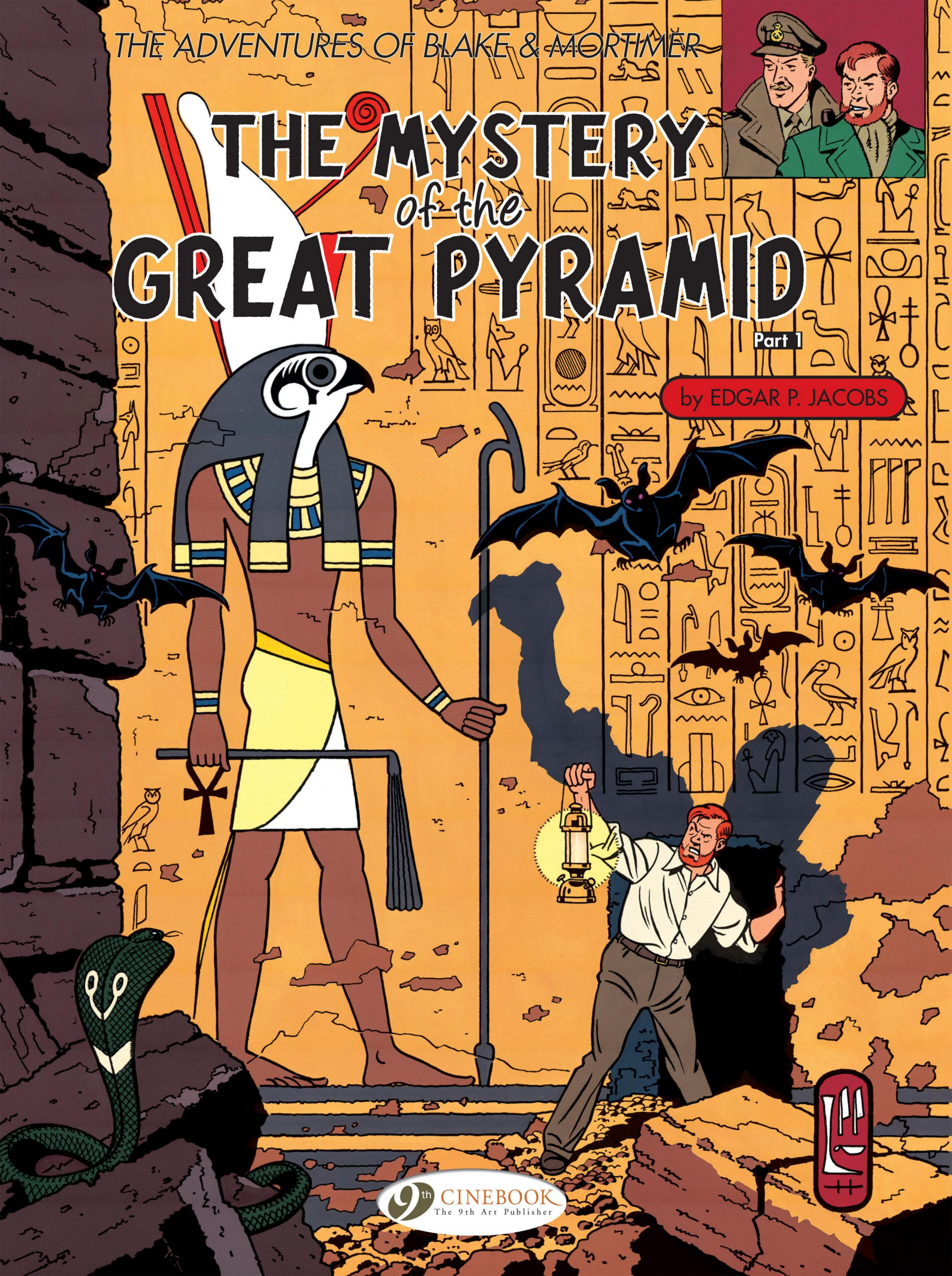
THE ADVENTURES OF BLAKE & MORTIMER



THE MYSTERY *of the* GREAT PYRAMID

Part 1

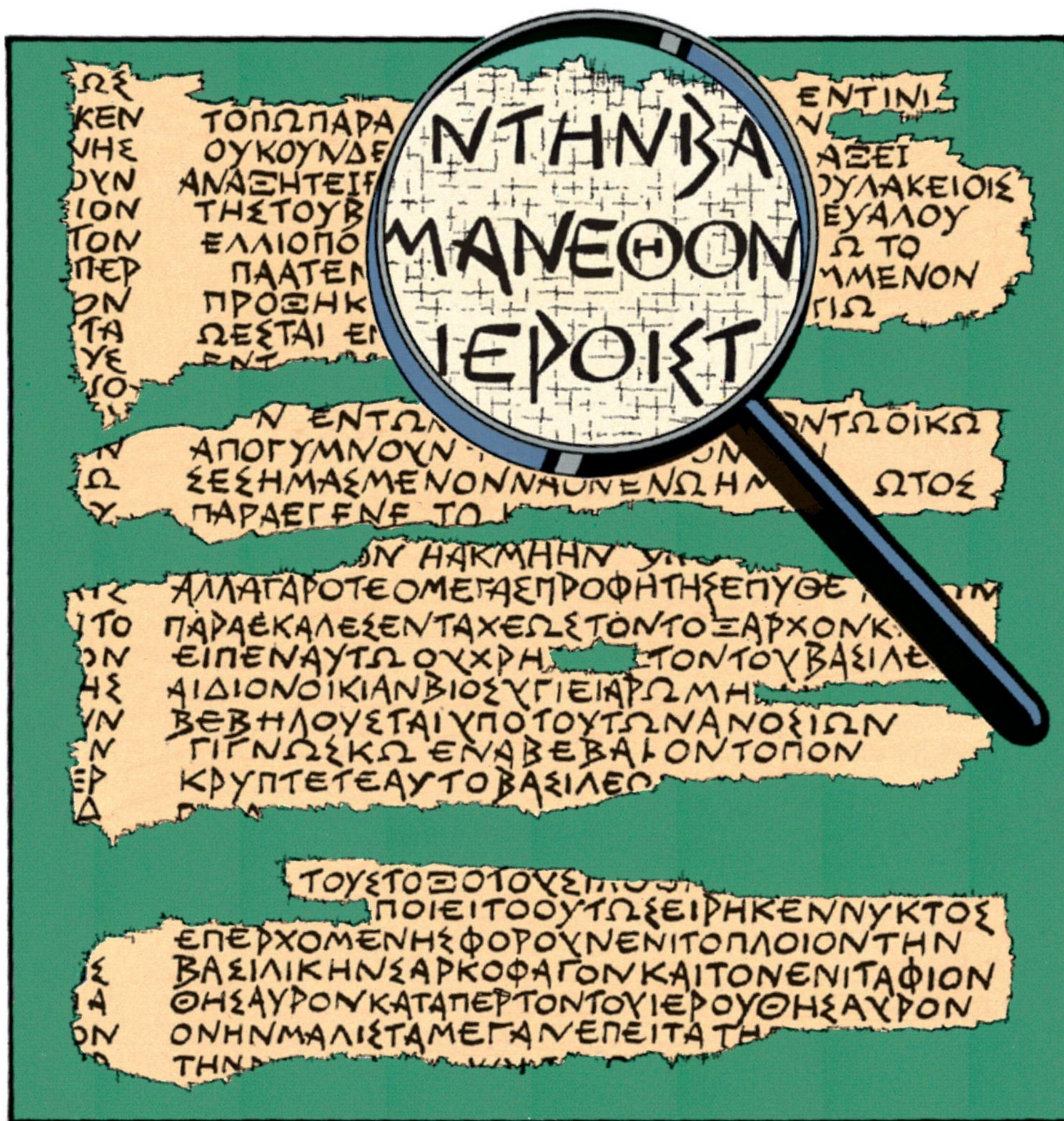
by EDGAR P. JACOBS



E.P. JACOBS

THE MYSTERY of the GREAT PYRAMID

THE PAPYRUS OF MANETHON



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FOREWORD

A few words before the curtain rises on the story I am going to tell you. In fact, for you to appreciate and understand more fully, I should like you to read these few paragraphs—in order to set the scene, as they say.

The land of the pharaohs ...

The origins of Egyptian civilisation, one of the most amazing in antiquity, are lost in the mists of time. In fact, about 3500 B.C., when the first pharaohs appear with King Menes, the Nile Valley had already passed through an eventful pre-dynastic period covering thousands of years. To give you an idea of the immensity of the span of time covered by Egypt's history, I shall simply say that from Pharaoh Keops (builder of the Great Pyramid, which this story is about) to Pharaoh Akhnaton, nearly two thousand years elapsed—that is, from the time of Christ to the present day! ...

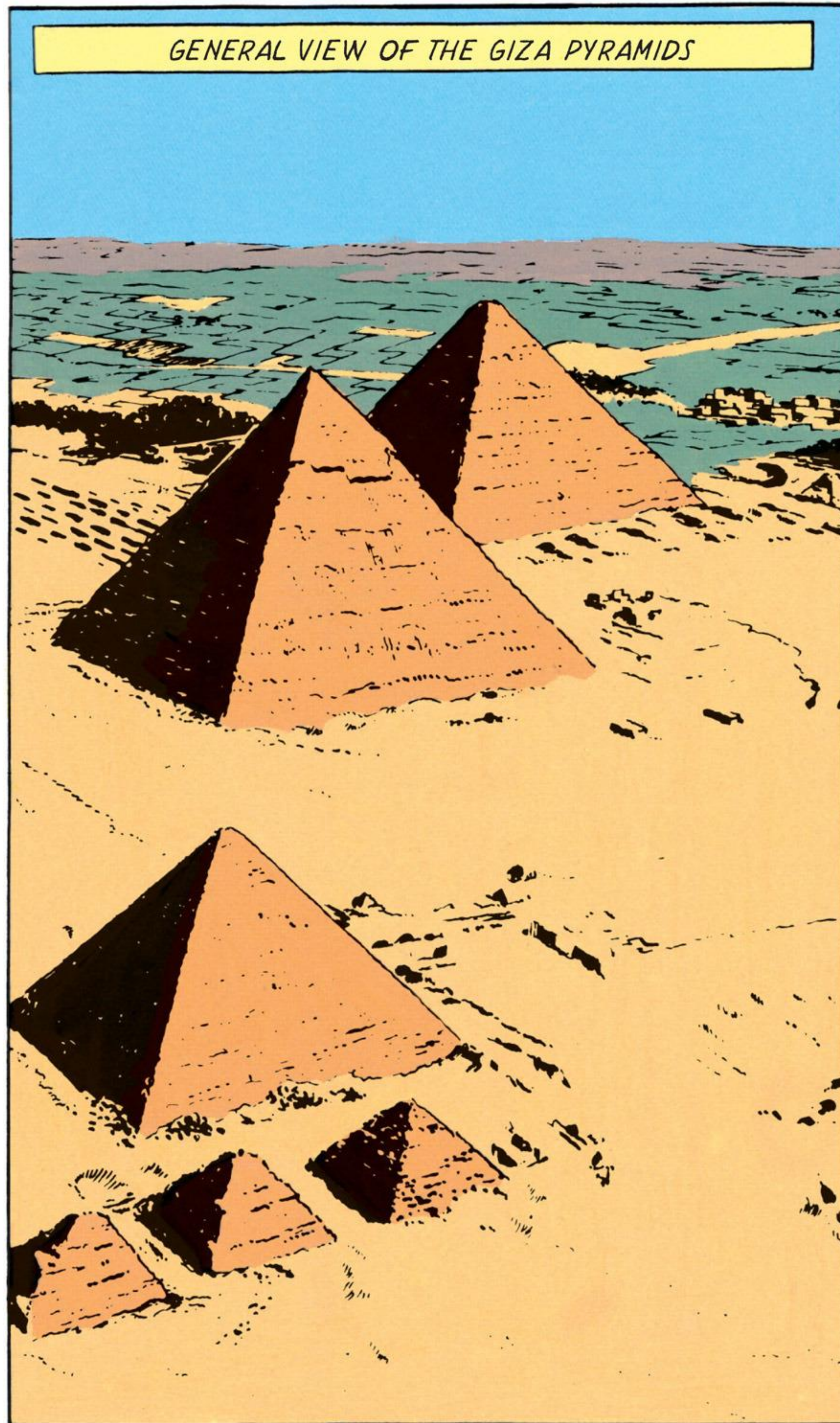
So, in spite of the invaluable discovery by Champollion, to whom we owe the deciphering of hieroglyphic writing and the immense progress made in Egyptology, we still have a most limited knowledge of its history. There are whole periods about which we know little, and out of the thirty dynasties that followed under the rule of the pharaohs, only eleven are sufficiently known to us!! Now, a single individual could have thrown light on the subject, and his name was Manethon ...

Manethon the Historian

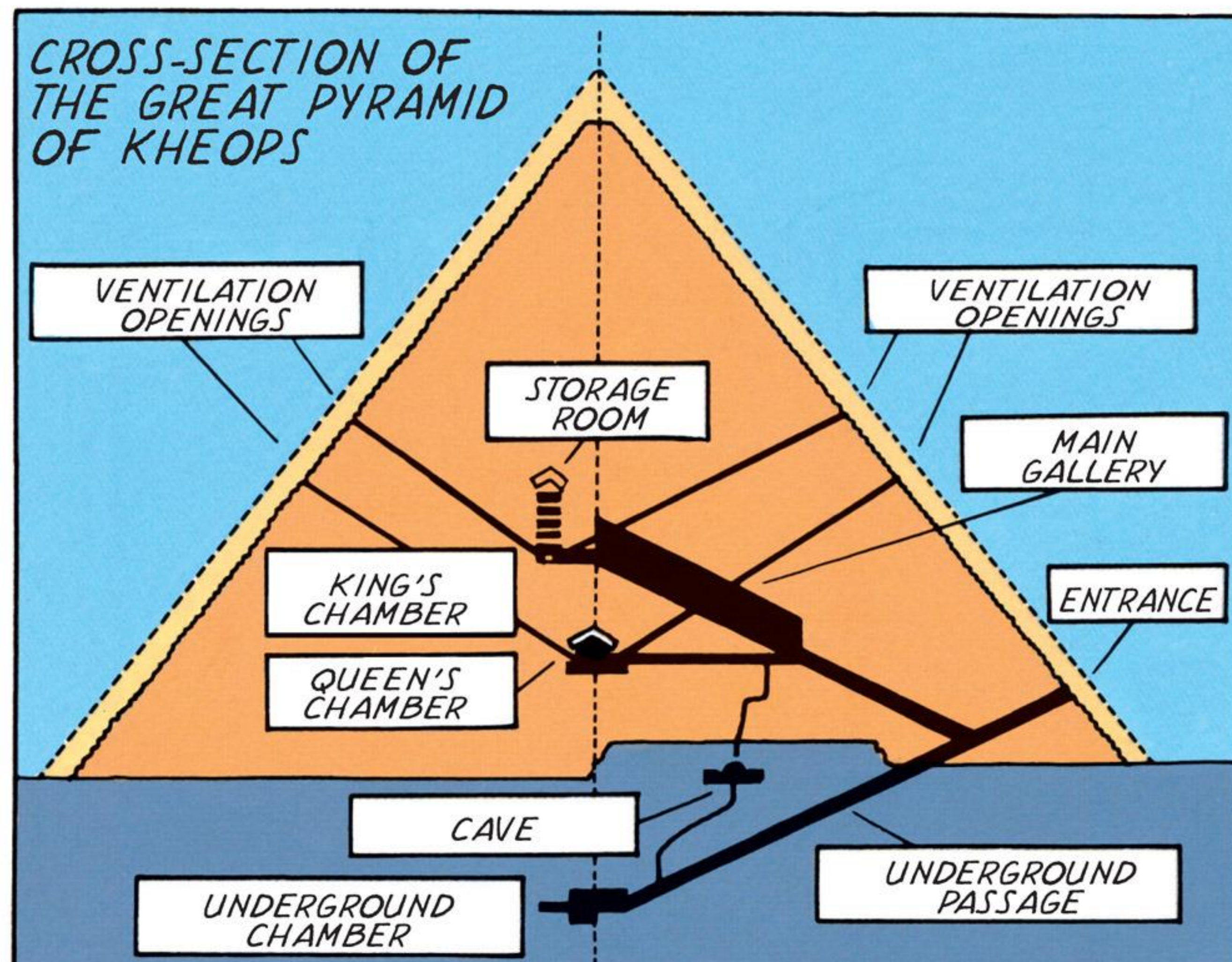
Manethon, who was a priest, lived in the third century B.C., when Egypt was under Greek domination. At the request of Ptolemy I, a former general of Alexander the Great who was now the ruler of Egypt, he compiled a history of Egypt.

His notes, collected at source in the temple libraries and royal archives, would be an invaluable find. Unfortunately, this history was lost! Consequently, imagine the importance and value for the modern historian that the discovery of even a single fragment of this work would hold!!

GENERAL VIEW OF THE GIZA PYRAMIDS



CROSS-SECTION OF THE GREAT PYRAMID OF KHEOPS

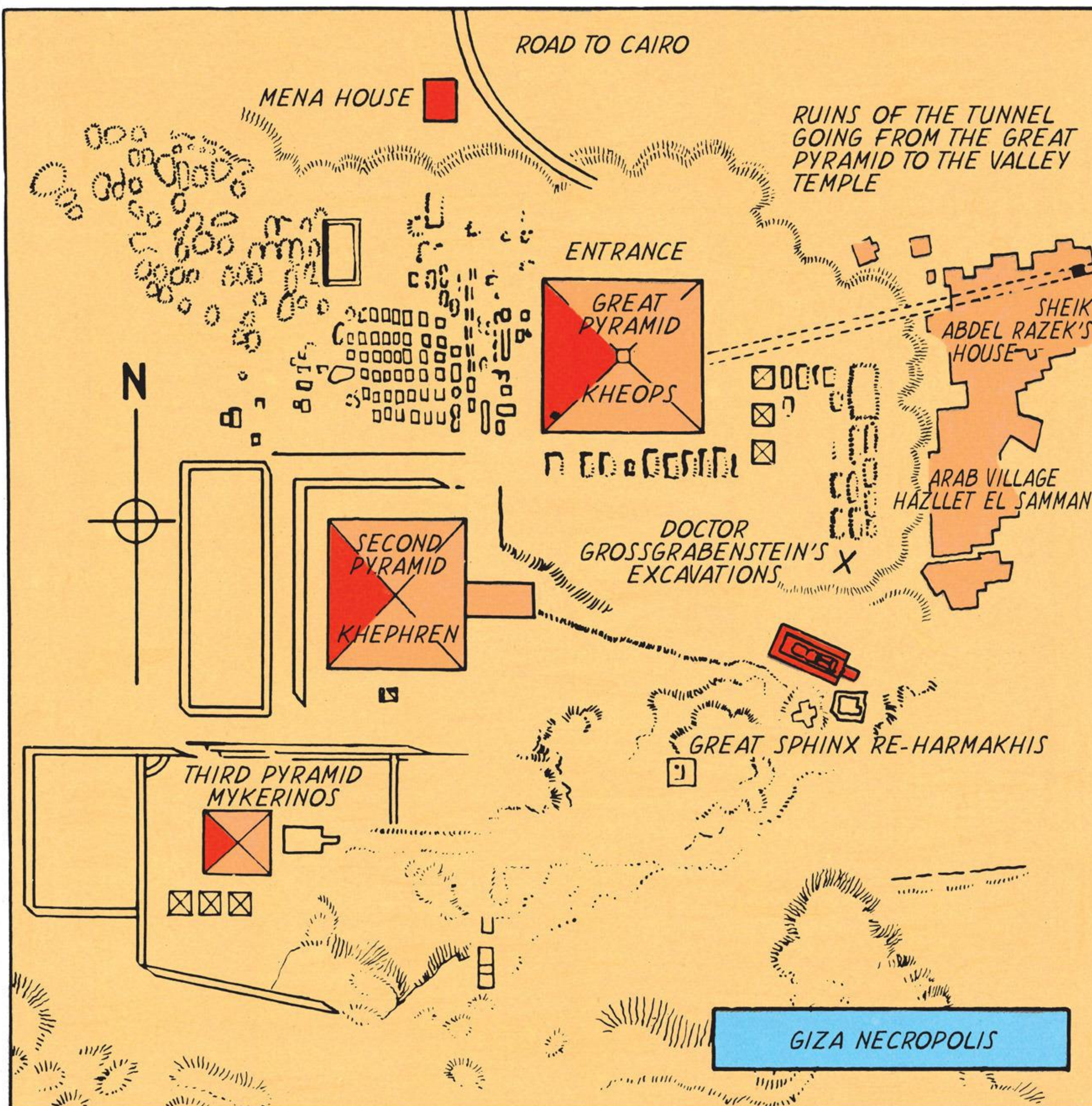


The Giza Plateau

But let us come to the chief element in our stage set, which will occupy the centre of the action: THE GREAT PYRAMID! ...

A royal tomb, the Great Pyramid of Kheops, like its two giant neighbours—the Pyramids of Khephren and Mycerinus—towers above the plateau of Giza about six miles from the city of Cairo.

The Egyptians, who from the most remote times have revered the sun (one of the names for which, Horus, will often recur in this narrative), considered this place one of the most important in their sun cult. A glance at the plan shown will also give you a clear idea of the Giza plateau. Its soil must still conceal many secrets, as proven by the quite recent discovery at the foot of the Great Pyramid of an enormous "Sun Boat" of incredible age! ...



The Mystery of the Great Pyramid

For thousands of years, the colossus that successfully defied the Hyksos, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks and Romans jealously guarded its secrets, but in 820 A.D. Caliph Al Mamoun (son of the famous Haroun Al Rachid of the Arabian Nights) decided to verify the claim in the legend that the pyramid concealed fabulous treasures. An army of slaves was set to work on the colossus. But when, after incredible efforts, they succeeded in penetrating it, only three chambers were discovered and called, wrongly, "King's Chamber," "Queen's Chamber" and "Subterranean Chamber." The first contained only a large red granite manger. Engineers strove in vain to excavate the chamber and passages, probing the walls and paintings. The famous treasure was not to be found.

Since then, centuries have passed by the ancient monument, watched by its venerable companion the Sphinx, itself so old that in the time of Kheops it was regarded as an enigma from a distant past. The mystery of the Great Pyramid still remains to be discovered.

This is the problem, dear reader, with which Professor Mortimer and Captain Blake are about to grapple.

The curtain is shortly to rise. Good reading and a good journey ... Our story begins.

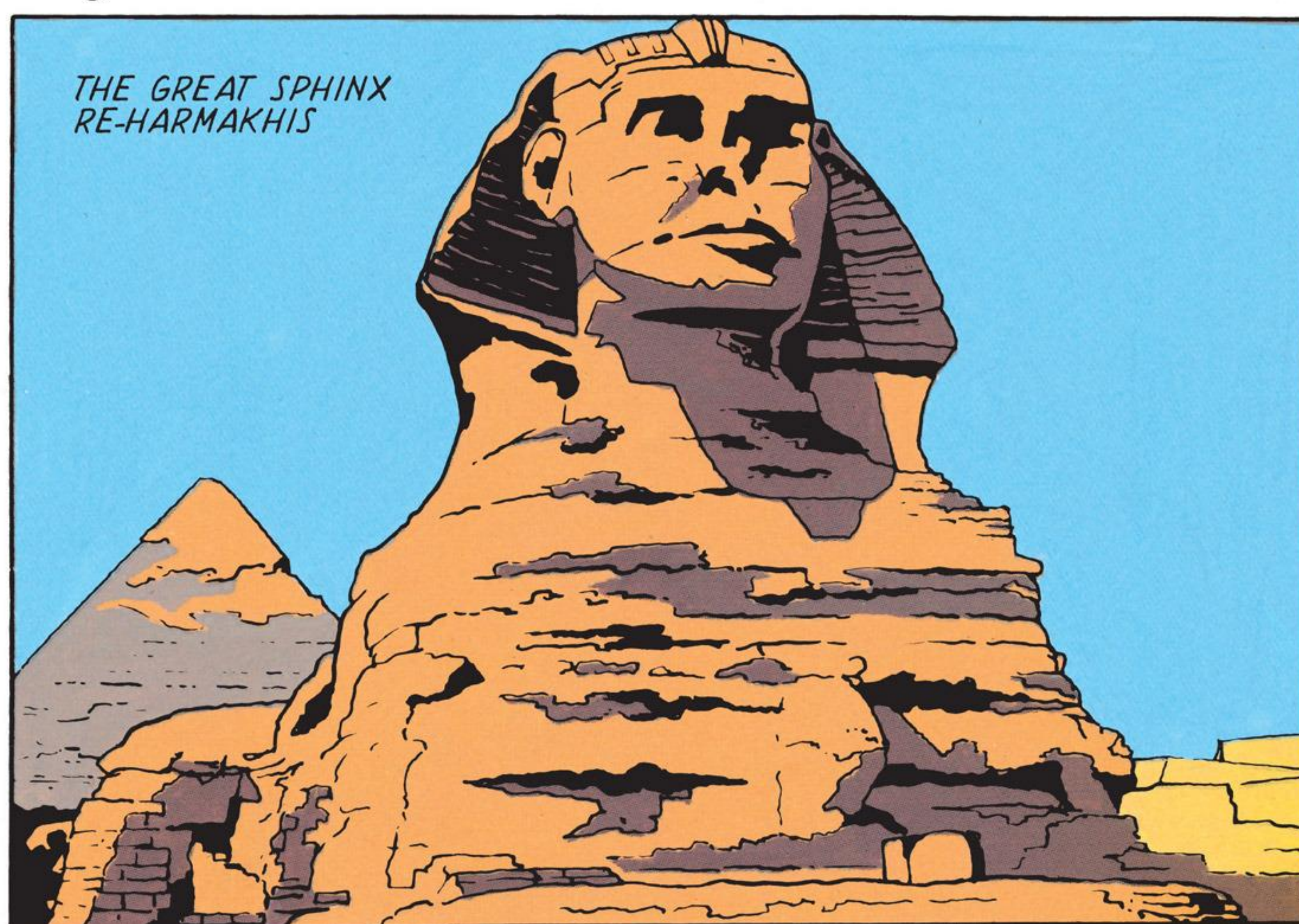
The Great Pyramid

With its stupendous weight of six million tons, the Great Pyramid dominates all the surrounding countryside. Its height is 138 metres and base width 227 metres. It is made up of a total of two million limestone blocks, most of which weigh at least two tons. Many are 10 metres long, and all are so exactly matched that one can run one's hand over the surface without discovering where they join!

This mass of stone is 77 metres higher than the towers of Notre-Dame, Paris. If the pyramid were hollow, it could contain St. Peter's, Rome!

Nevertheless, this marvel—alas, the only remaining one of the Seven Wonders of the World!—scarcely resembles the construction at the time it was built. It was then constructed to a height of 148 metres and was covered on its four sides with a facing of white limestone, which was smooth and polished and reflected the sunlight so brilliantly that the Egyptians gave it the name "The Light."

This facing was still in existence at the end of the twelfth century when an earthquake devastated the city of Cairo. The Arabs simply took material from the flanks of the Great Pyramid to reconstruct their city! ...





11:40 P.M. CONSTELLATION G.H.B.N. ON THE LONDON-CAIRO FLIGHT IS FLYING OVER THE EGYPTIAN COAST.

AT THIS MOMENT, PROFESSOR AHMED RASSIM BEY, CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES, IS ENTERING THE ALMAZA AIR TERMINAL.

Excuse me. Can you tell me whether the London plane has arrived yet?

It has just been reported at Effendi. It will be here in about 15 minutes.

ON BOARD THE PLANE TWO CHARACTERS WELL KNOWN TO OUR READERS ARE CONVERSING QUIETLY.

Well, this is a bit of a change from our crew on board the "Red Wing," isn't it, Nasir? ...

Certainly, Sahib ...

Besides, we're on holiday. We've finished with neutrons, protons and "Swordfish."* I'm glad to see this beautiful country again, as well as our dear friend Ahmed Rassim. Just think: He not only allows an ordinary physicist like me to carry on my hobby of amateur archaeology, but he invites me as well to take part in deciphering his latest finds. He even tells me about an important discovery still unknown to the general public. Who knows? Perhaps ... But I'm sure you find all this rather boring.

Not at all, Sahib; on the contrary.

MEANWHILE, IN CAIRO, TWO MYSTERIOUS CHARACTERS HAVE JUST BEGUN A STRANGE TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

Hello, Room 77. It's Ben. No, nothing to report. He is at the airport ... One of his friends is arriving by plane from London. Pardon? A certain Professor Mortimer ... Yes, Mortimer ...

You don't know anything further? At midnight? ... Right, I'll advise. If there's anything new, I'll advise you by "K" route. Goodnight!

THEY ARE NEARING CAIRO.

Fasten seatbelts, please!

At last. I shan't be sorry to stretch my legs. Will you look after the luggage and I'll see to the passports?

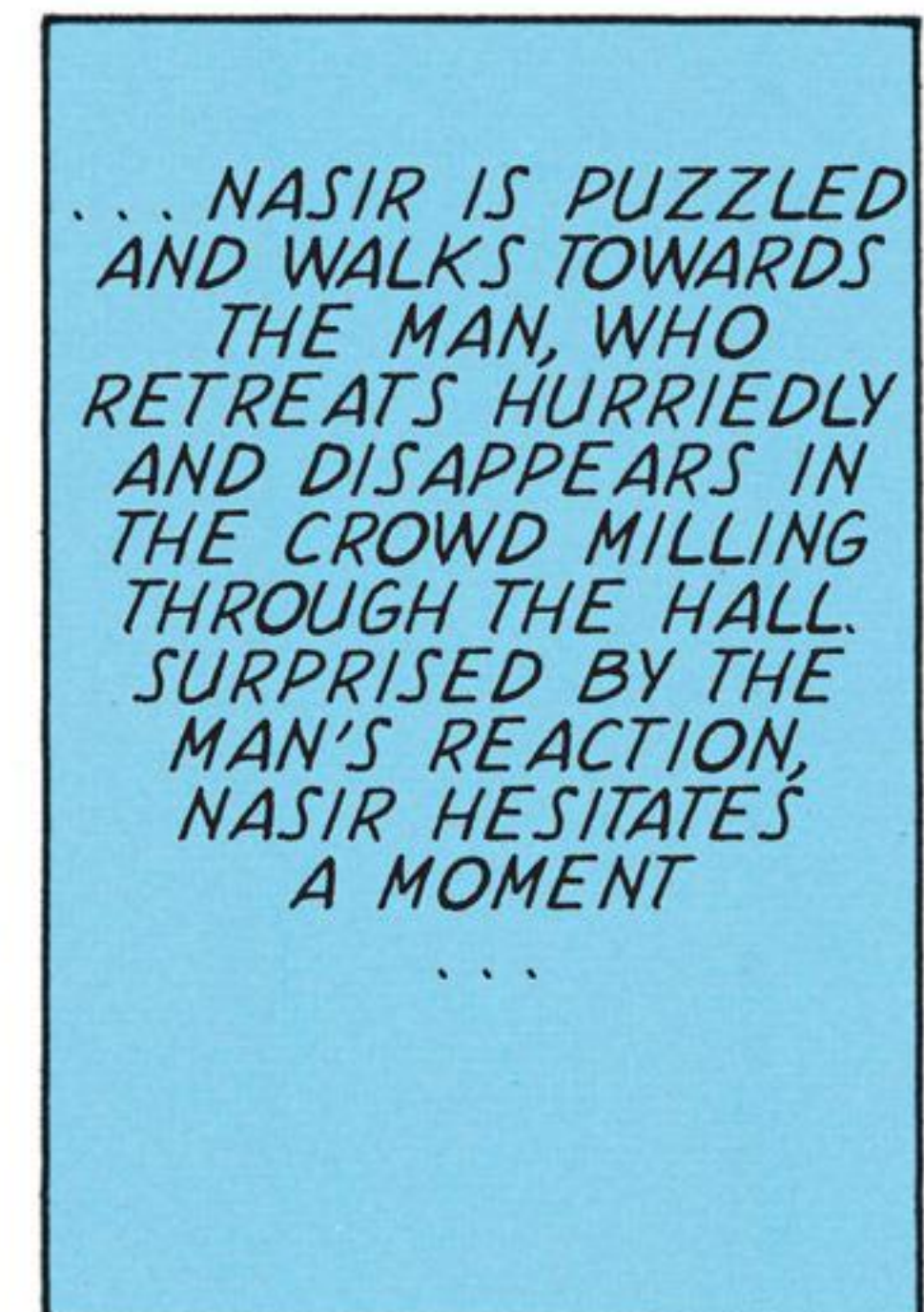
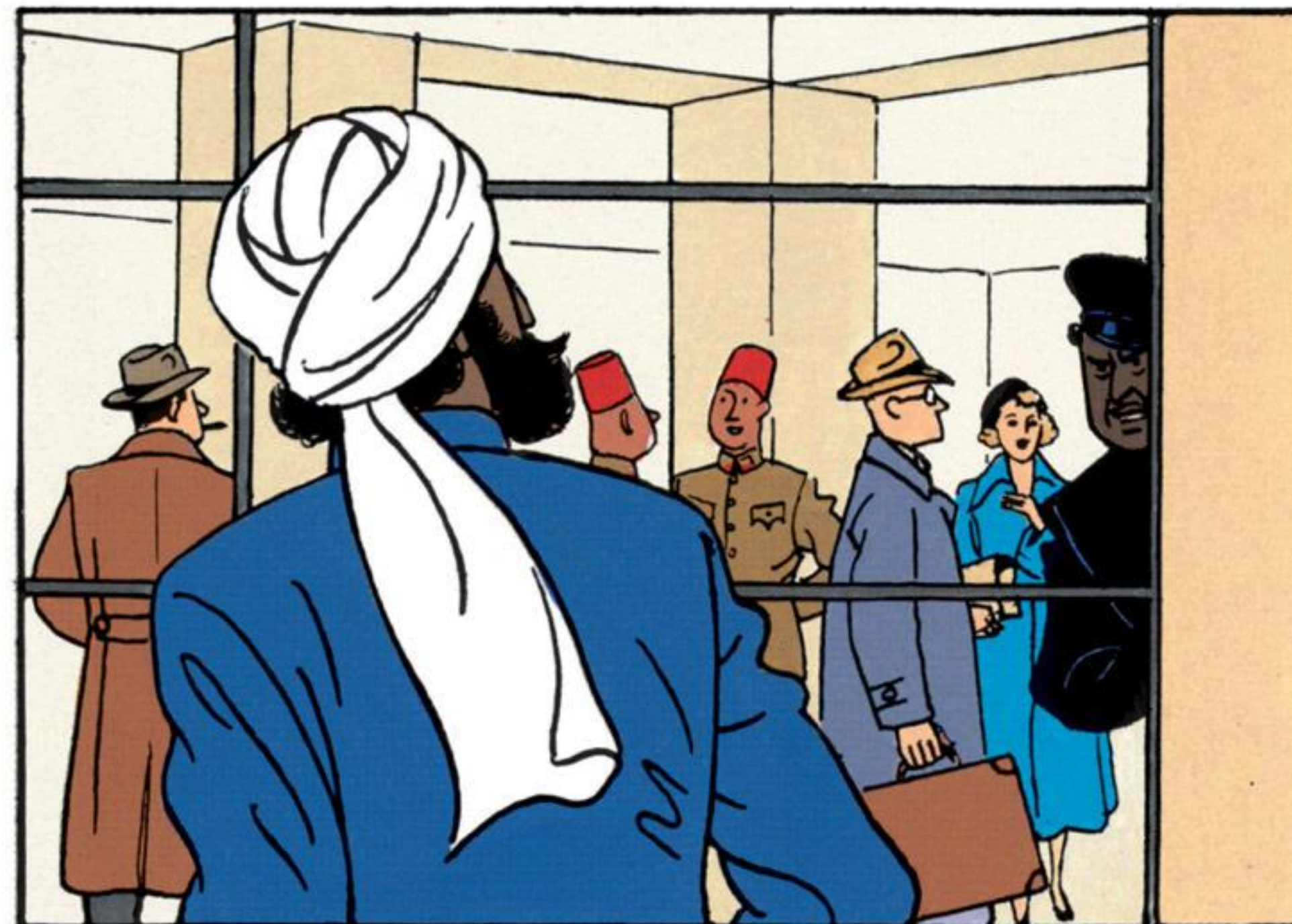
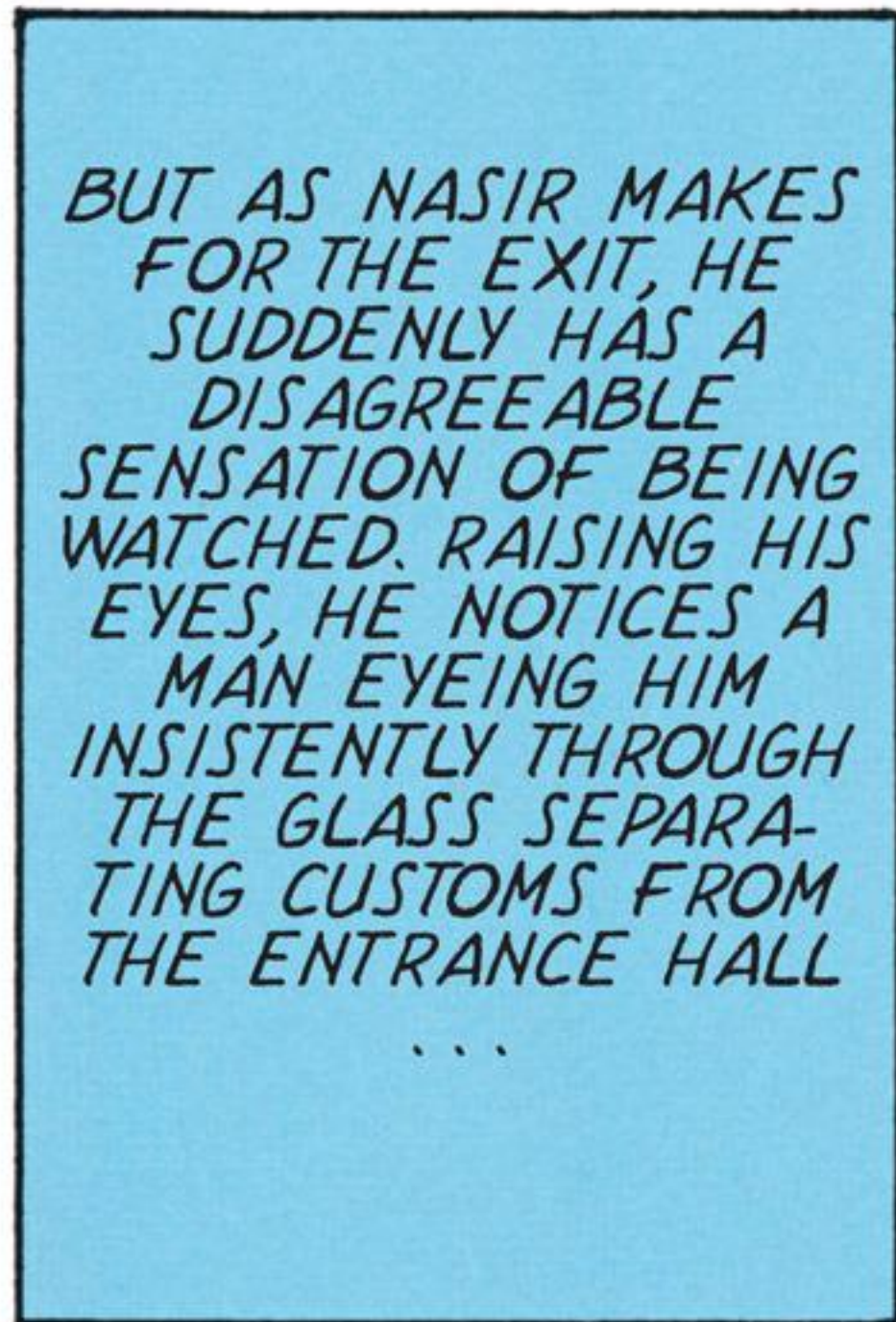
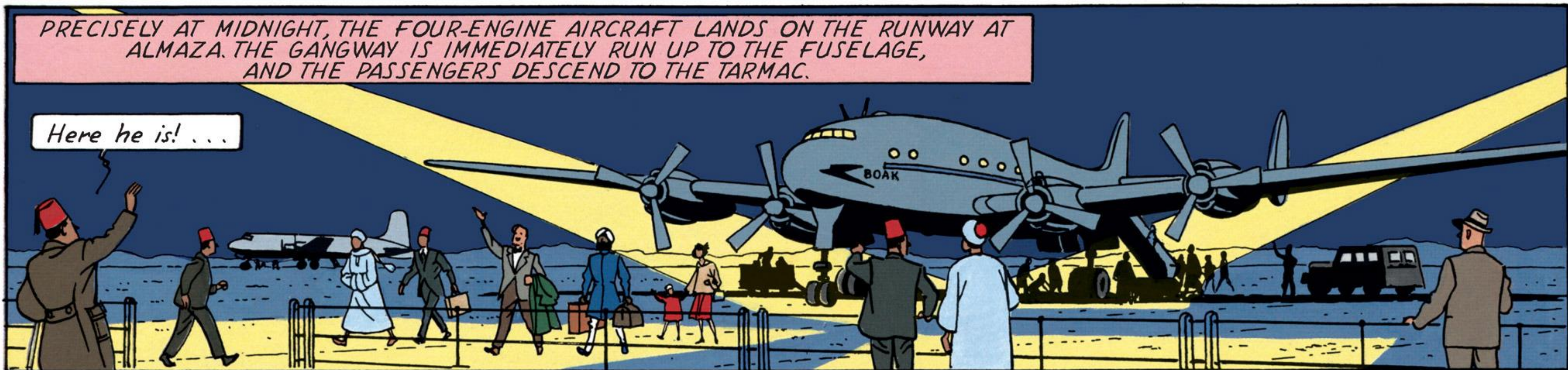
Very good, Sahib.

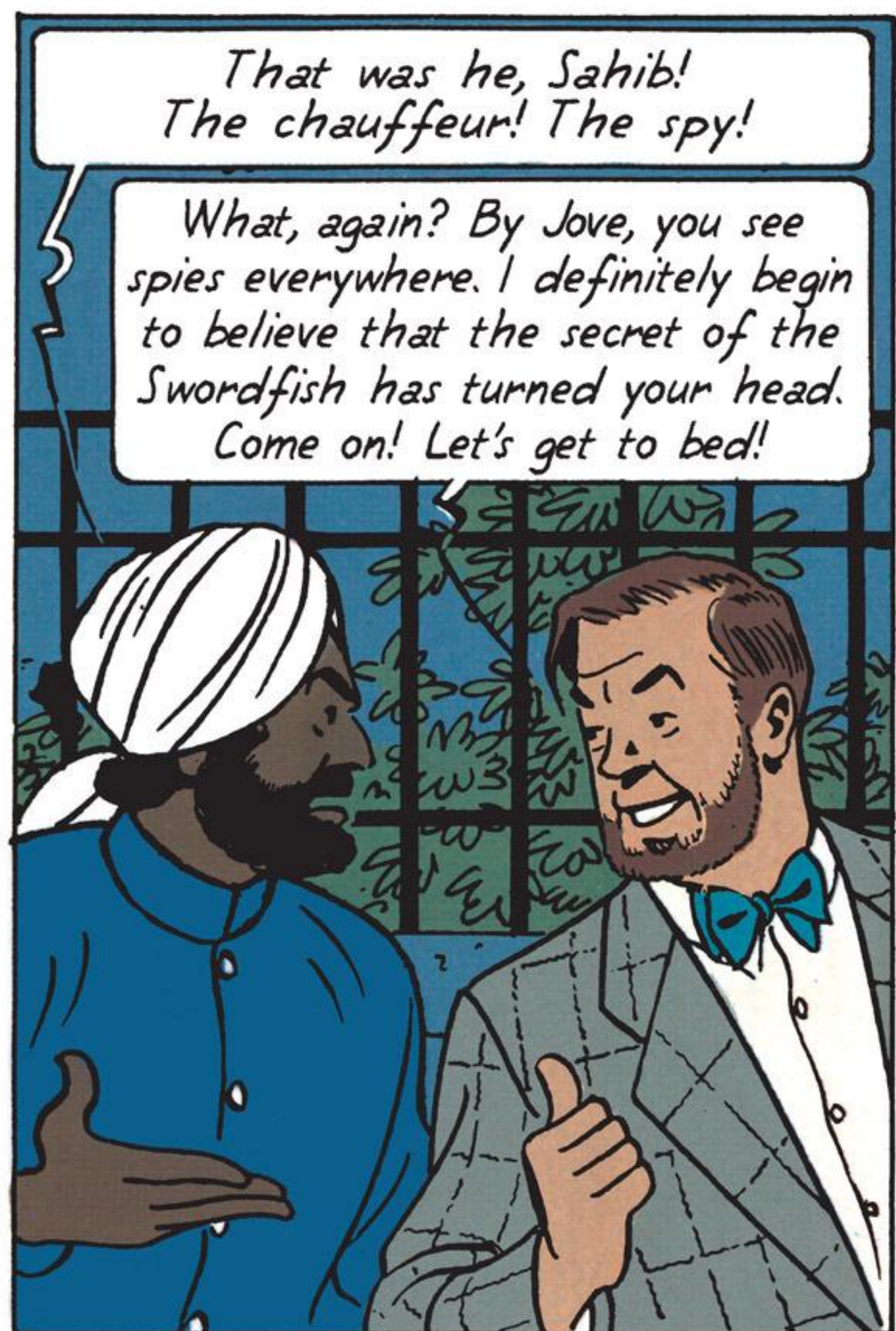
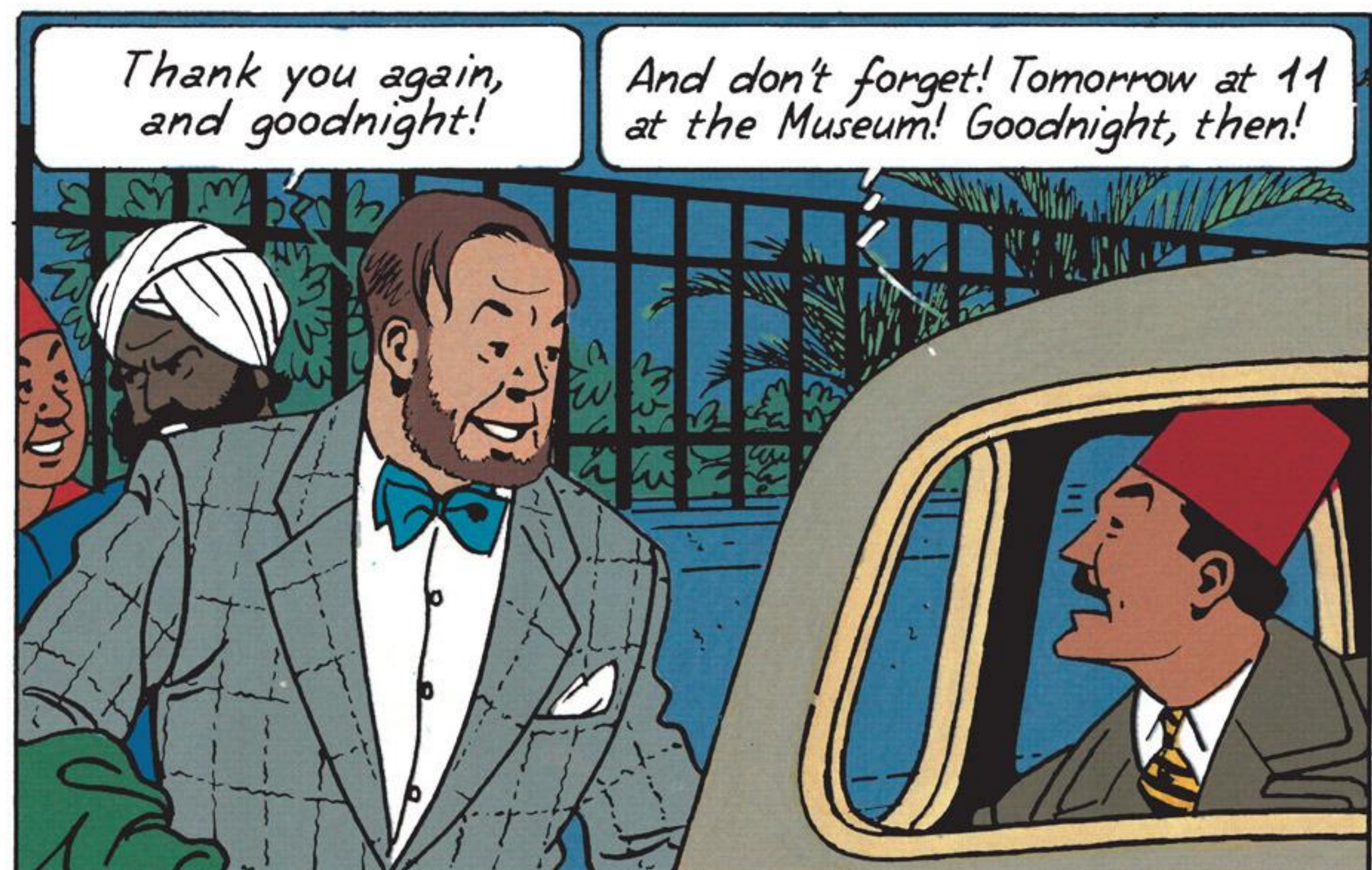
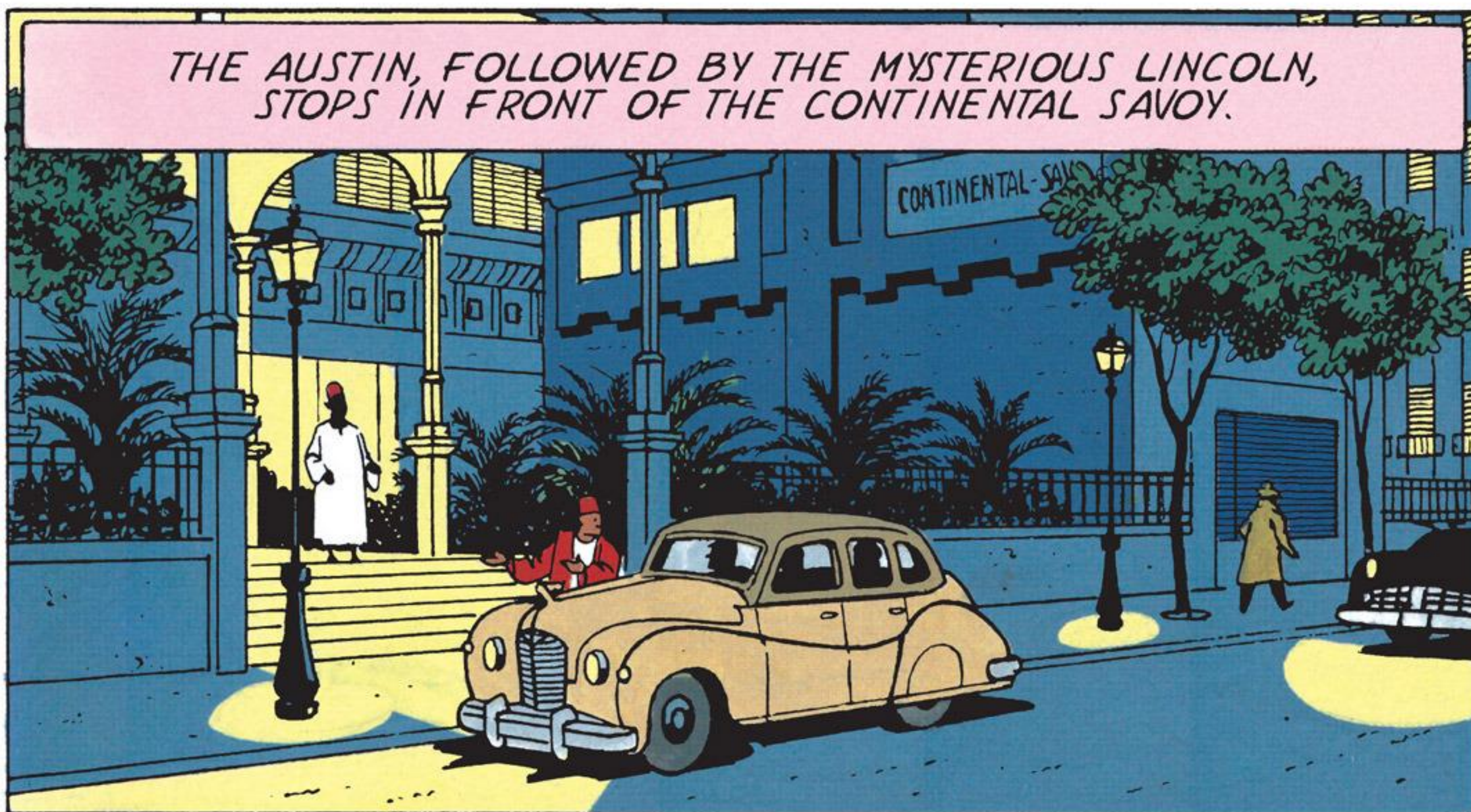
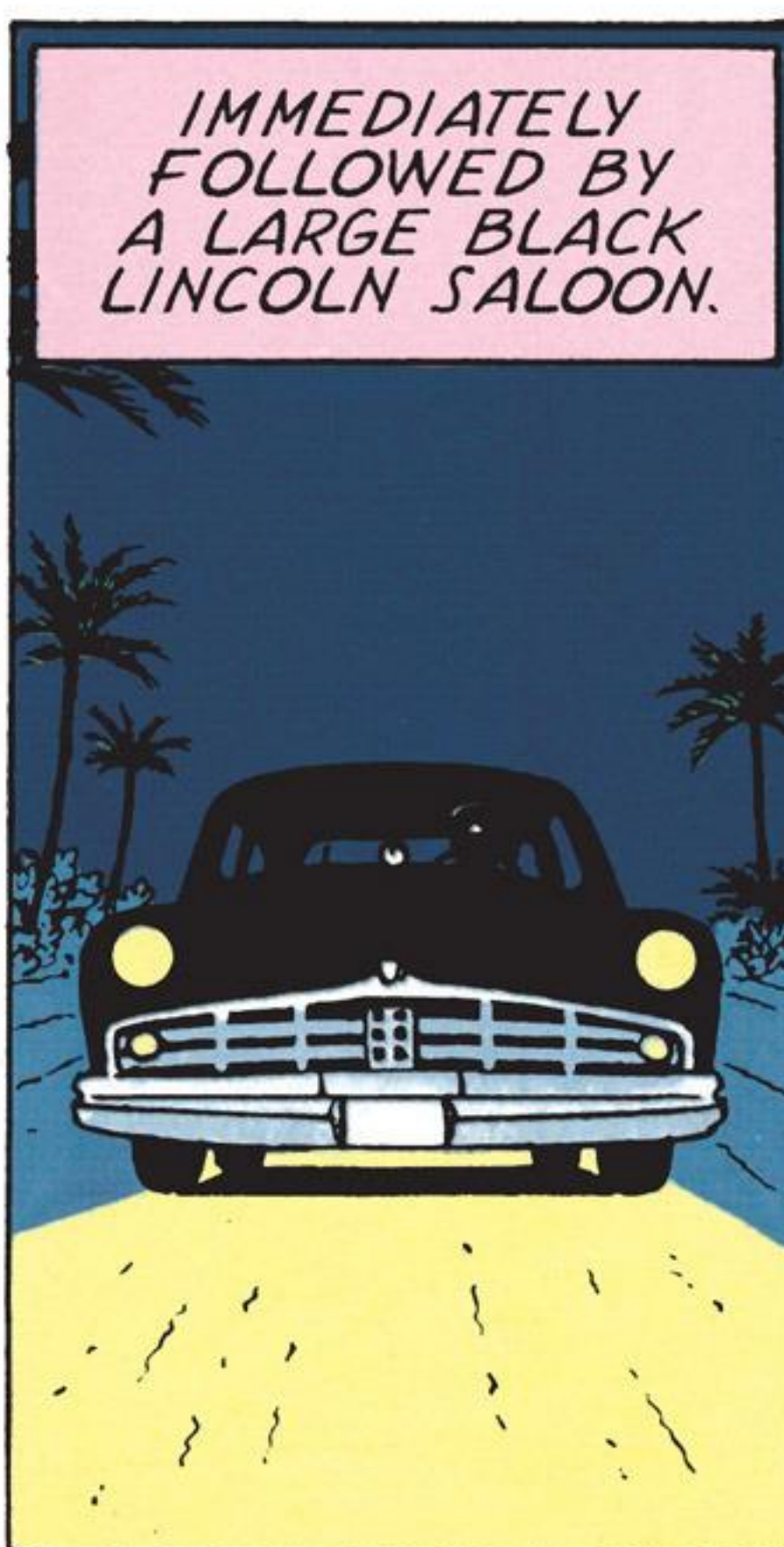
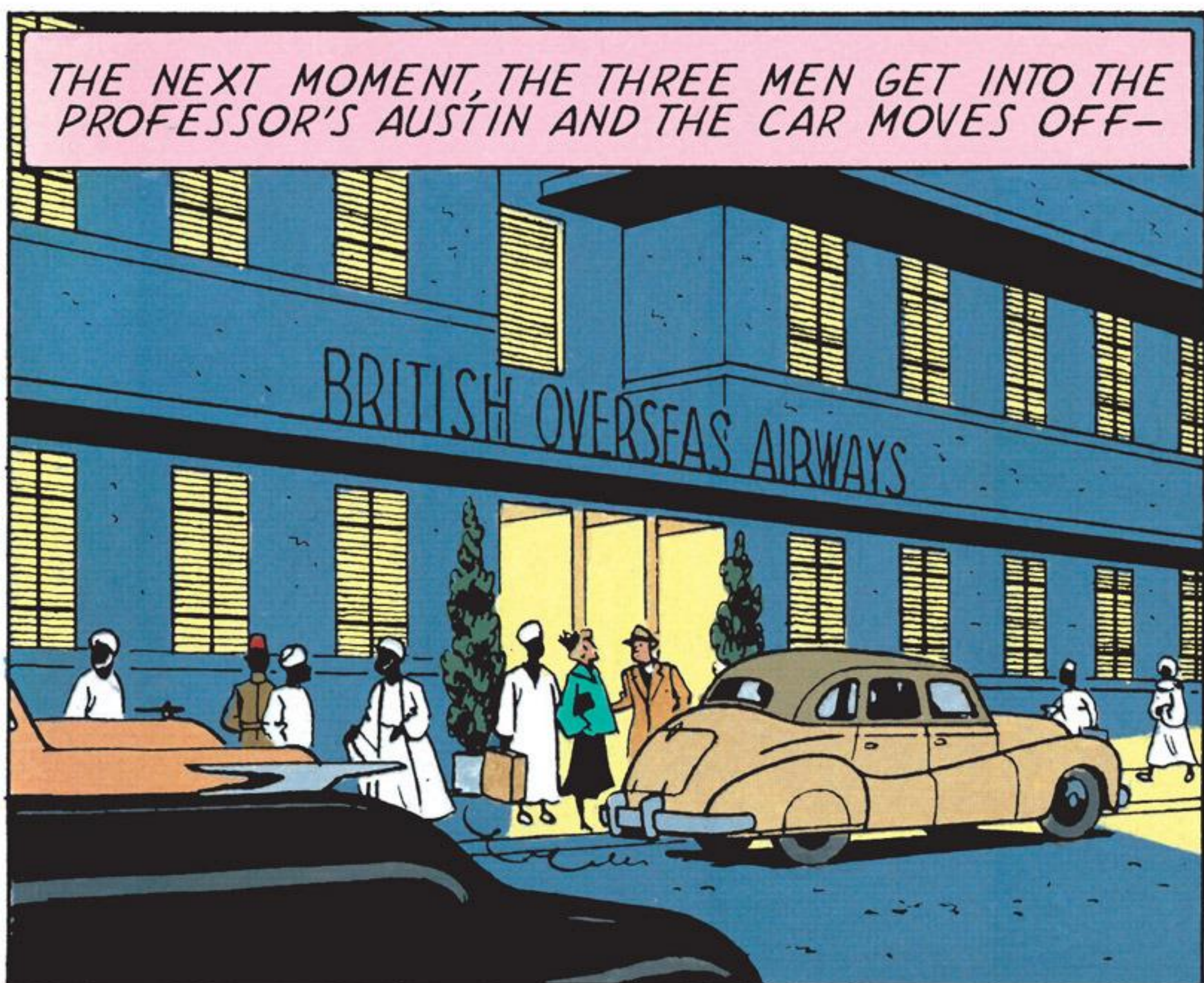
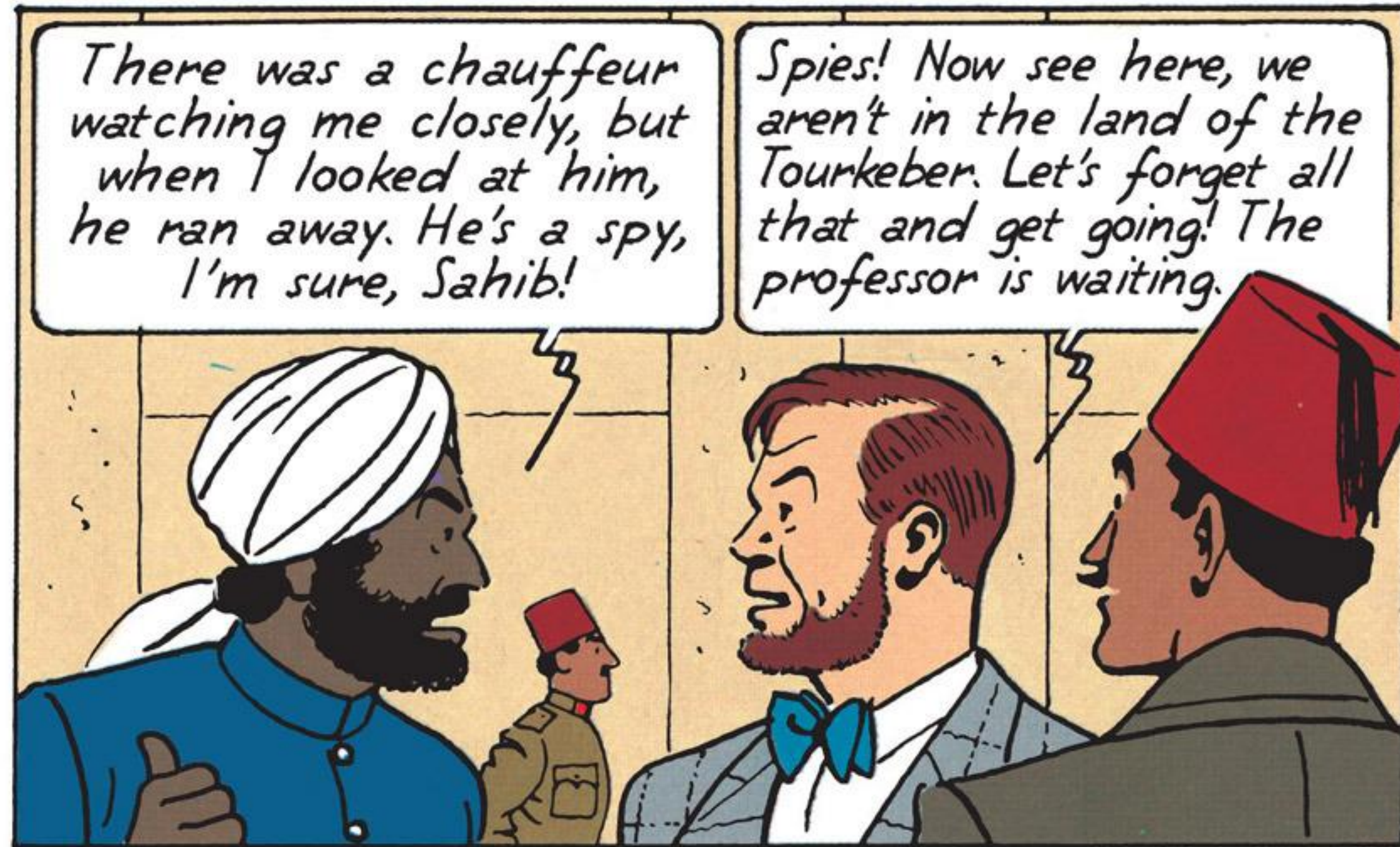
SOME MOMENTS LATER ...

Make your initial approach. Descend to 1000 feet... You are passing into first position.

THE PLANE BEGINS ITS DESCENT AND ENTERS THE BEAM OF THE LANDING BEACON.

*SEE "THE SECRET OF THE SWORDFISH"







THE NEXT MORNING, MORTIMER IS IMPATIENT TO LEARN OF THE PROFESSOR'S LATEST DISCOVERIES. AHMED RASSIM BEY GOES TO THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM, AND HIS FRIEND WELCOMES HIM AS HE STEPS OUT OF HIS CAR.



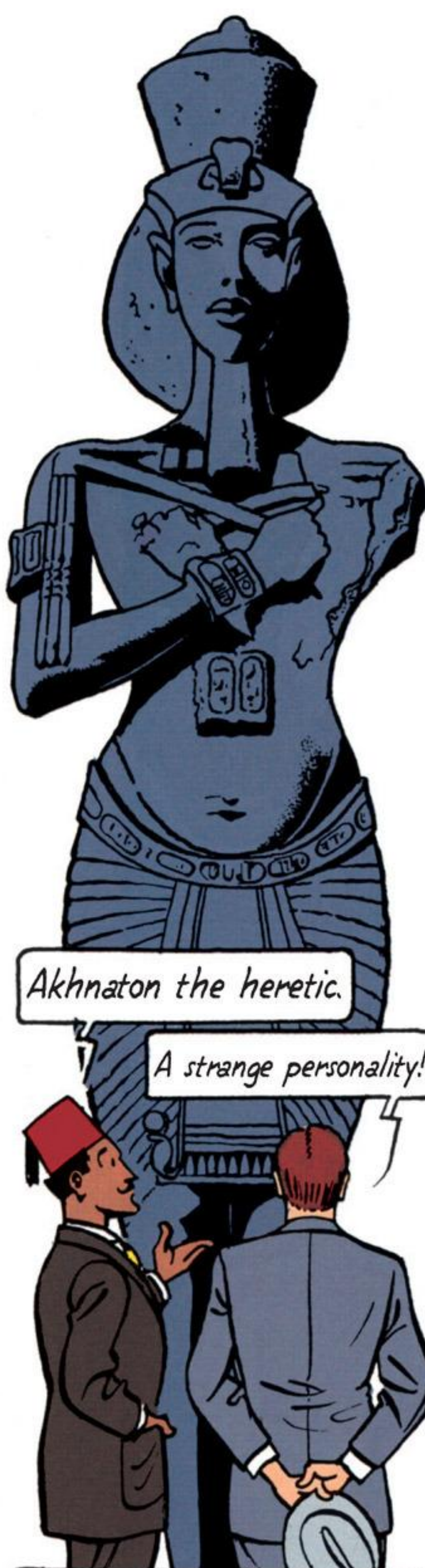
My dear friend, the time has come to keep my promise. Come along. Let us go into the Museum, and that will put you in touch with the environment.

That's what I was going to ask of you ...



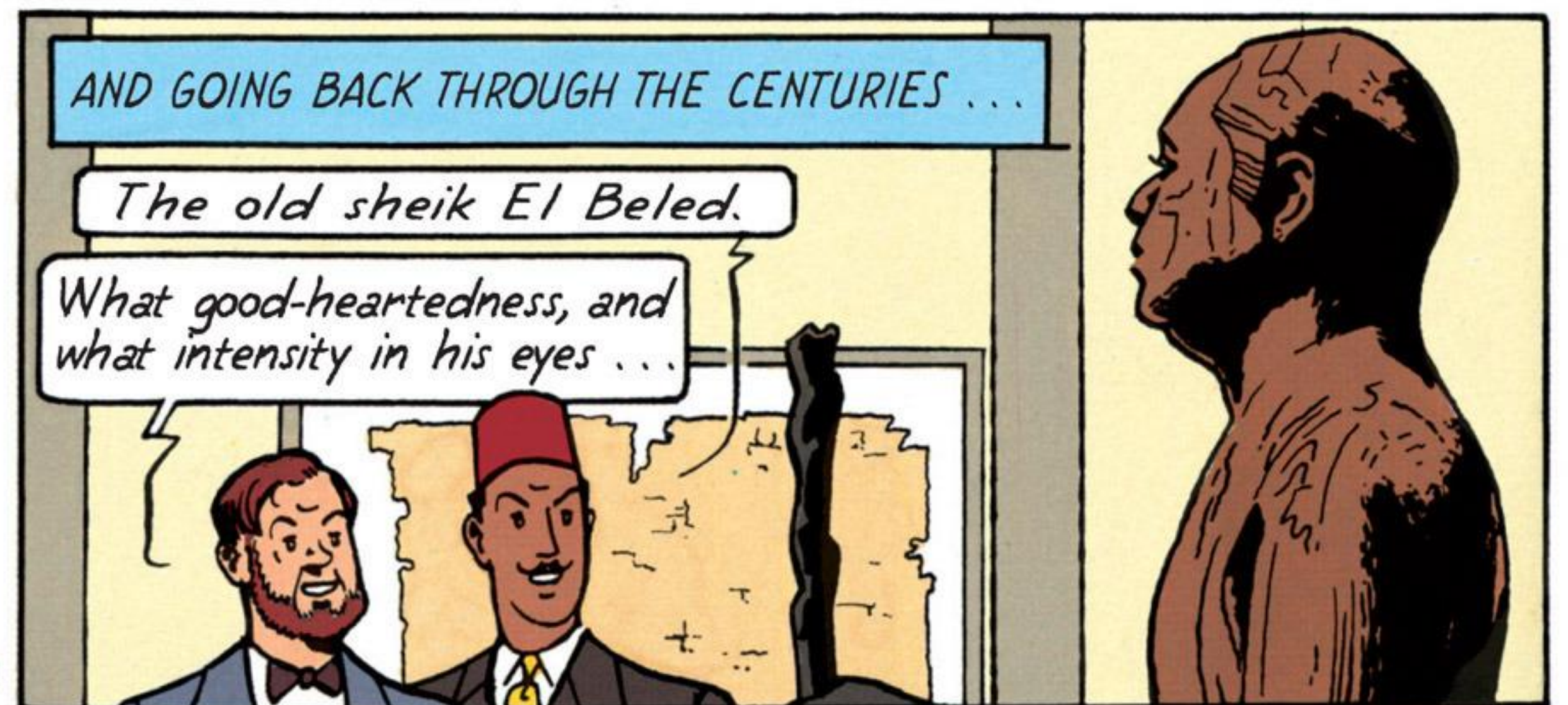
THE TWO MEN SLOWLY PASS THROUGH THE HUGE, ECHOING ROOMS.

I am always deeply moved when I see these glorious remains of an amazing past.



Akhnaton the heretic.

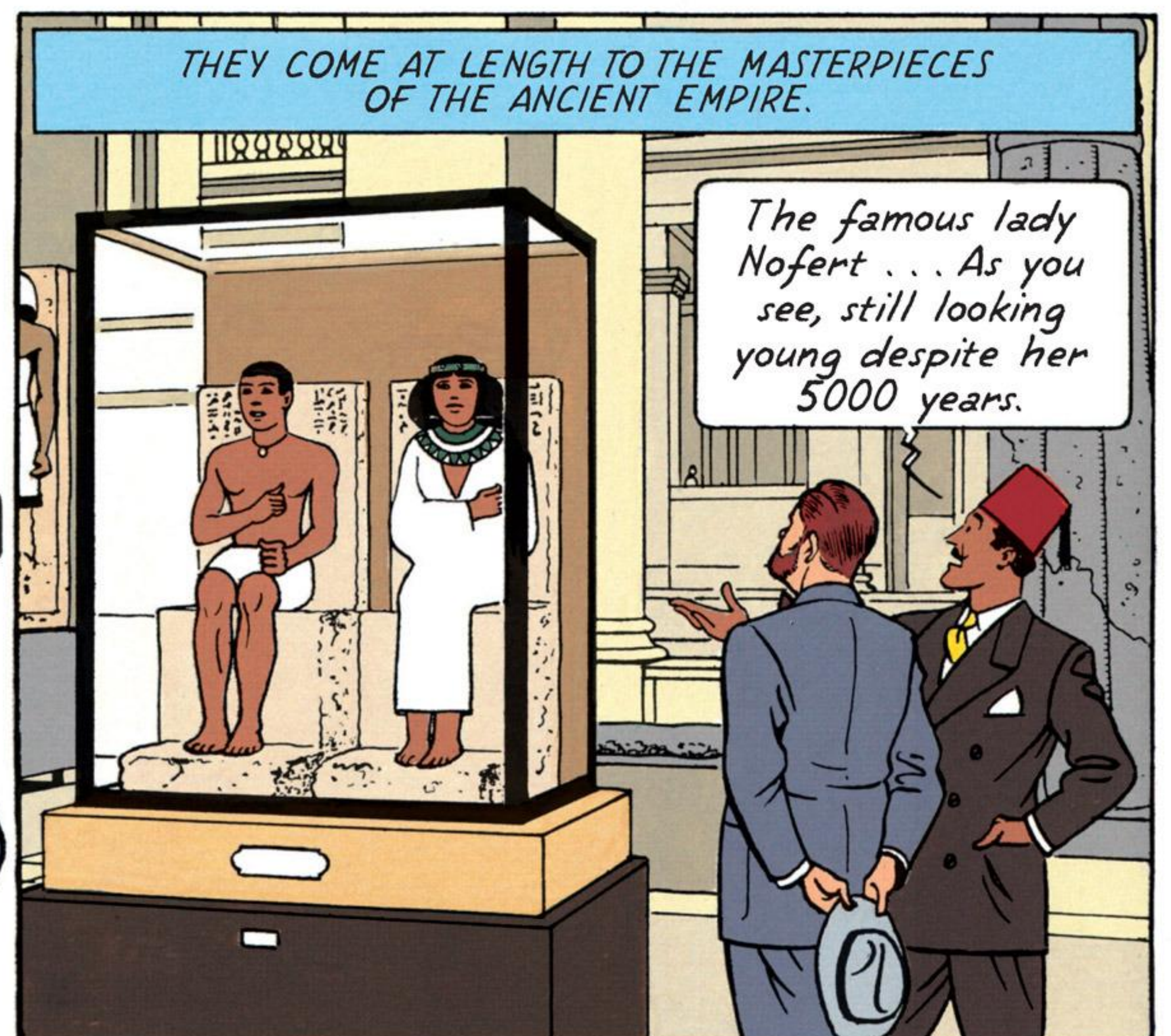
A strange personality!



AND GOING BACK THROUGH THE CENTURIES ...

The old sheik El Beled.

What good-heartedness, and what intensity in his eyes ...



THEY COME AT LENGTH TO THE MASTERPIECES OF THE ANCIENT EMPIRE.

The famous lady Nofert ... As you see, still looking young despite her 5000 years.



The great Khephren!

Rarely has royal majesty been represented with such grandeur and serenity.

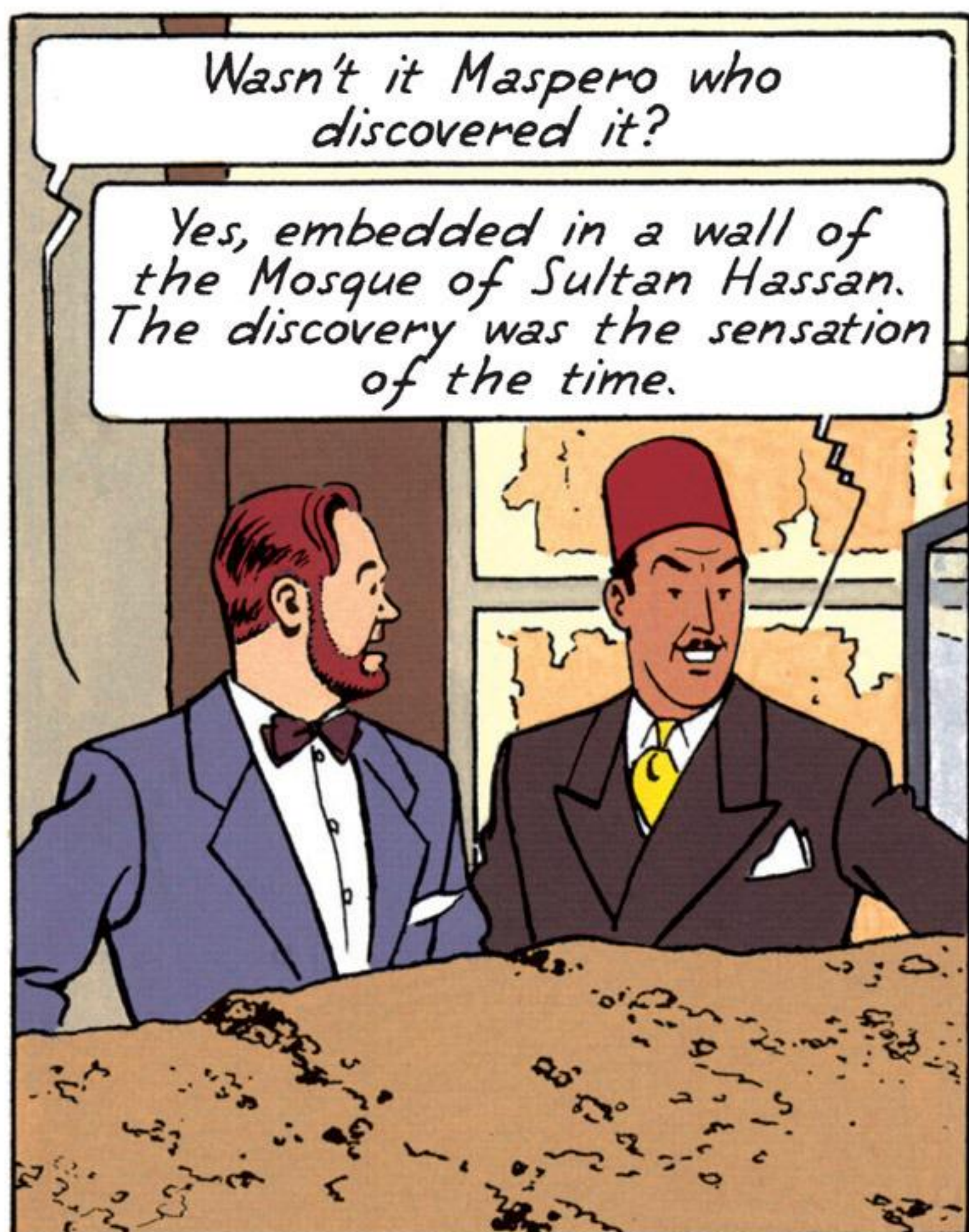


One can relish the irony: The statue of Kheops, the famous builder of the Great Pyramid, has only come down to us in the form of that small ivory figure.



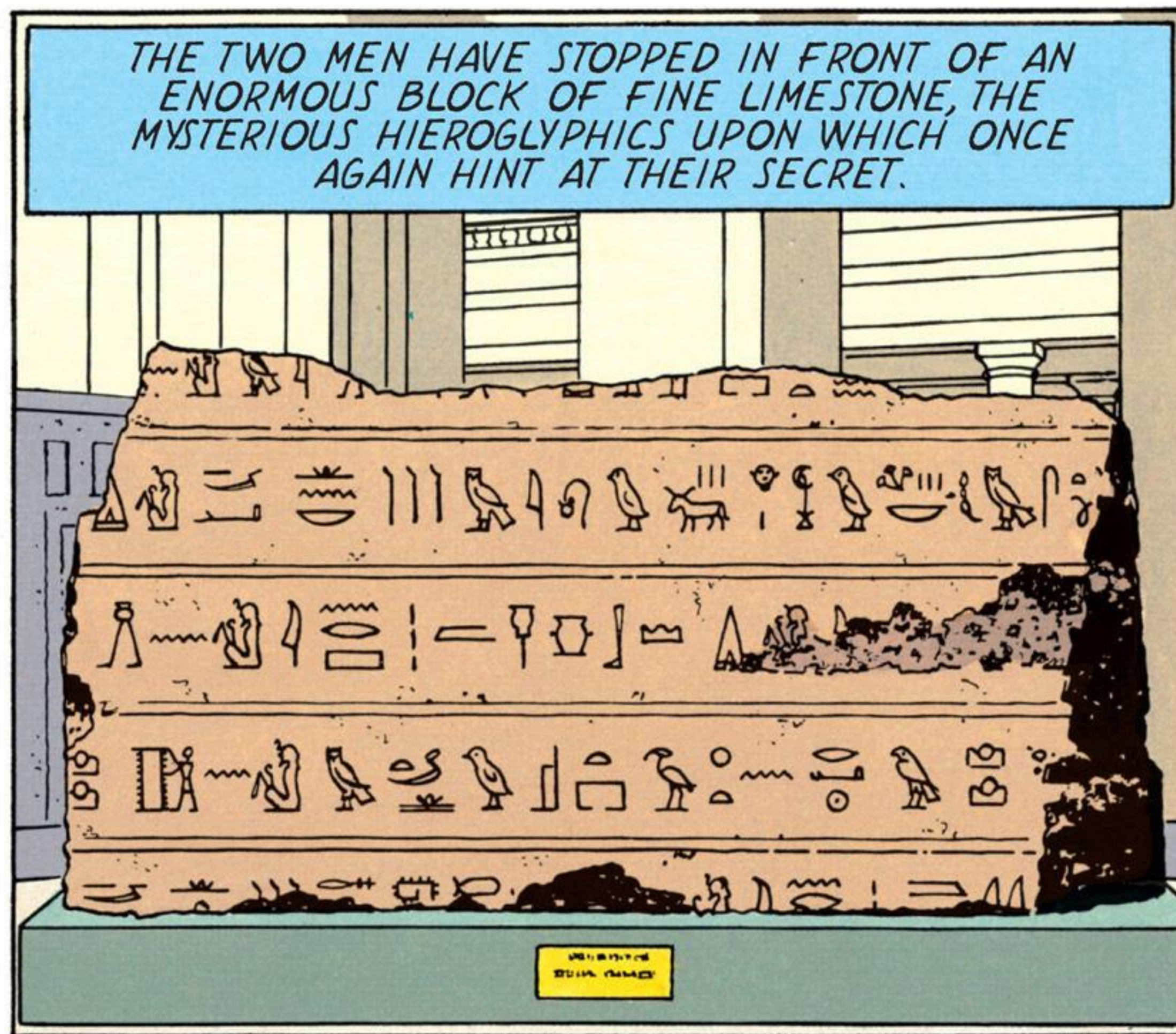
Ah! That's it, isn't it—the famous enigma that has been troubling Egyptologists for nearly half a century?

That's so, and I doubt whether it will be resolved all that soon!

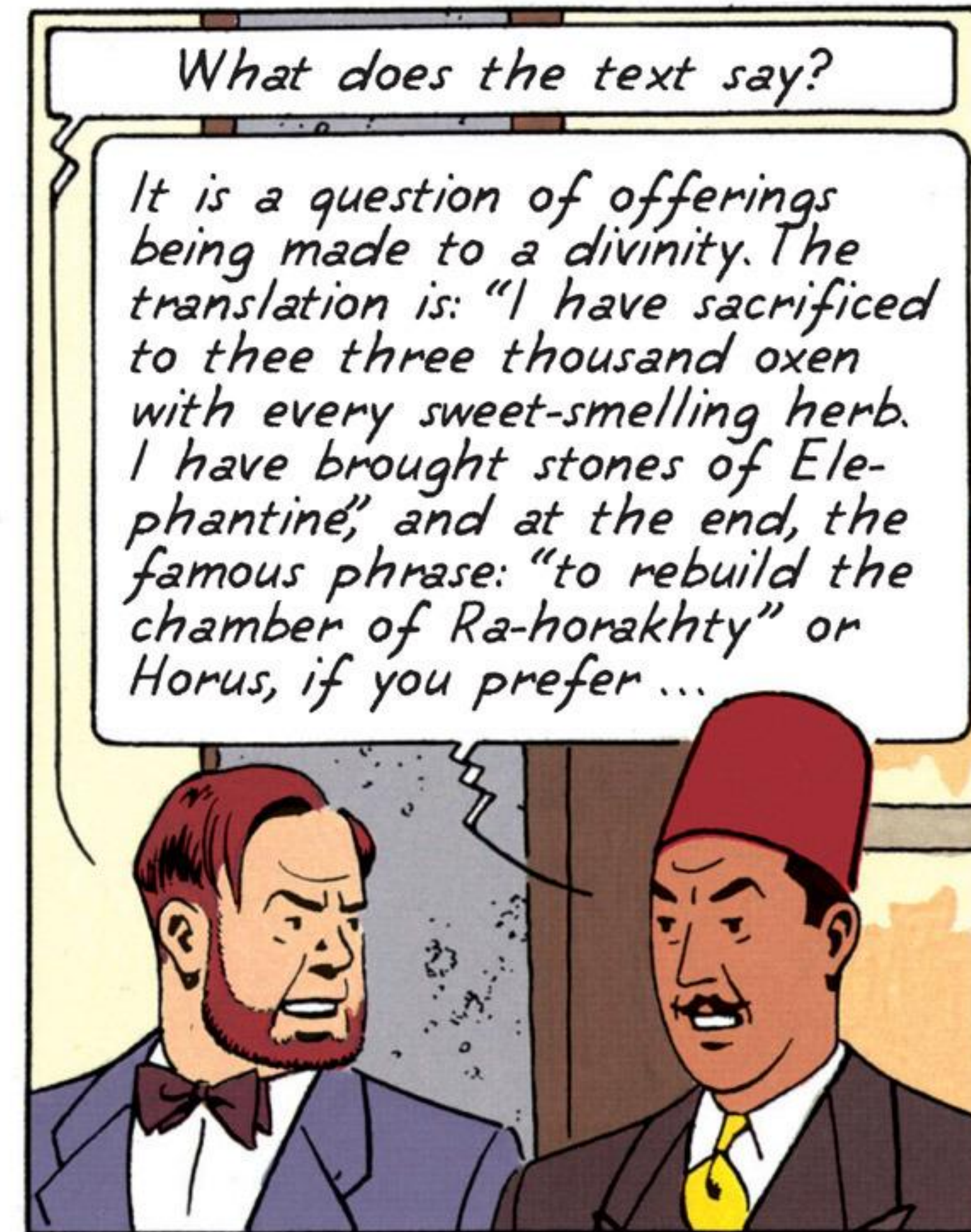


Wasn't it Maspero who discovered it?

Yes, embedded in a wall of the Mosque of Sultan Hassan. The discovery was the sensation of the time.



THE TWO MEN HAVE STOPPED IN FRONT OF AN ENORMOUS BLOCK OF FINE LIMESTONE, THE MYSTERIOUS HIEROGLYPHS UPON WHICH ONCE AGAIN HINT AT THEIR SECRET.

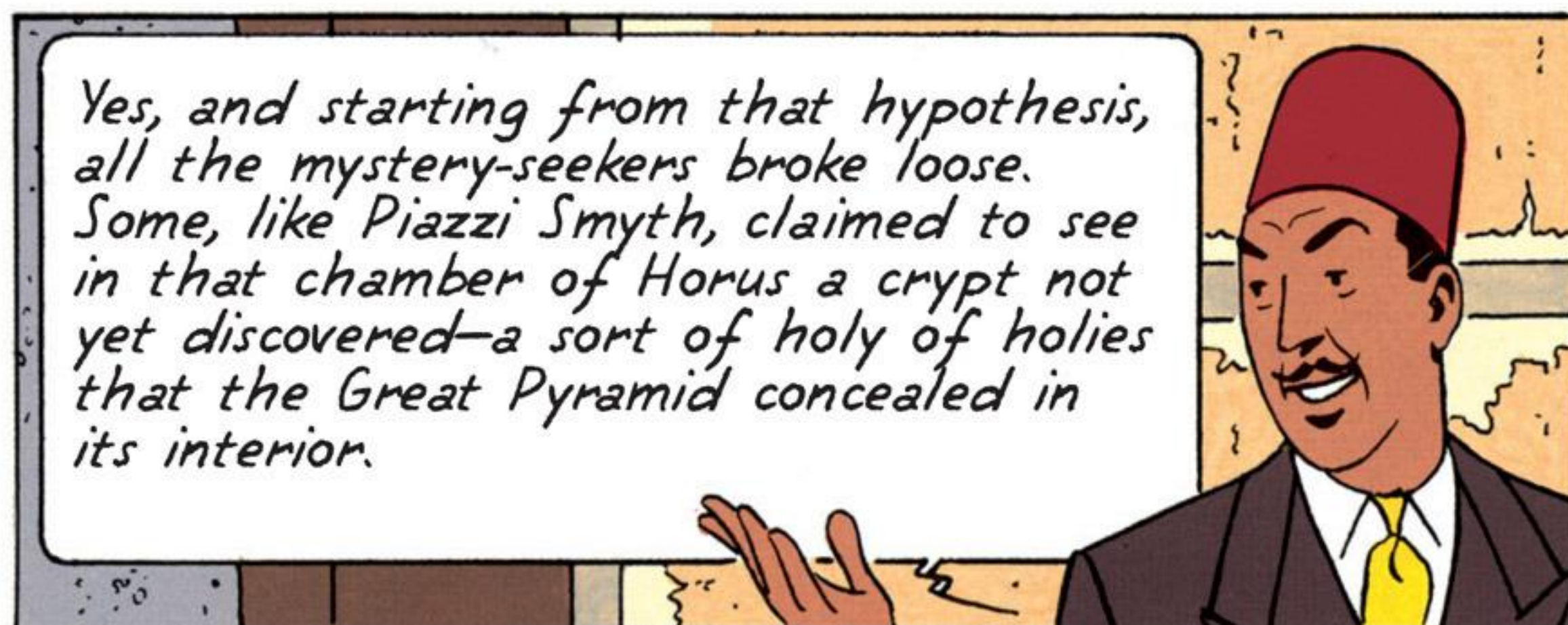


What does the text say?

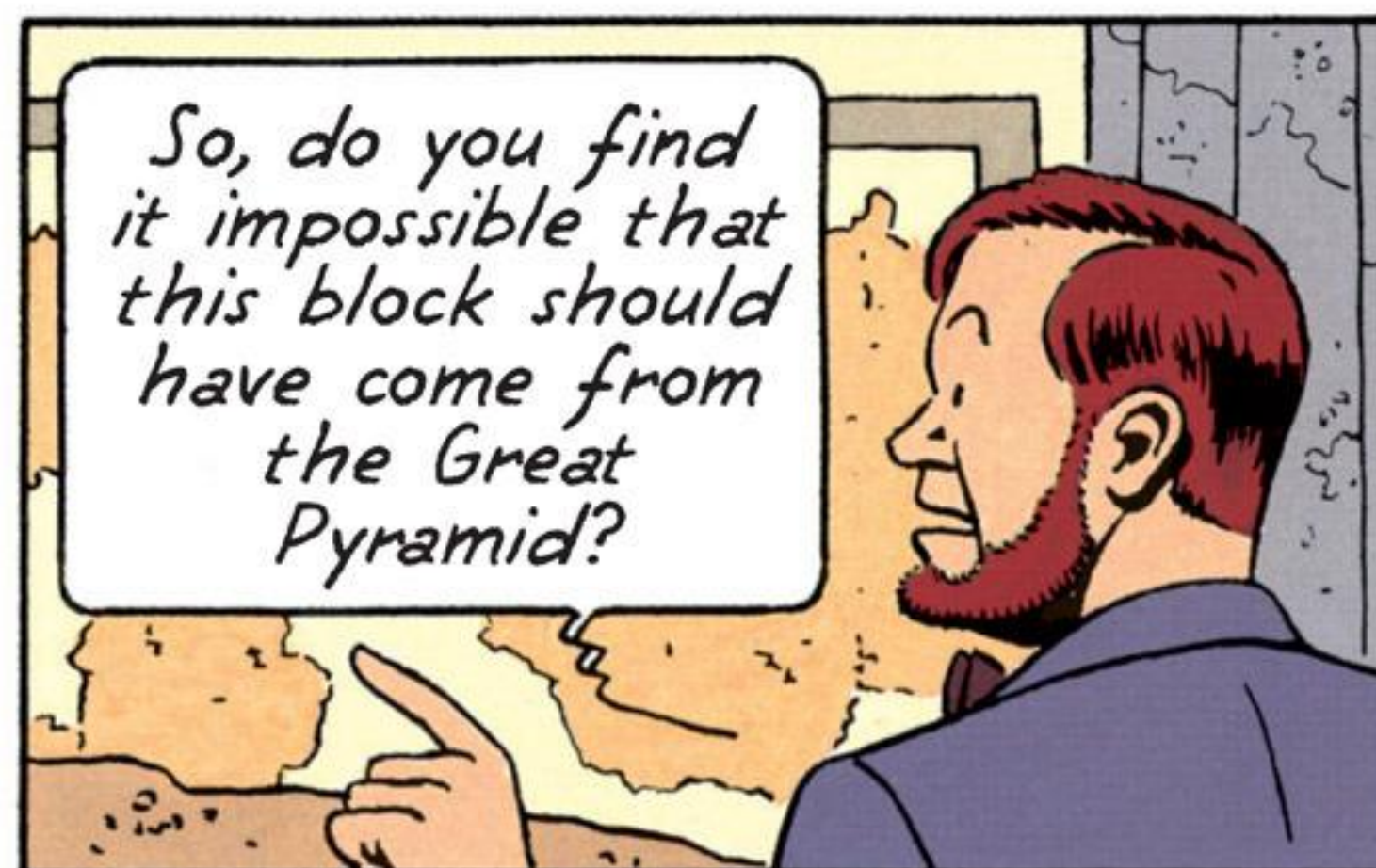
It is a question of offerings being made to a divinity. The translation is: "I have sacrificed to thee three thousand oxen with every sweet-smelling herb. I have brought stones of Elephantine," and at the end, the famous phrase: "to rebuild the chamber of Ra-horakhty" or Horus, if you prefer ...



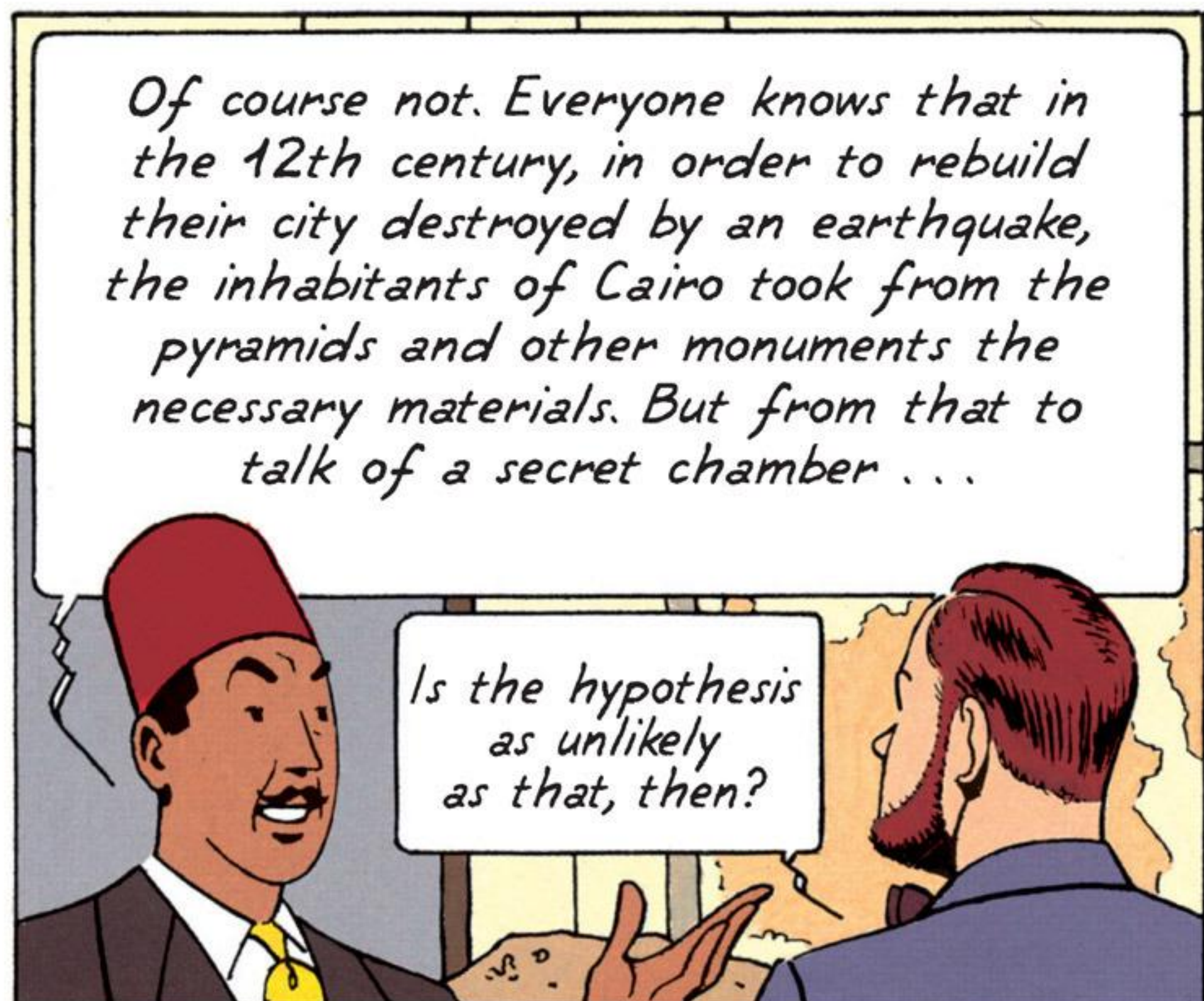
Hasn't it been alleged that this block was a fragment of the casing that disappeared from the Great Pyramid?



Yes, and starting from that hypothesis, all the mystery-seekers broke loose. Some, like Piazzzi Smyth, claimed to see in that chamber of Horus a crypt not yet discovered—a sort of holy of holies that the Great Pyramid concealed in its interior.



So, do you find it impossible that this block should have come from the Great Pyramid?



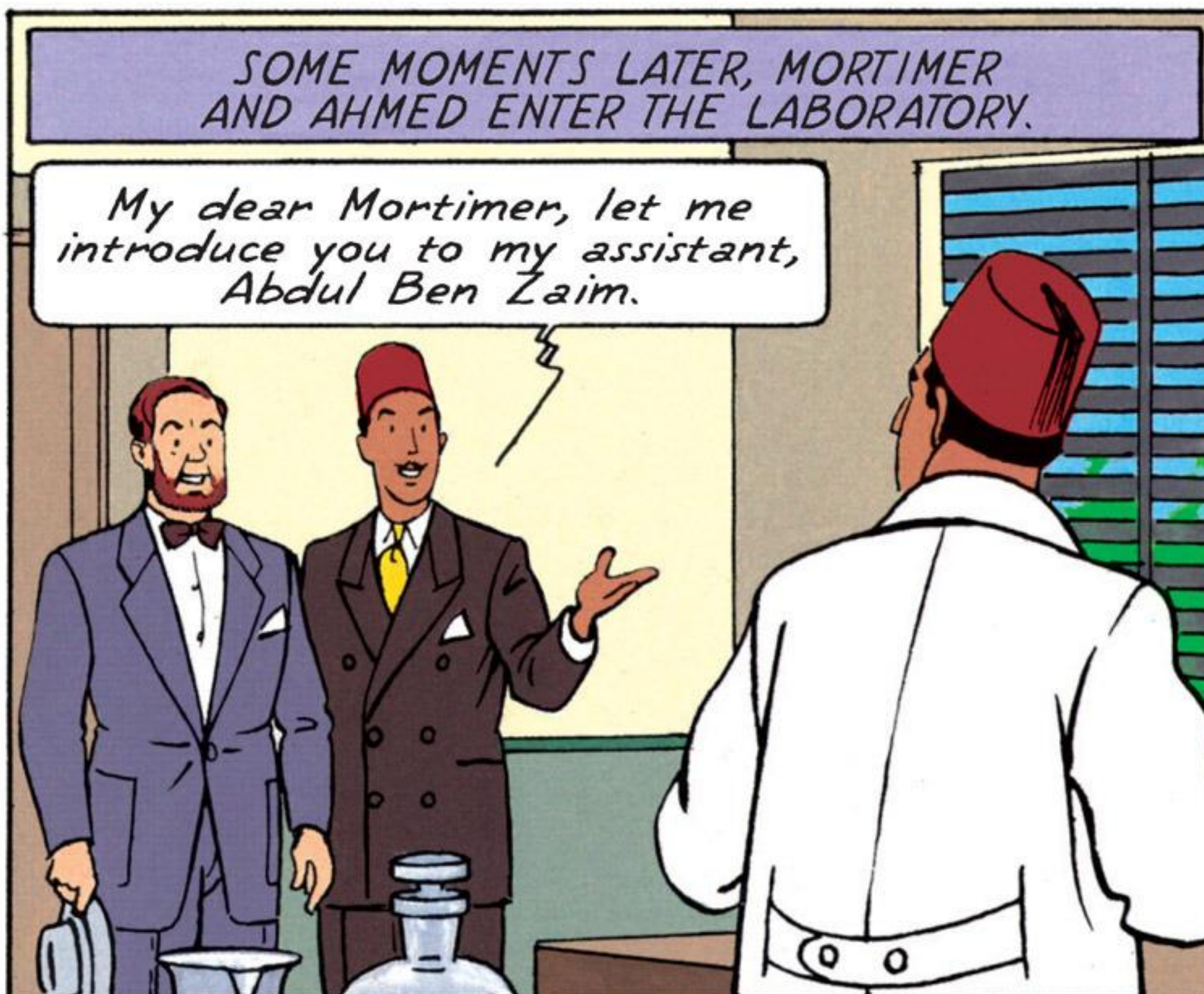
Of course not. Everyone knows that in the 12th century, in order to rebuild their city destroyed by an earthquake, the inhabitants of Cairo took from the pyramids and other monuments the necessary materials. But from that to talk of a secret chamber ...

Is the hypothesis as unlikely as that, then?



Ha ha! I understand you, my dear friend. Well, if you like sensational discoveries, come along to the laboratory. I have something there to satisfy you.

All right. I'll follow you.



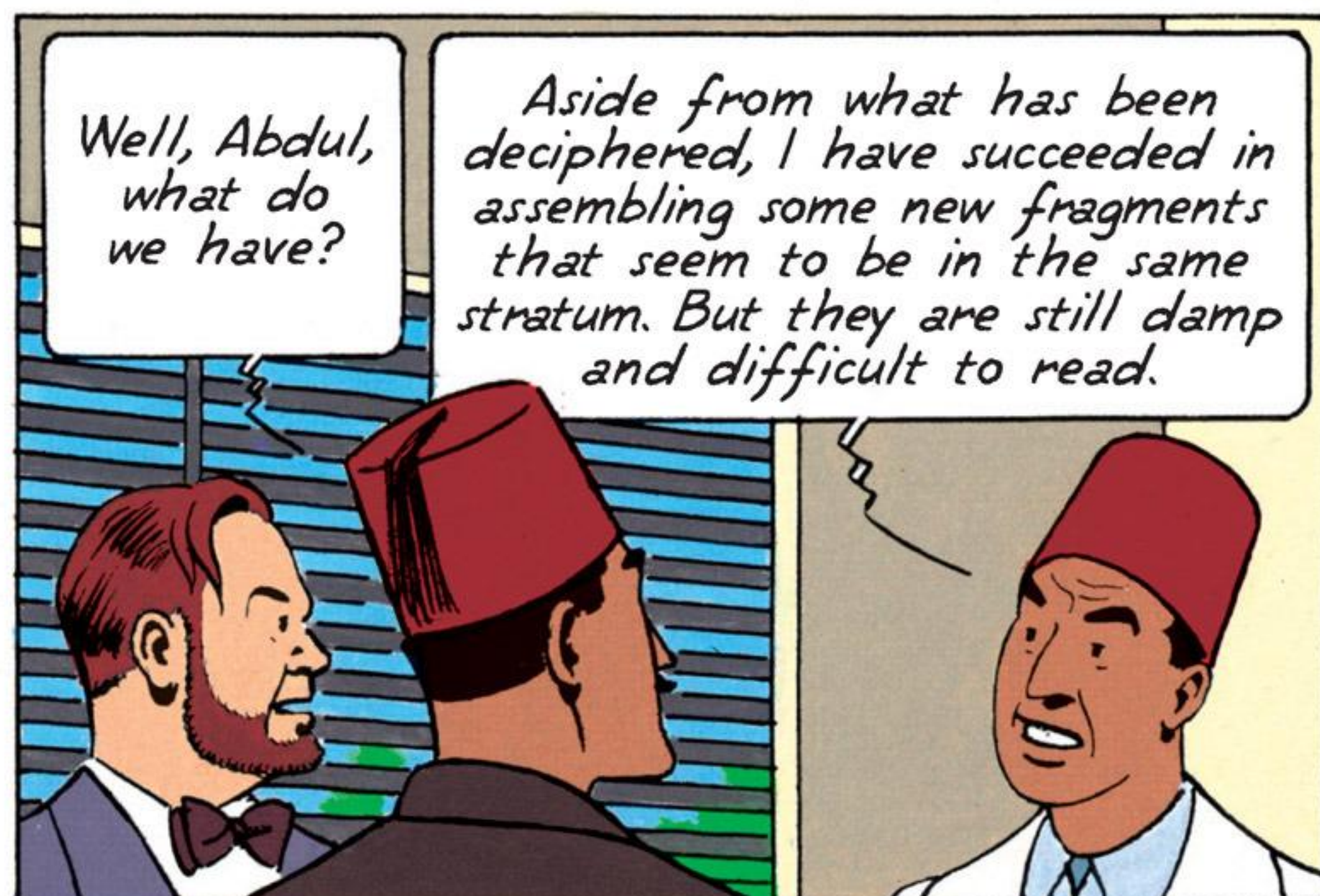
SOME MOMENTS LATER, MORTIMER AND AHMED ENTER THE LABORATORY.

My dear Mortimer, let me introduce you to my assistant, Abdul Ben Zaim.



I'm honoured, Professor.

How do you do?



Well, Abdul, what do we have?

Aside from what has been deciphered, I have succeeded in assembling some new fragments that seem to be in the same stratum. But they are still damp and difficult to read.



You see, my friend, Abdul Ben Zaim is in the process of deciphering papyrus originating from a mummy casing from the period of the Ptolemies. As you know, these casings are most usually made up of several layers of papyrus bound together. Once they are taken out of their surrounding glue and chalk, they allow the researcher to make interesting finds. May I remind you of the fragment of the Odyssey in the Louvre?

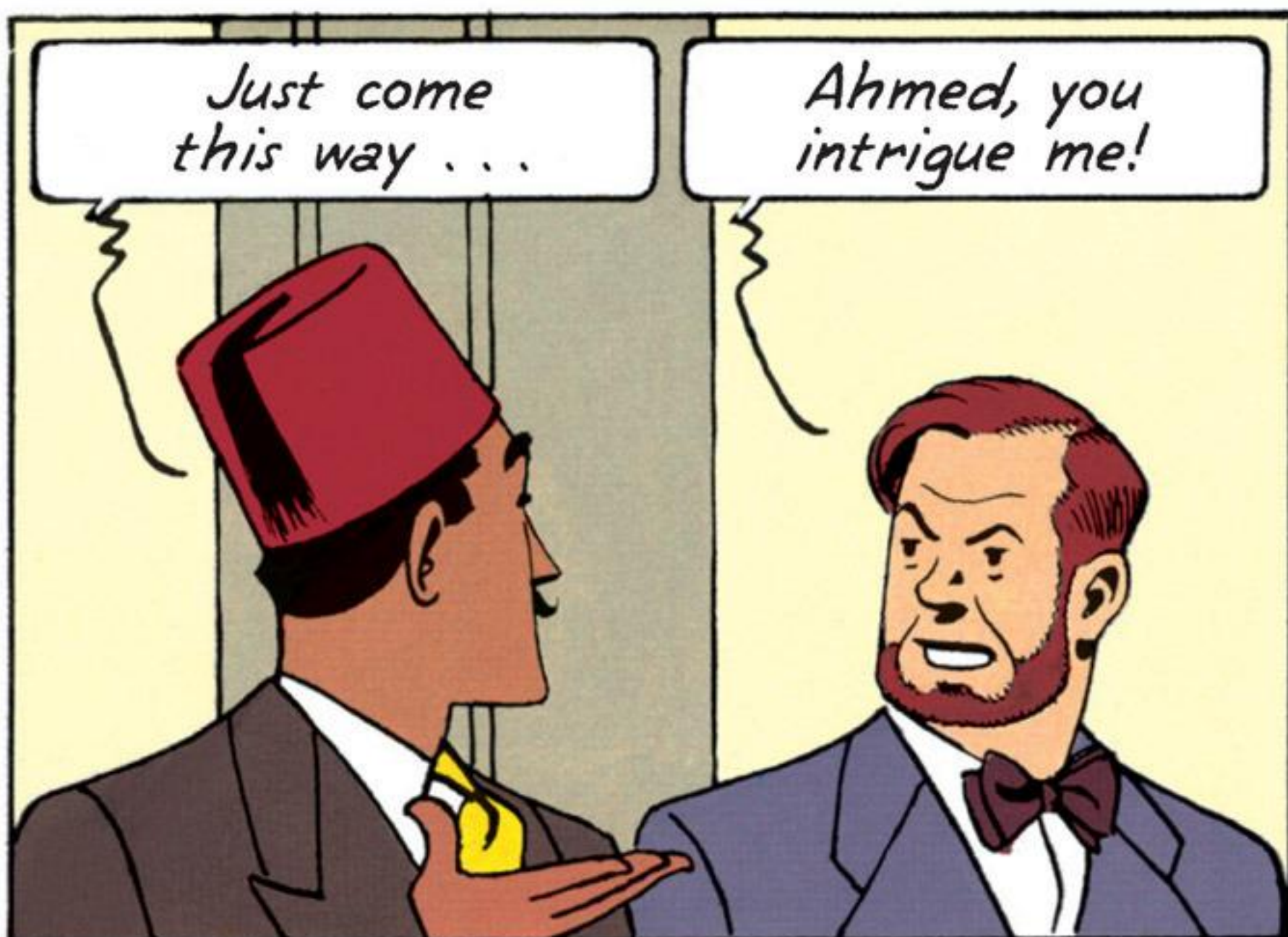


However, this time I believe we have something sensational. And remember that what you are going to see is still, except to my assistant and me, a secret from the scientific world.



Well, here's a promising introduction!

You wouldn't believe how right you are ...



Just come this way ...

Ahmed, you intrigue me!

WHILE SPEAKING, PROFESSOR AHMED SHOWS MORTIMER INTO AN ADJOINING ROOM AND ASKS HIM TO TAKE A SEAT AT THE TABLE, ON WHICH FOUR FRAGMENTS OF PAPYRUS ARE SPREAD OUT.



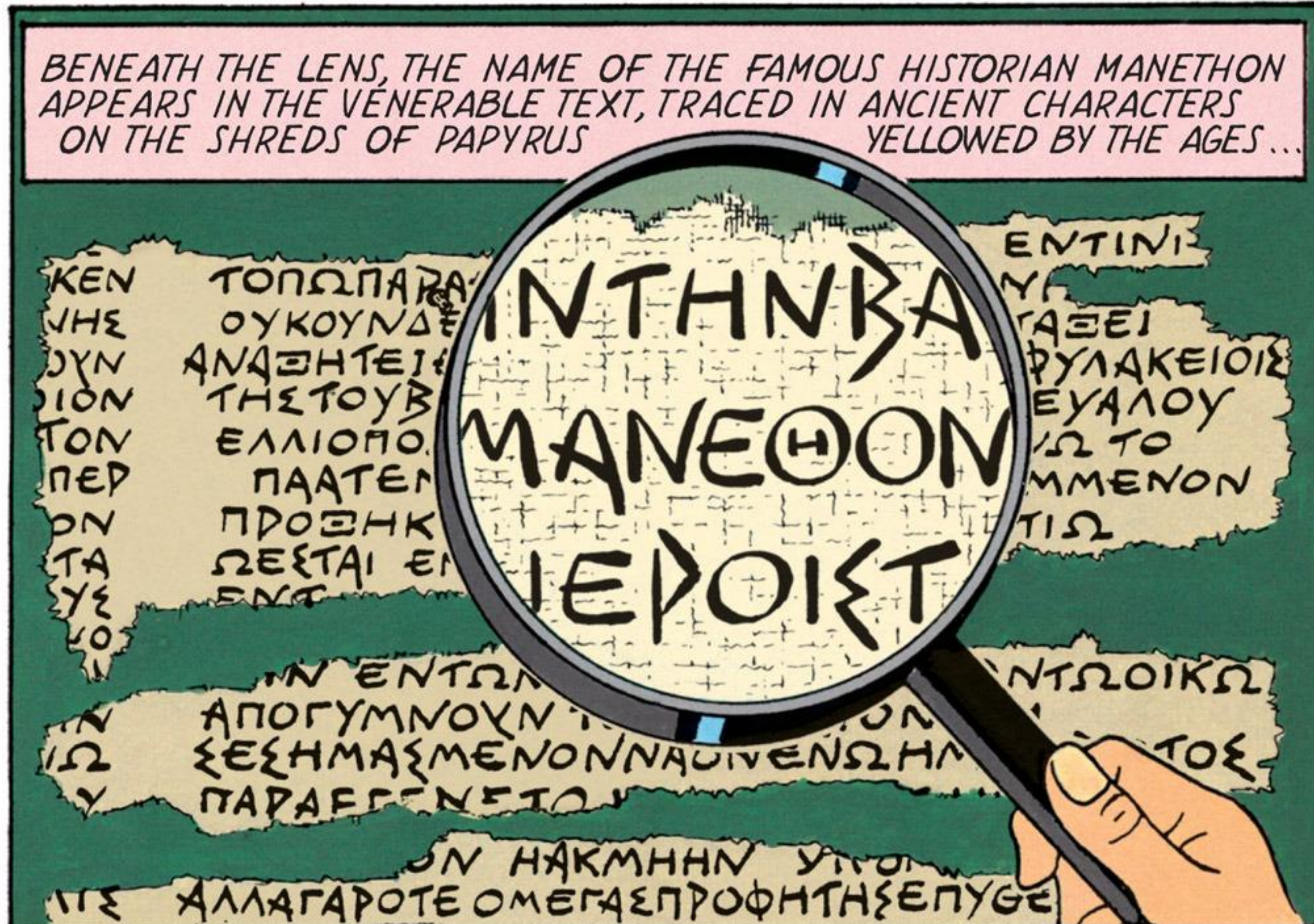
There you are, my friend. Make yourself comfortable. Take this magnifying glass and tell me what you think of our discovery.

Let's have a look!



HARDLY HAS MORTIMER BEGUN TO READ WHEN HE EXCLAIMS IN SURPRISE ...

By Jove, what do I see? "I, Manethon ..."



BENEATH THE LENS, THE NAME OF THE FAMOUS HISTORIAN MANETHON APPEARS IN THE VENERABLE TEXT, TRACED IN ANCIENT CHARACTERS ON THE SHREDS OF PAPYRUS YELLOWED BY THE AGES ...



"I, Manethon"! ... Is it possible? ... An authentic text of the only known historian of Egyptian ethnicity, whose works were lost for some 2,000 years and have only come down to us in quotations by much later authors! ...

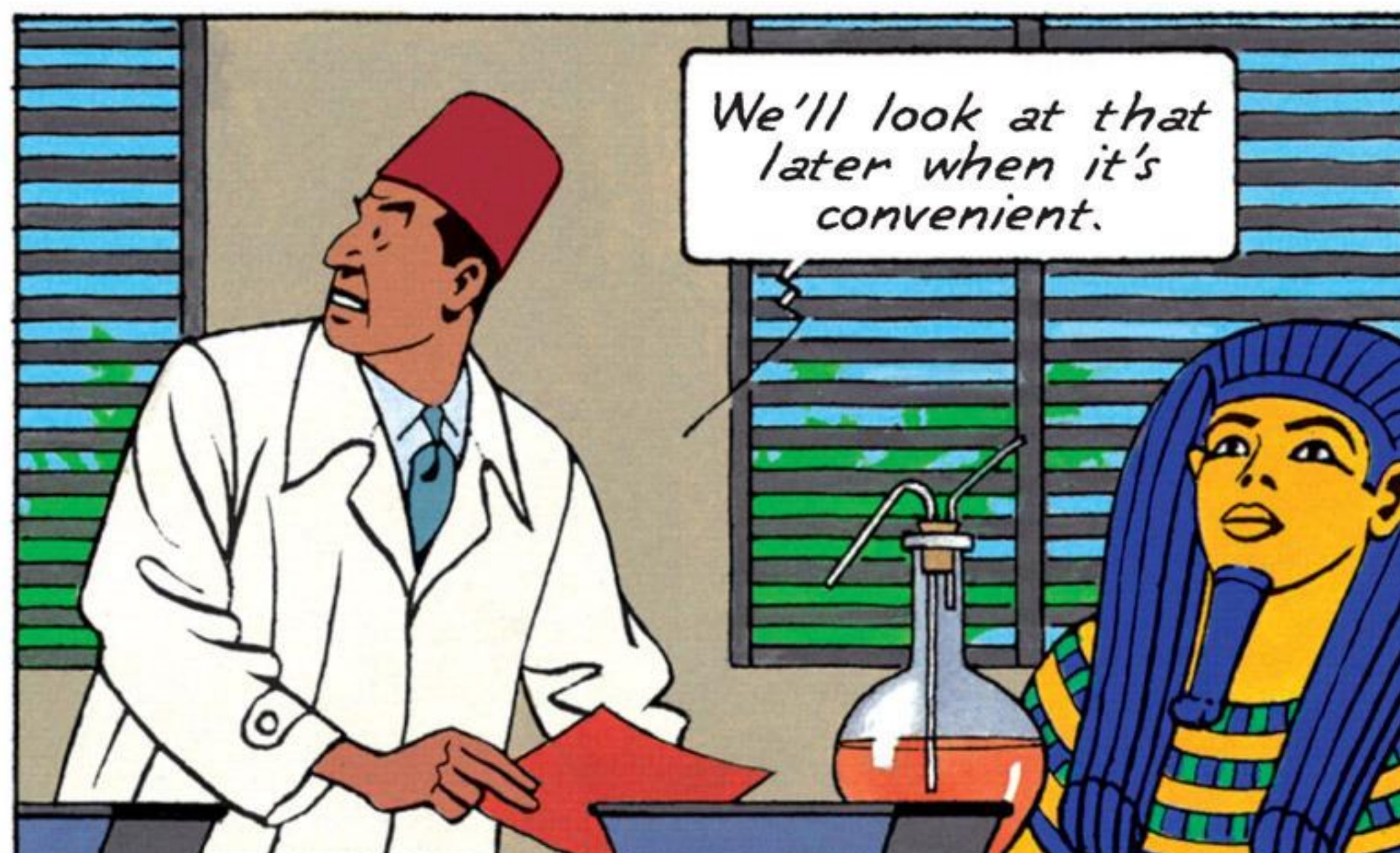


Yes, my friend. And please note that at the time when Manethon wrote this work, he still had the use of the priests' and royal libraries. But continue—you have not finished with your surprises! ...

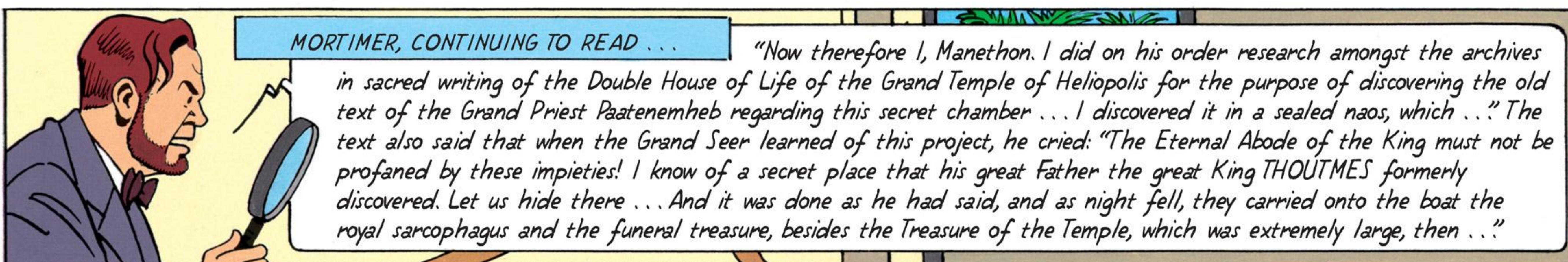


MEANWHILE IN THE LABORATORY ...

Well, well! ...



We'll look at that later when it's convenient.



MORTIMER, CONTINUING TO READ ...

"Now therefore I, Manethon. I did on his order research amongst the archives in sacred writing of the Double House of Life of the Grand Temple of Heliopolis for the purpose of discovering the old text of the Grand Priest Paatenemheb regarding this secret chamber ... I discovered it in a sealed naos, which ..." The text also said that when the Grand Seer learned of this project, he cried: "The Eternal Abode of the King must not be profaned by these impieties! I know of a secret place that his great Father the great King THOUTMES formerly discovered. Let us hide there ... And it was done as he had said, and as night fell, they carried onto the boat the royal sarcophagus and the funeral treasure, besides the Treasure of the Temple, which was extremely large, then ..."



A secret chamber! A treasure!!! But, this is tremendous!!! ...

Yes. You are mad about sensationalist Egyptology, and I believe you are quite overcome?



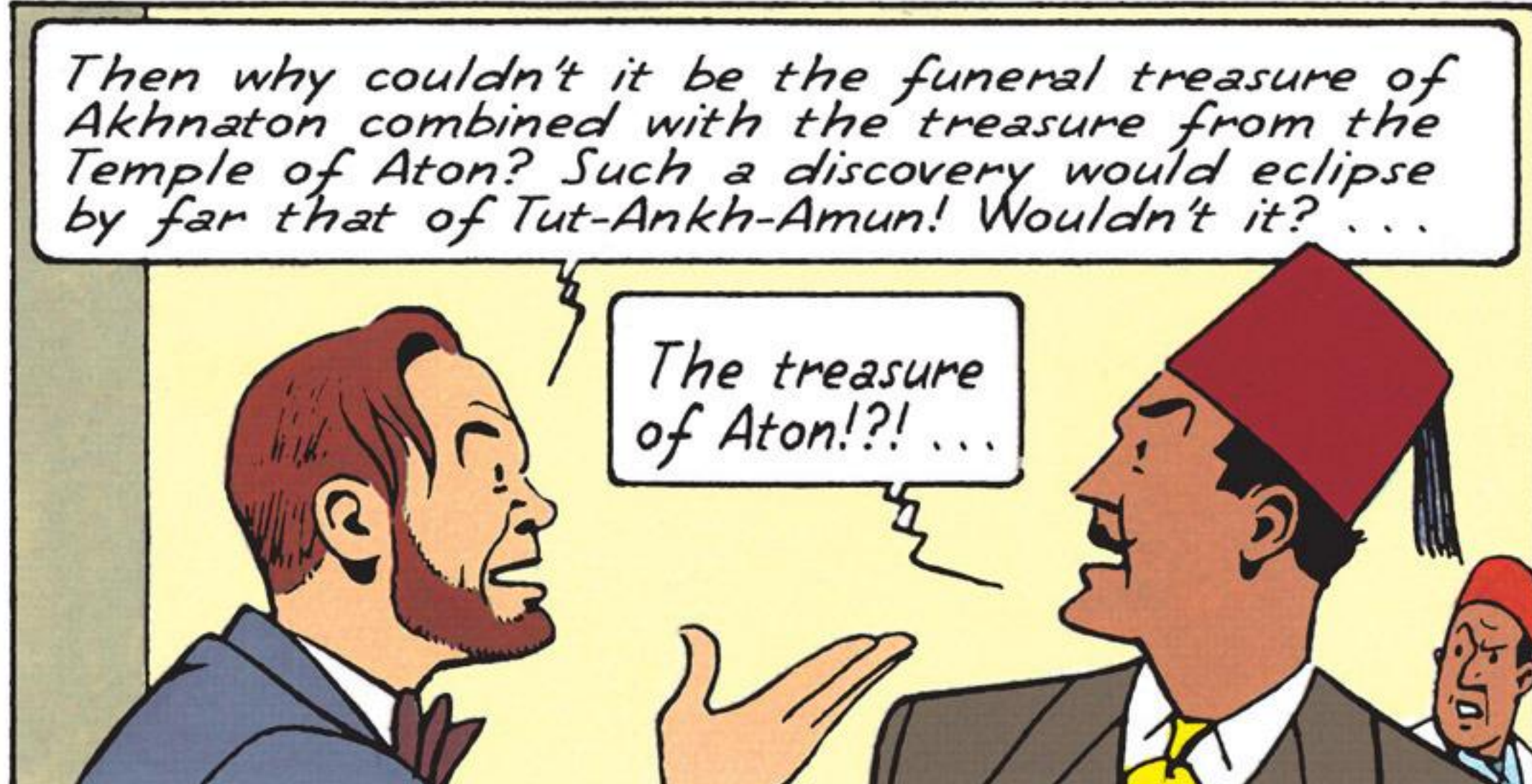
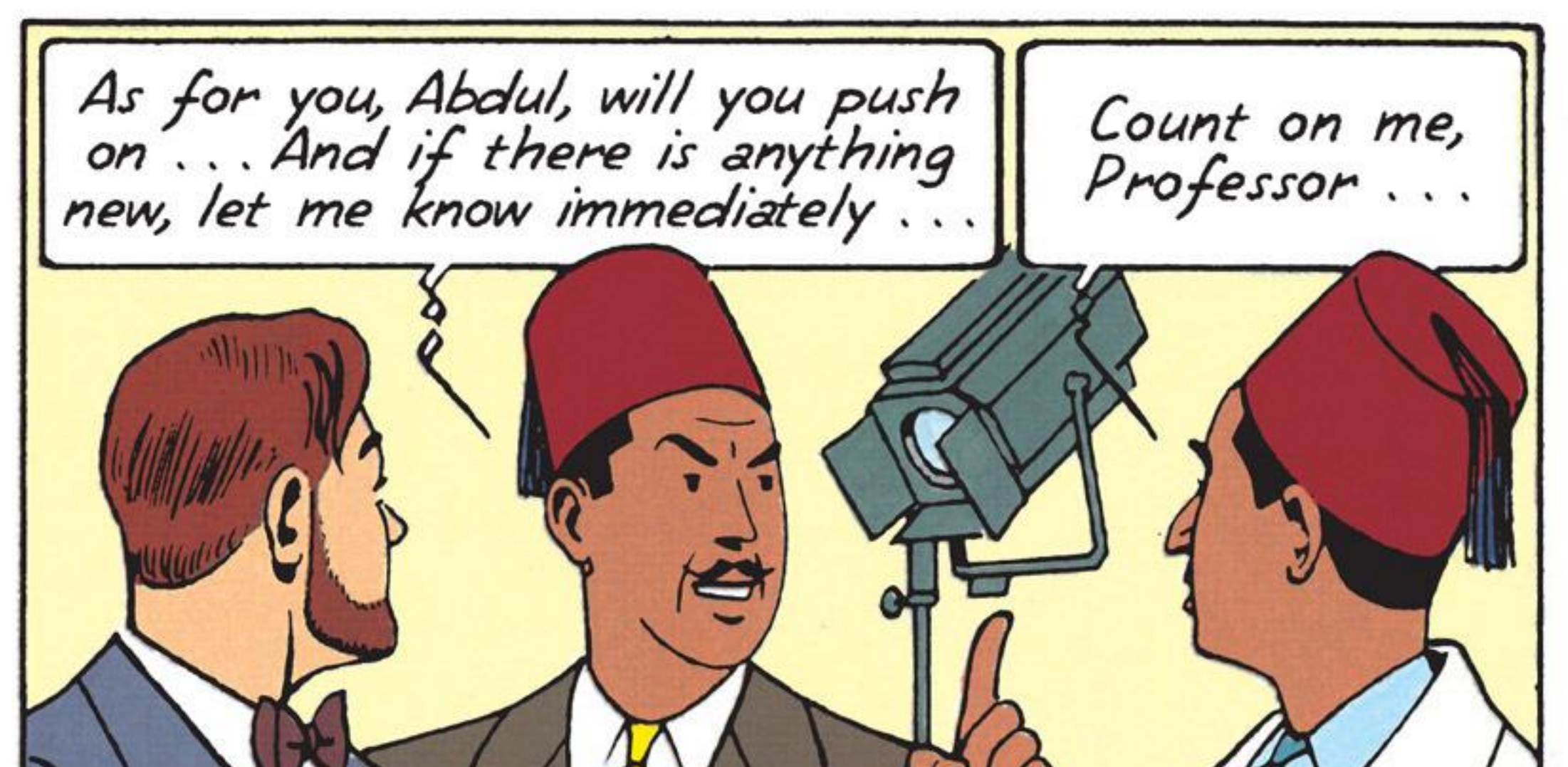
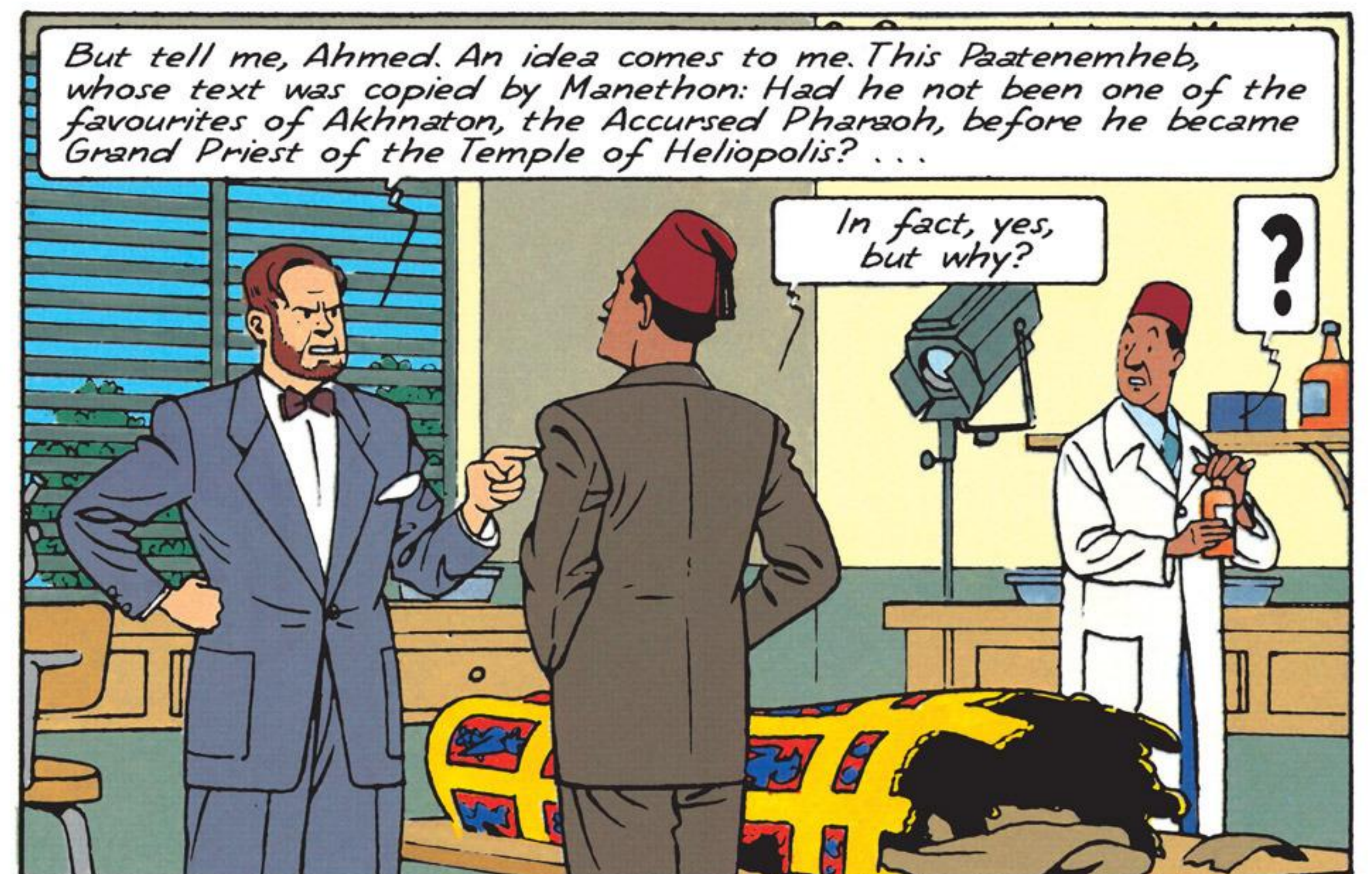
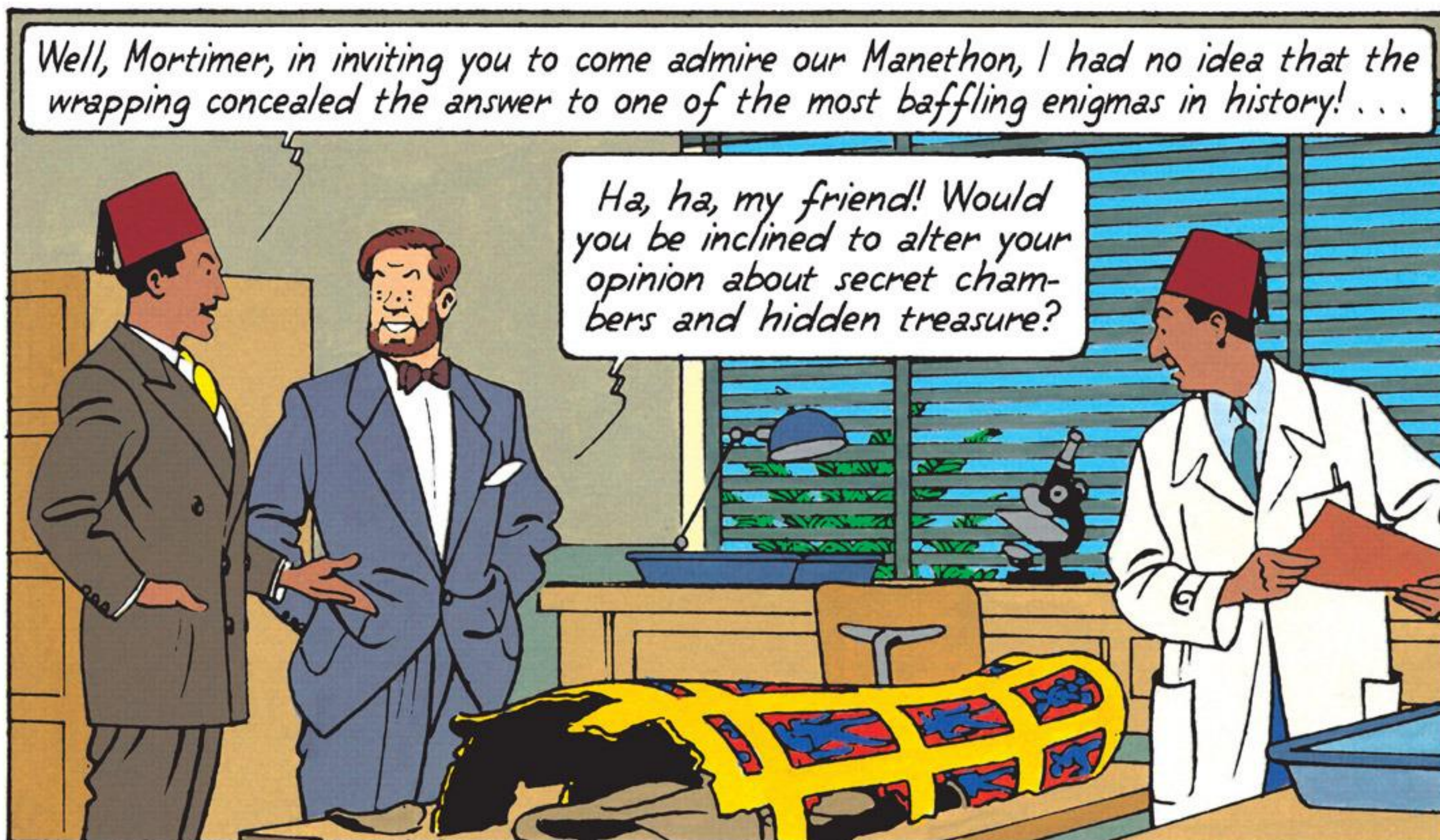
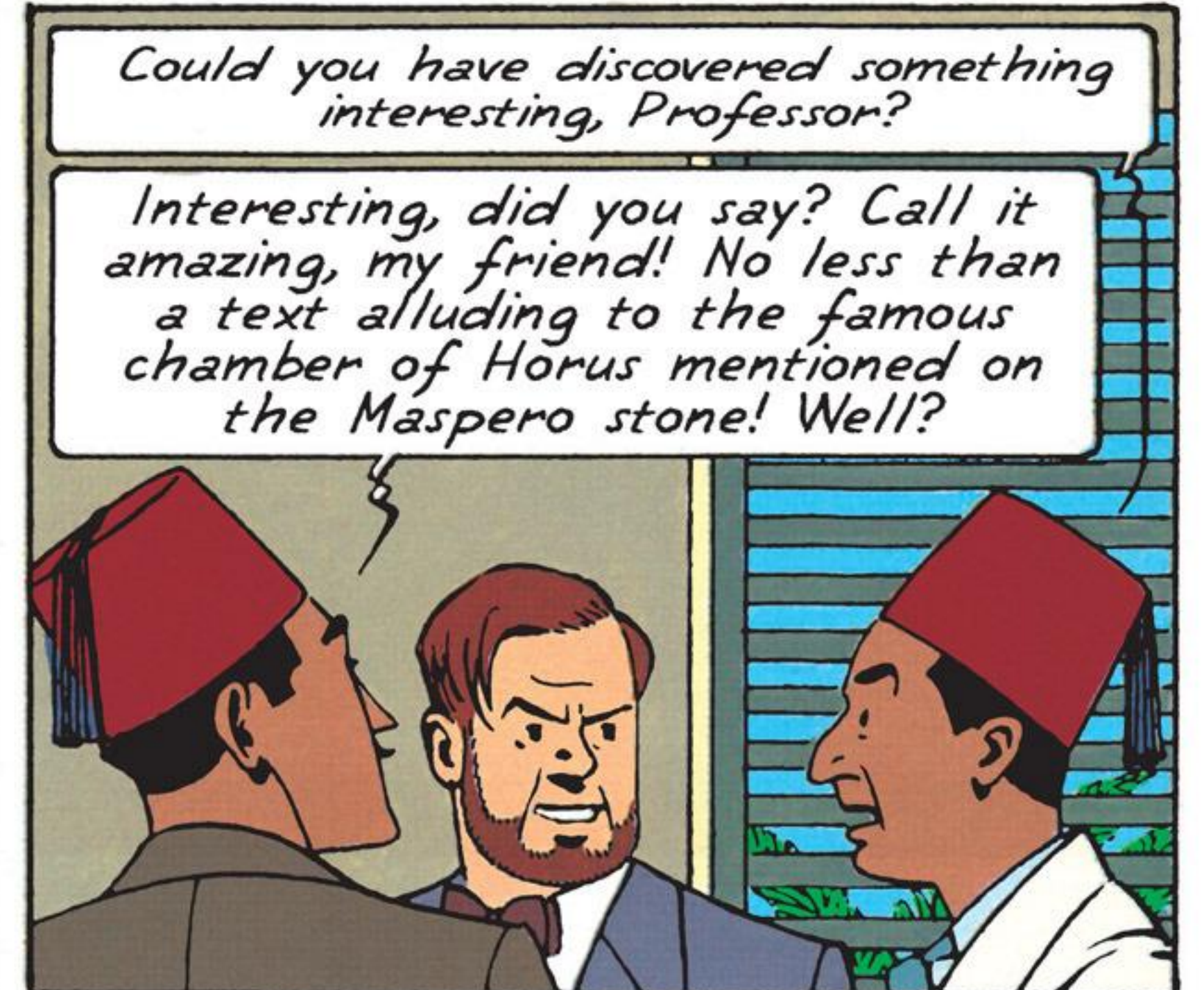
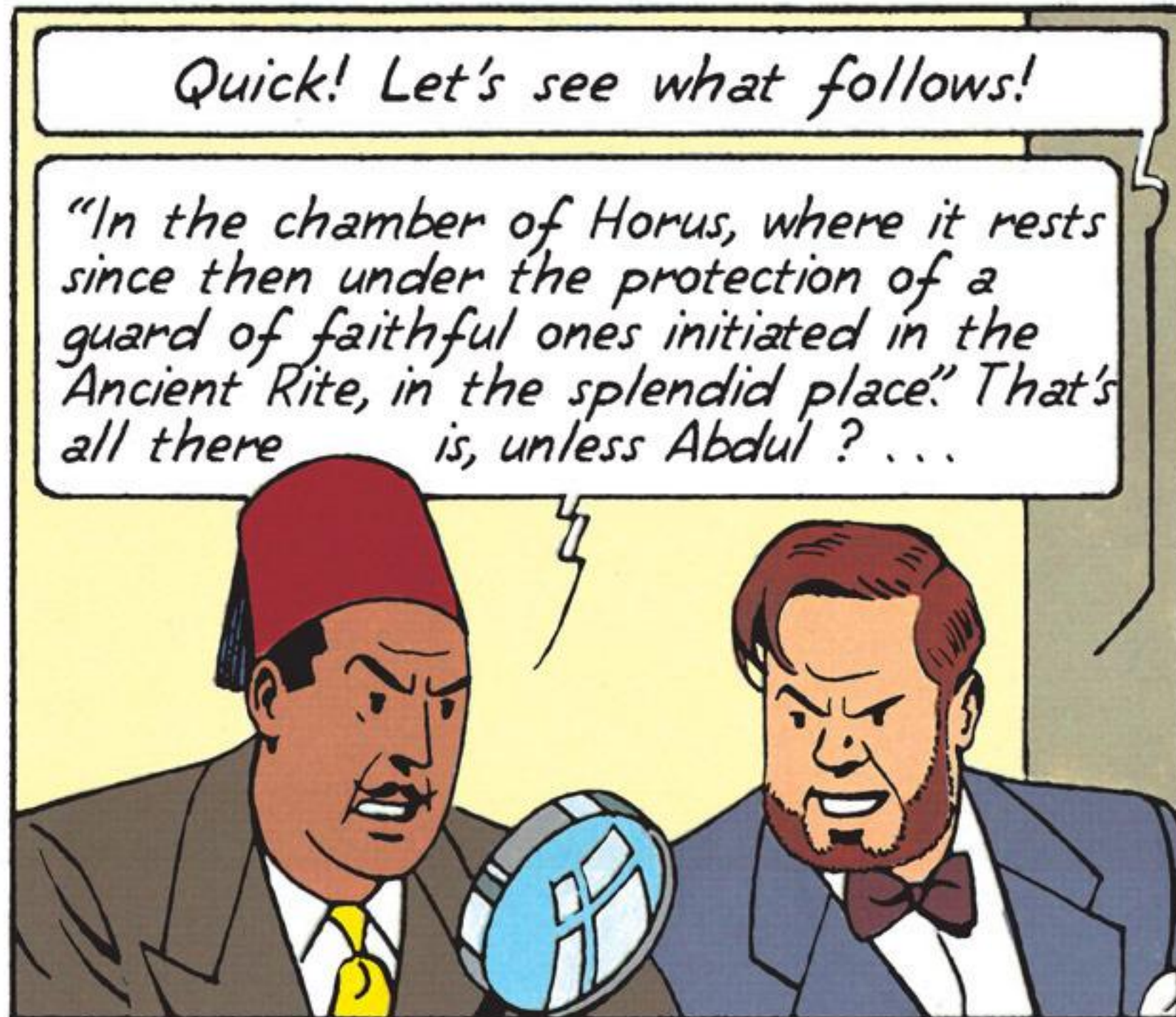
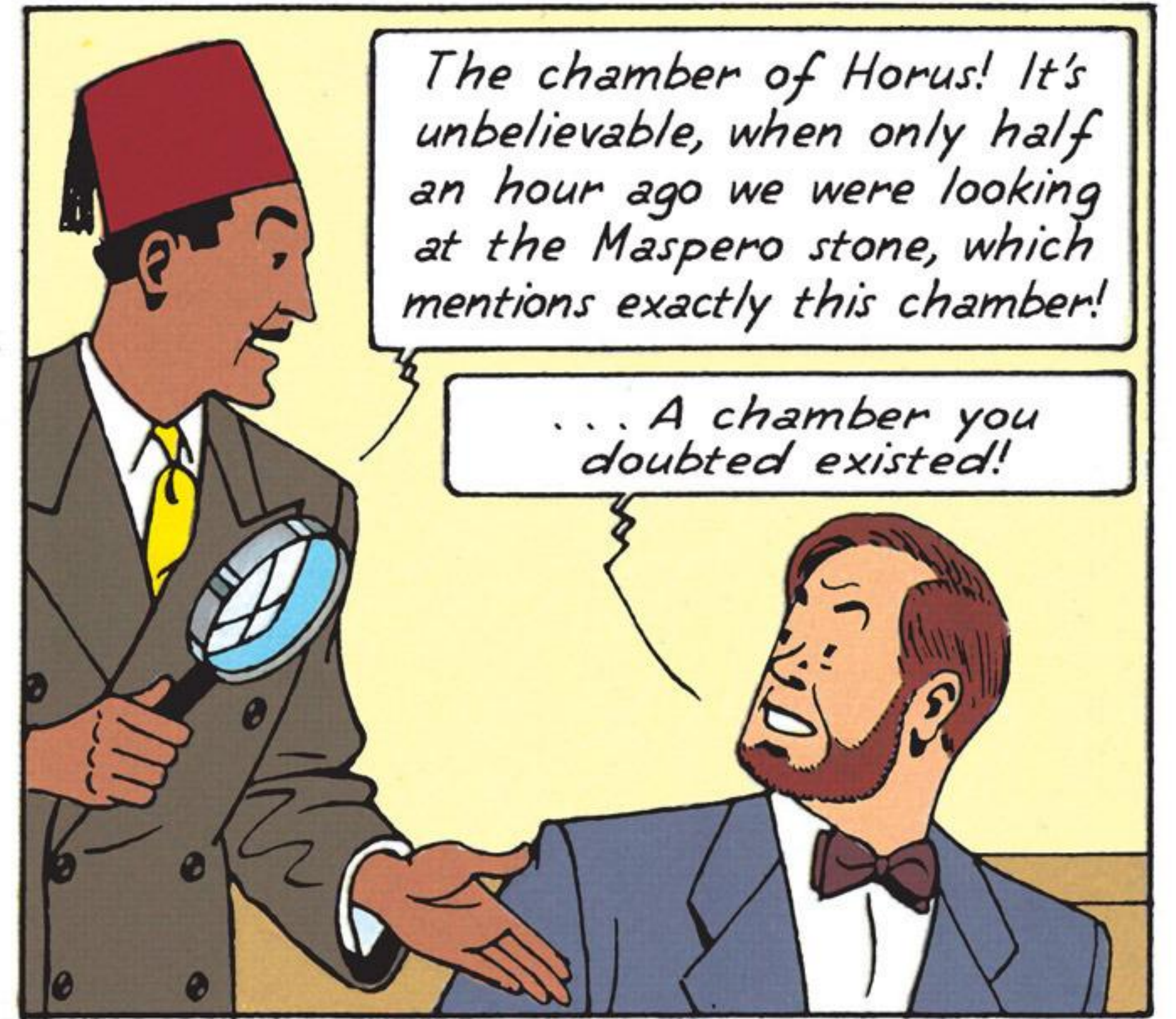
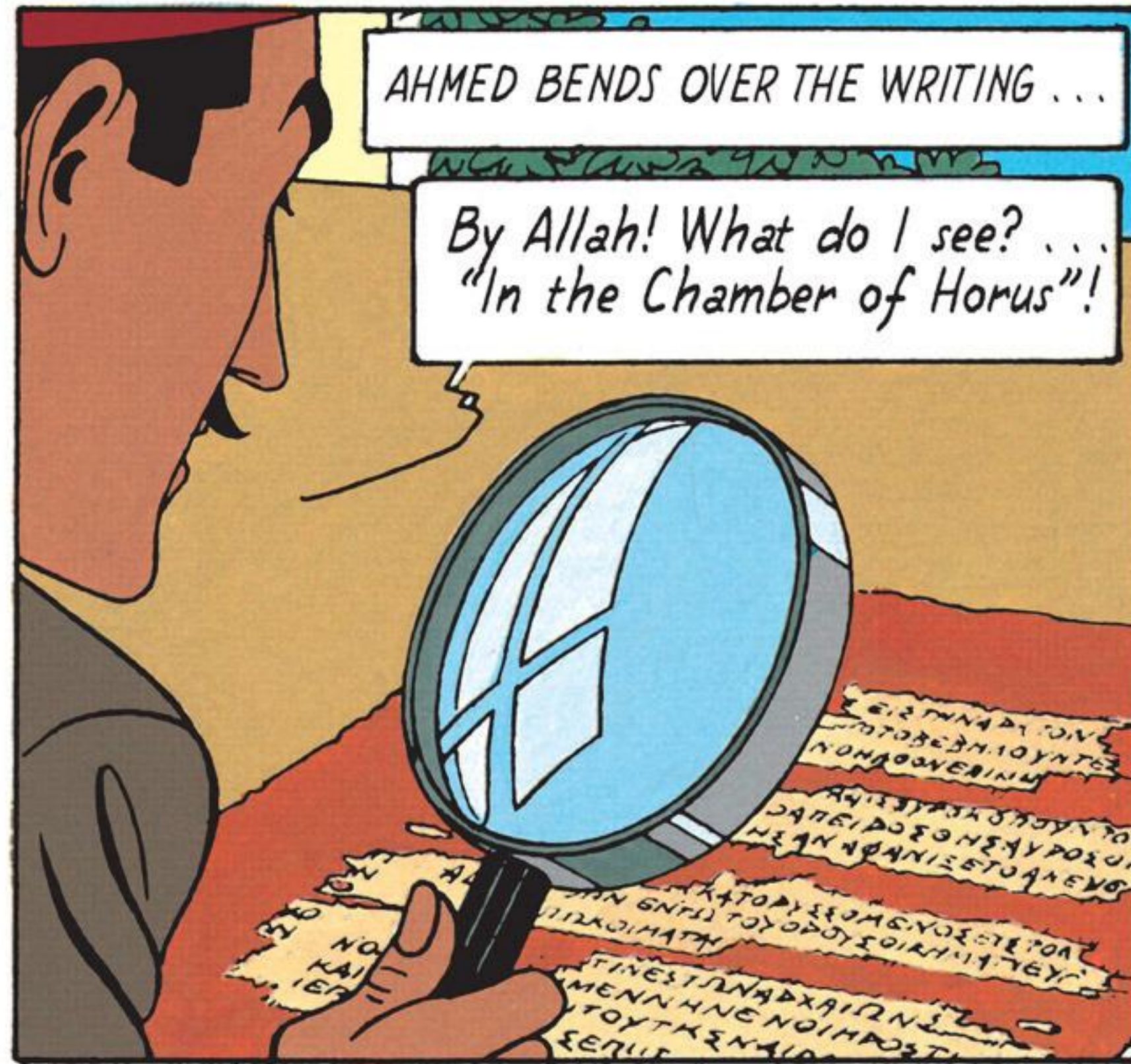
We'll look now at what Abdul has prepared for us. Let us hope the outcome will be just as exciting. Be careful: The fragments are still damp.

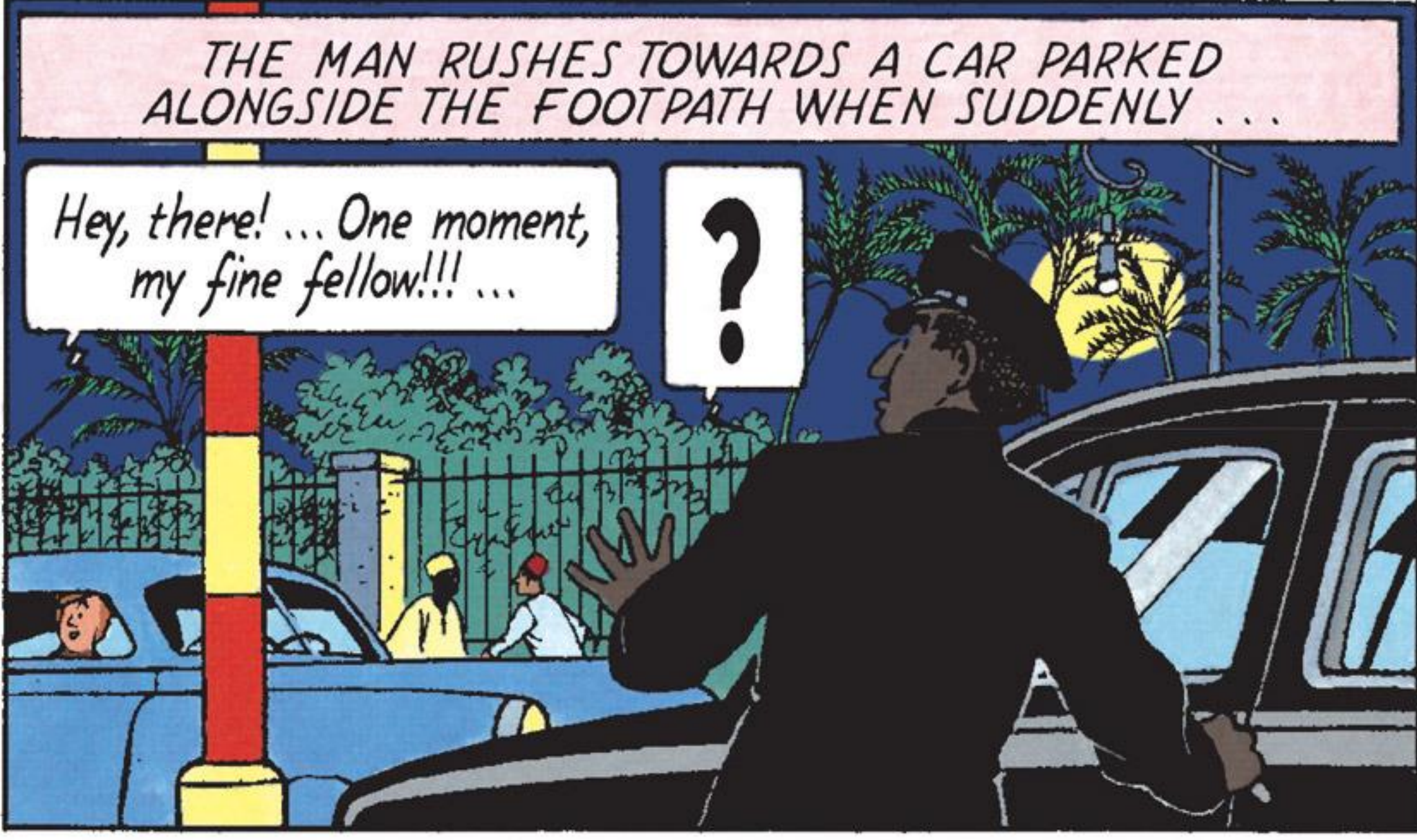
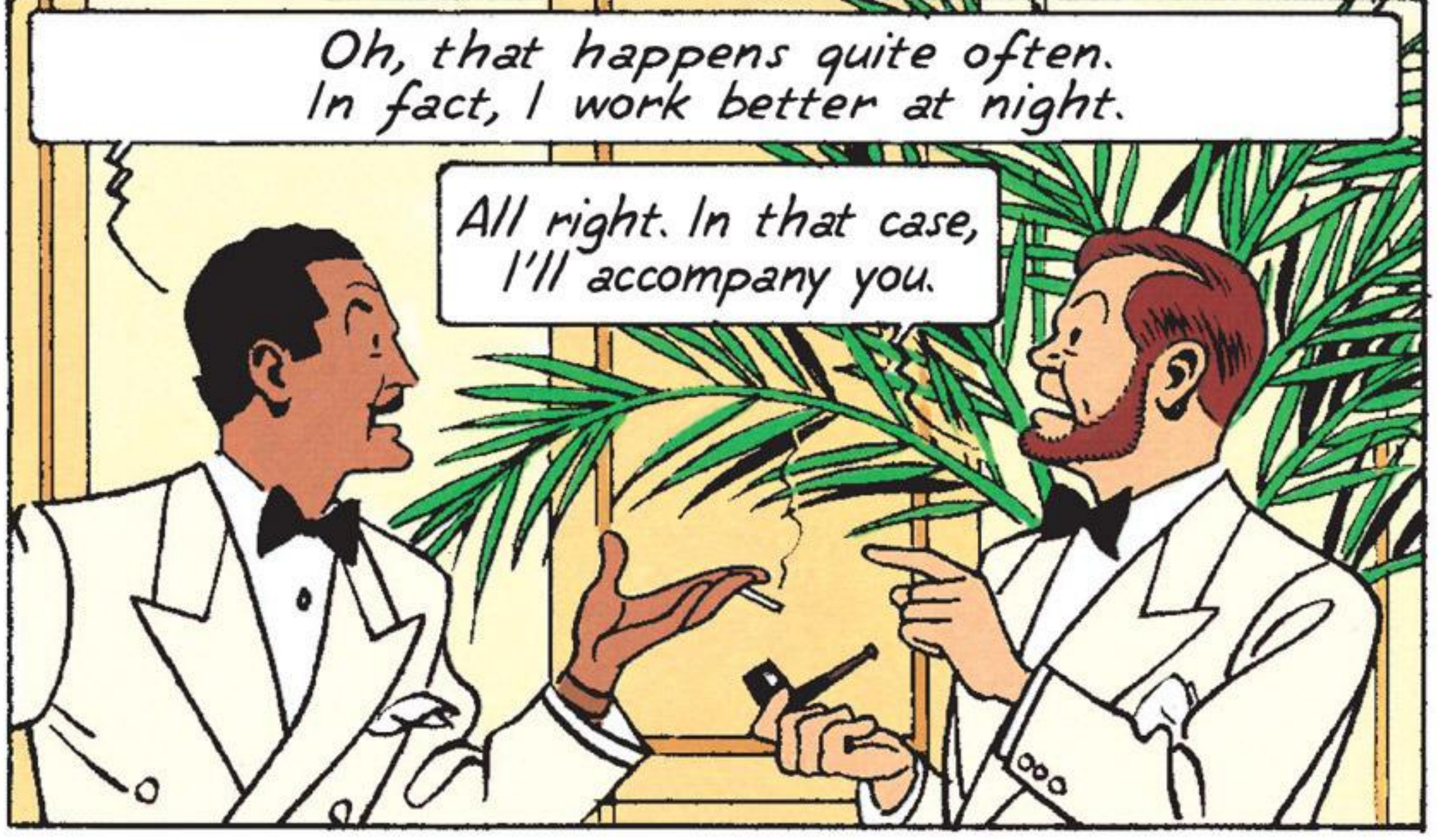
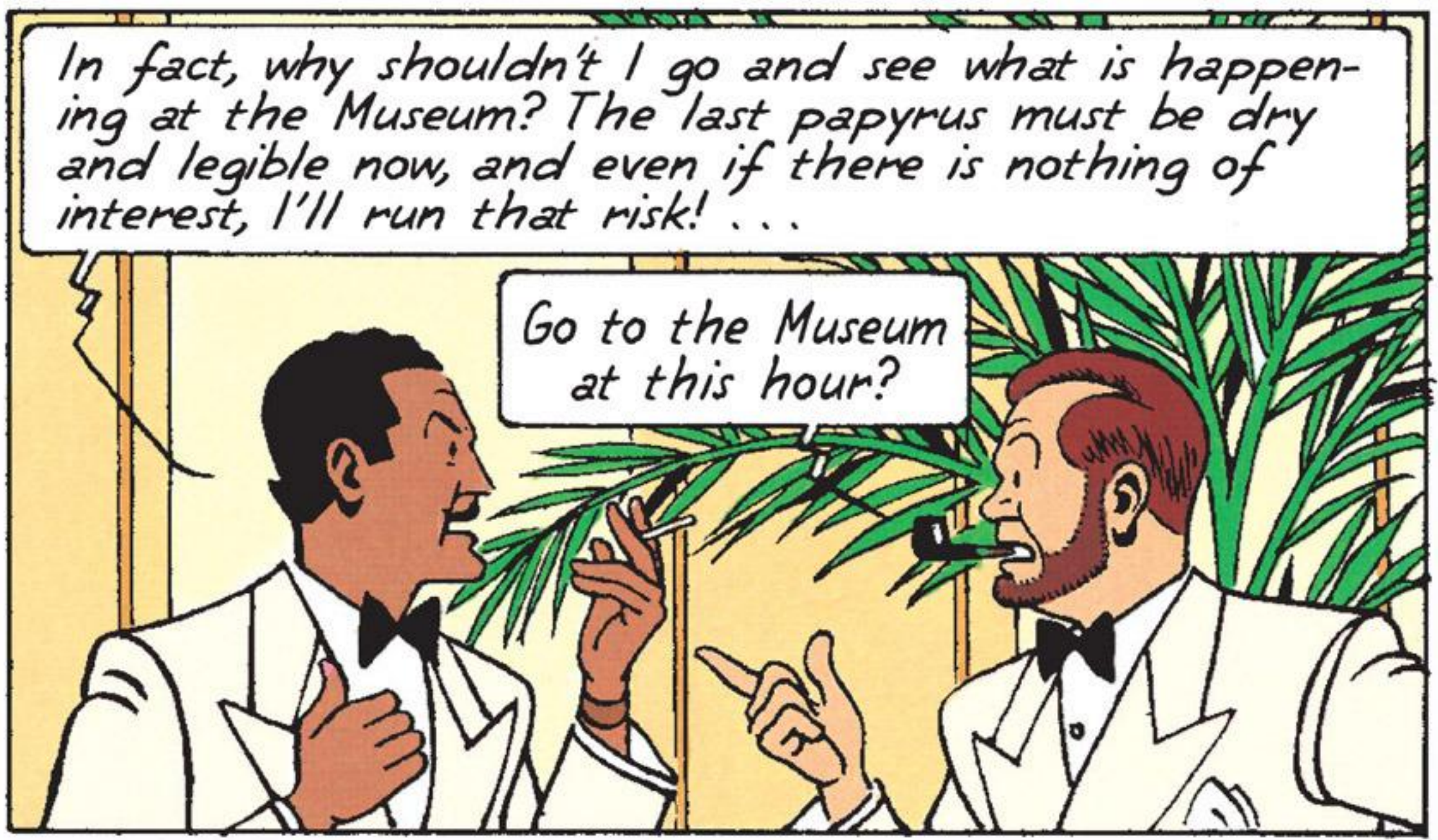
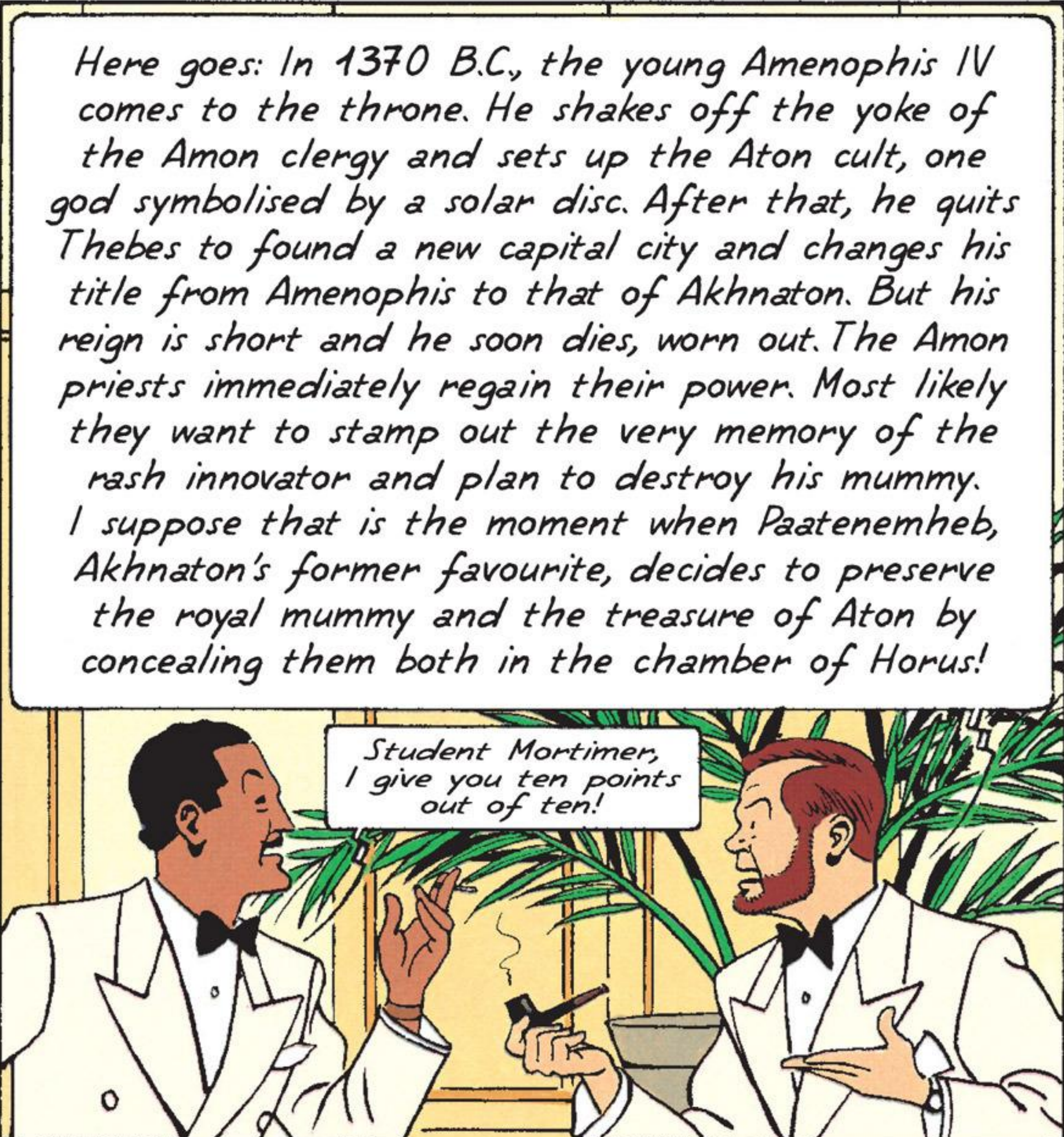
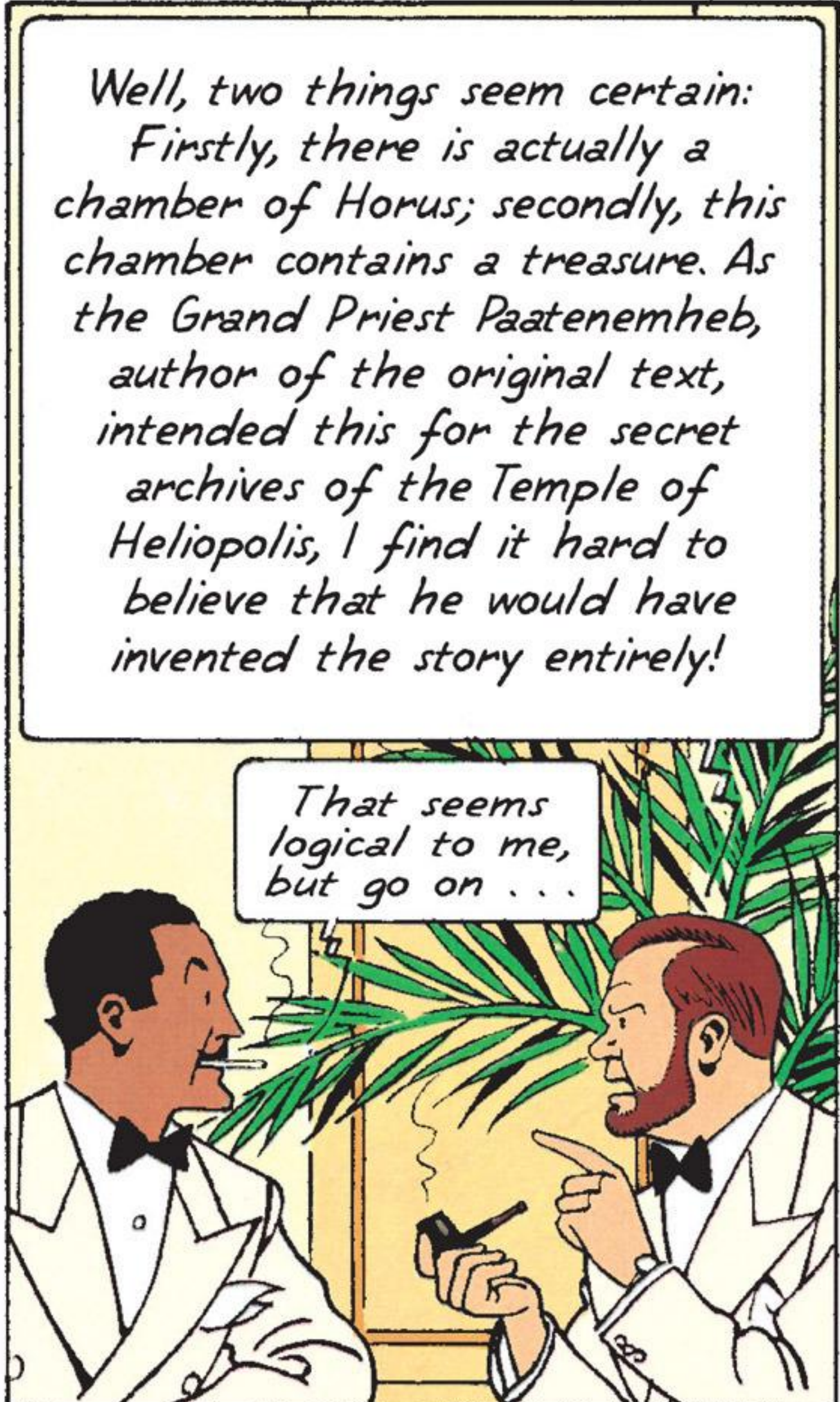
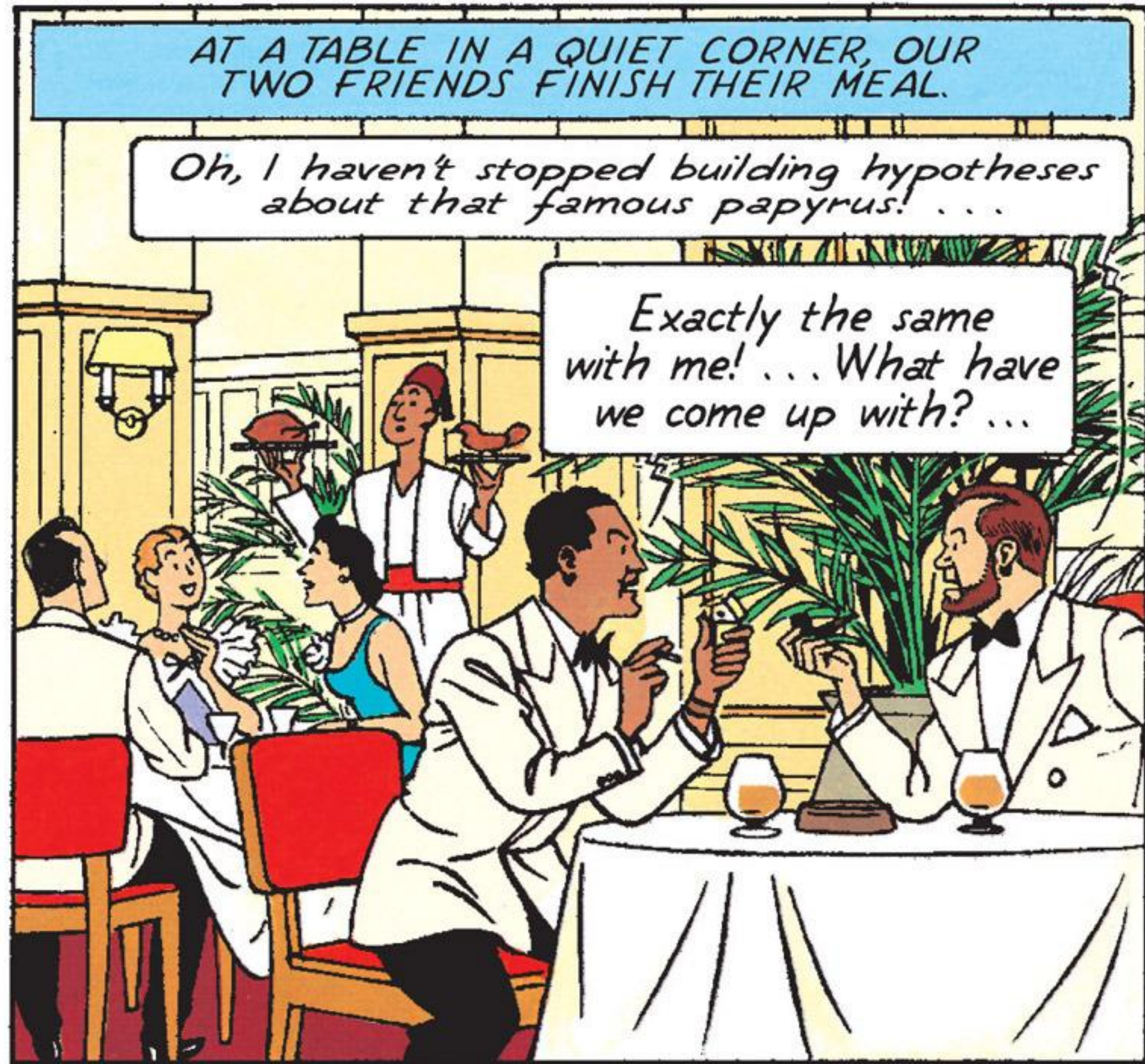
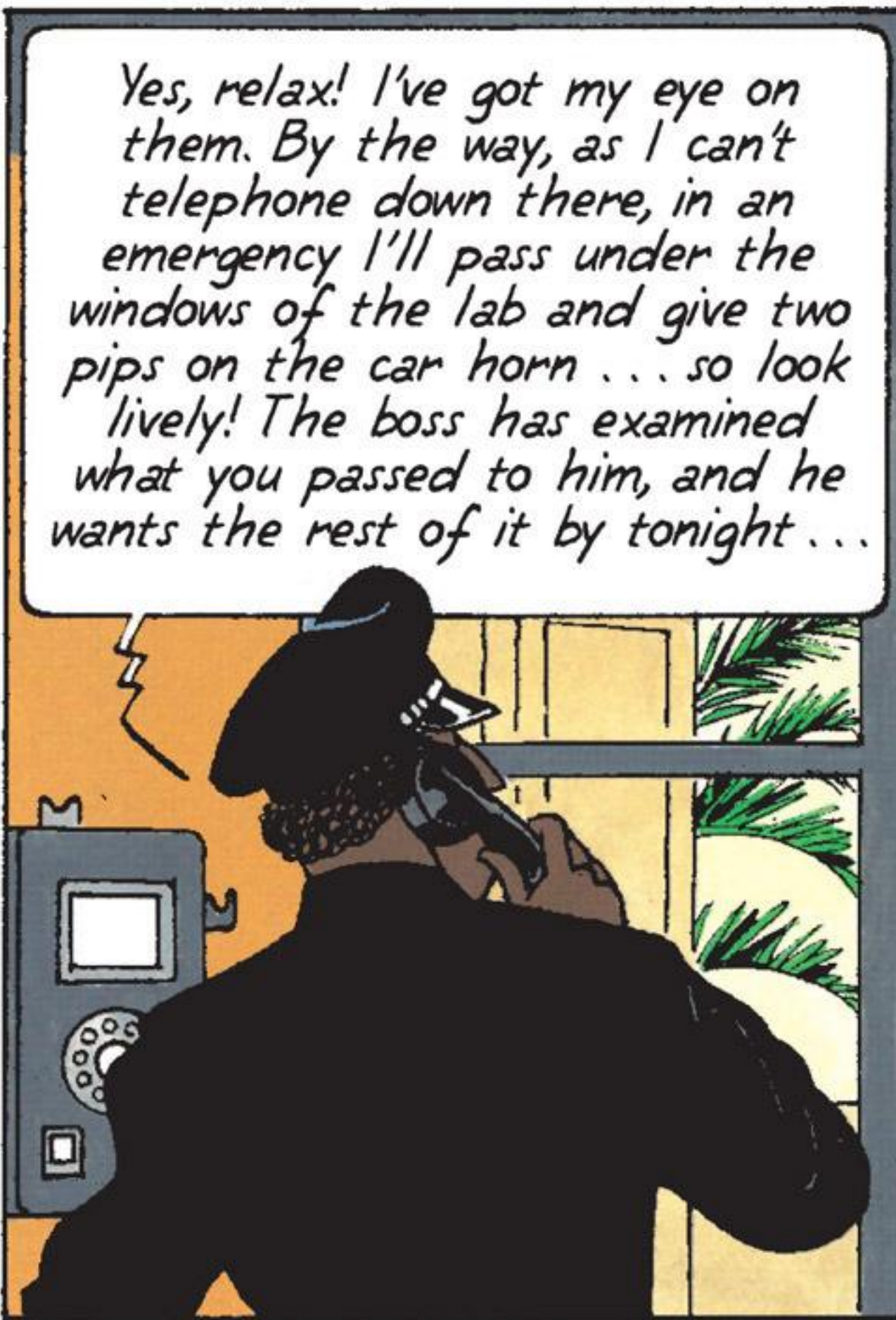
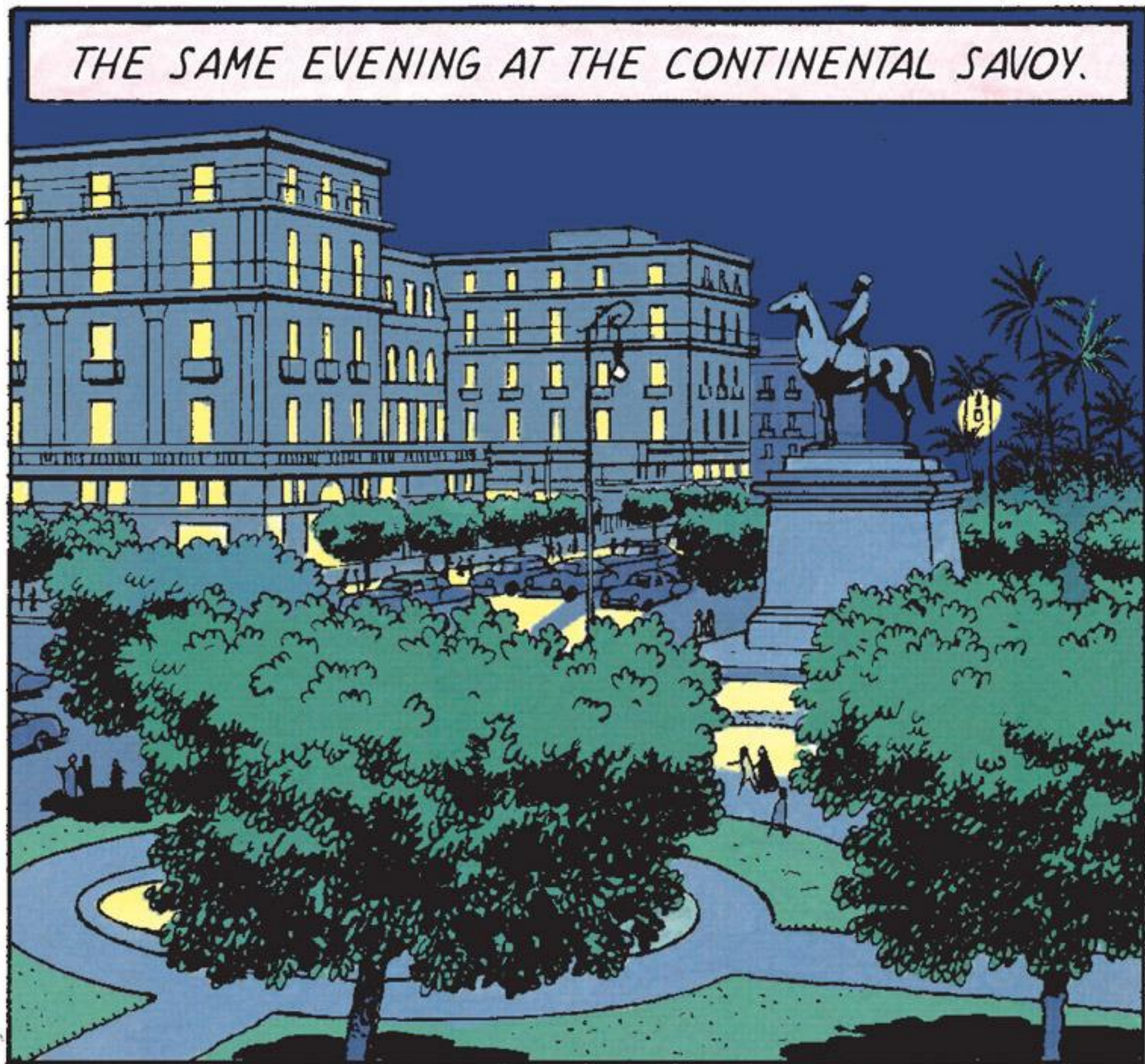
Wait! Yes. That seems to make sense ...

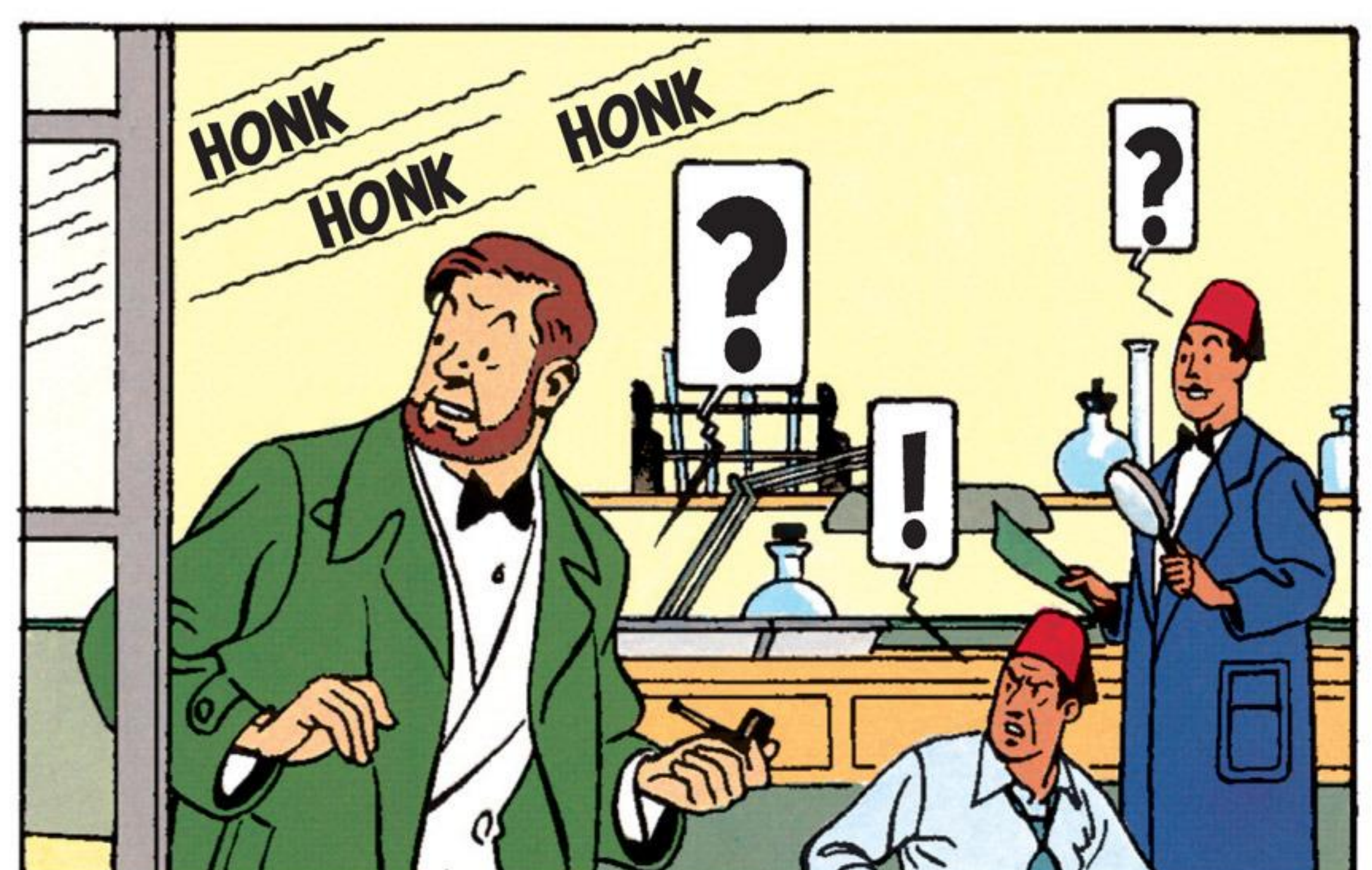
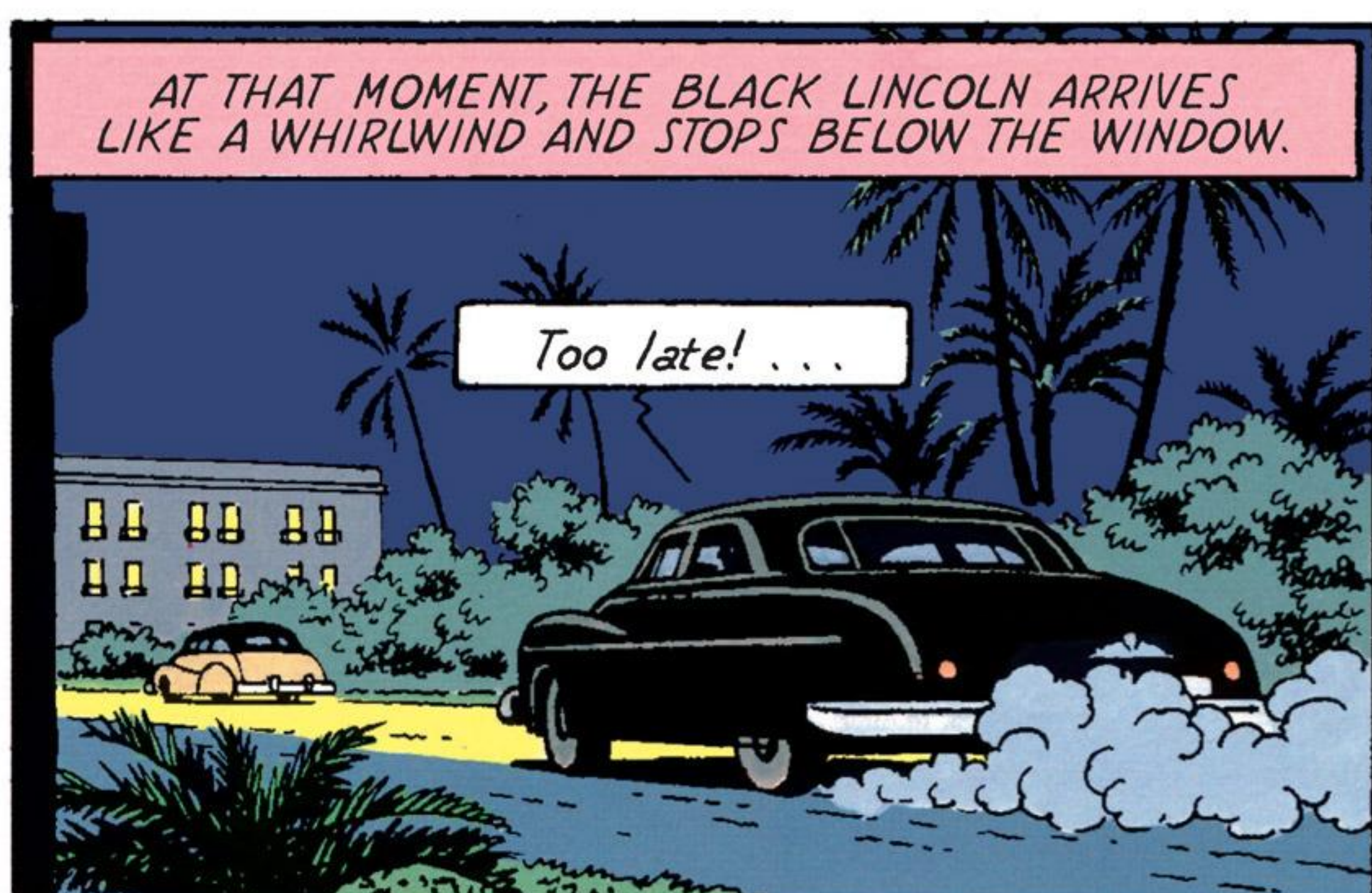
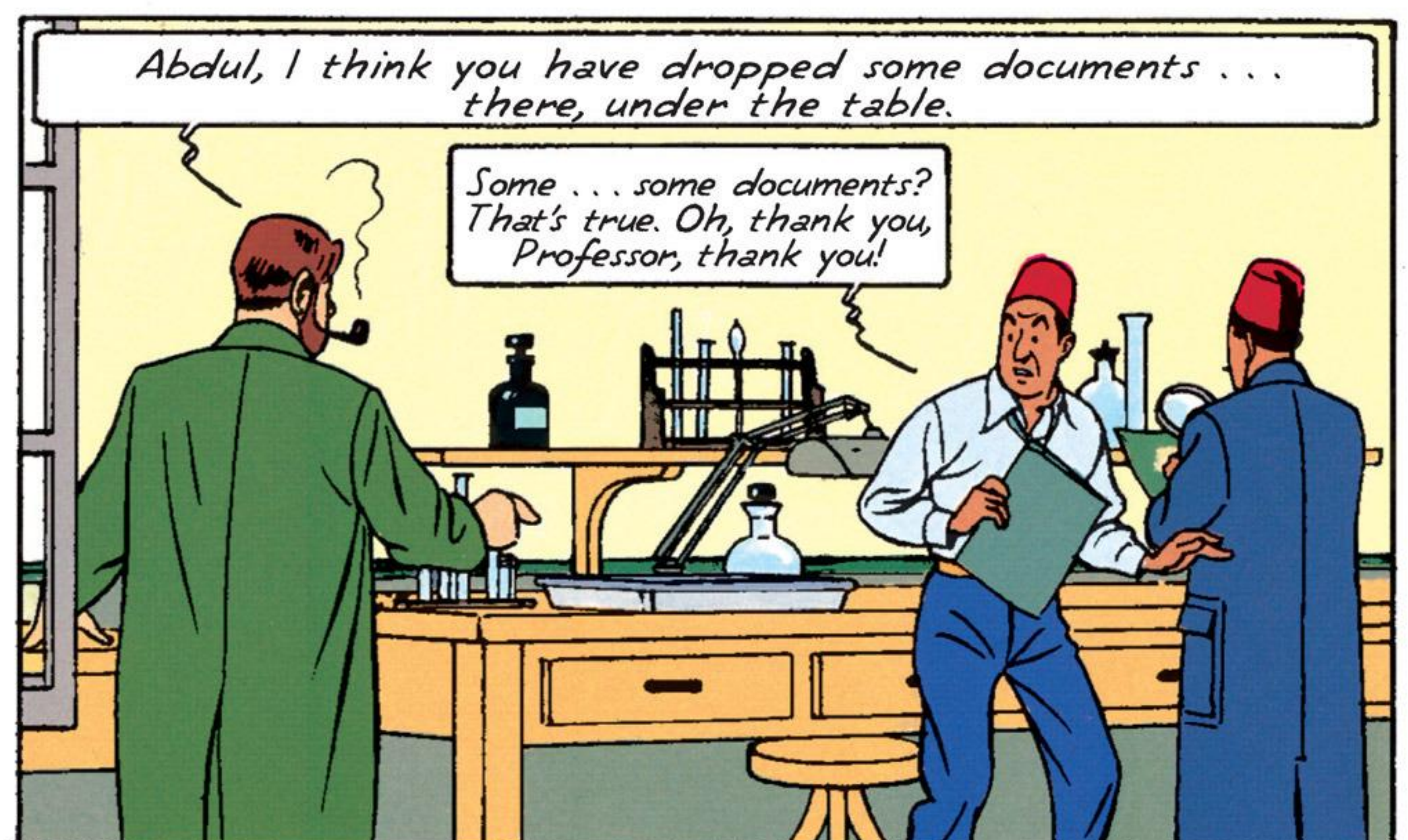
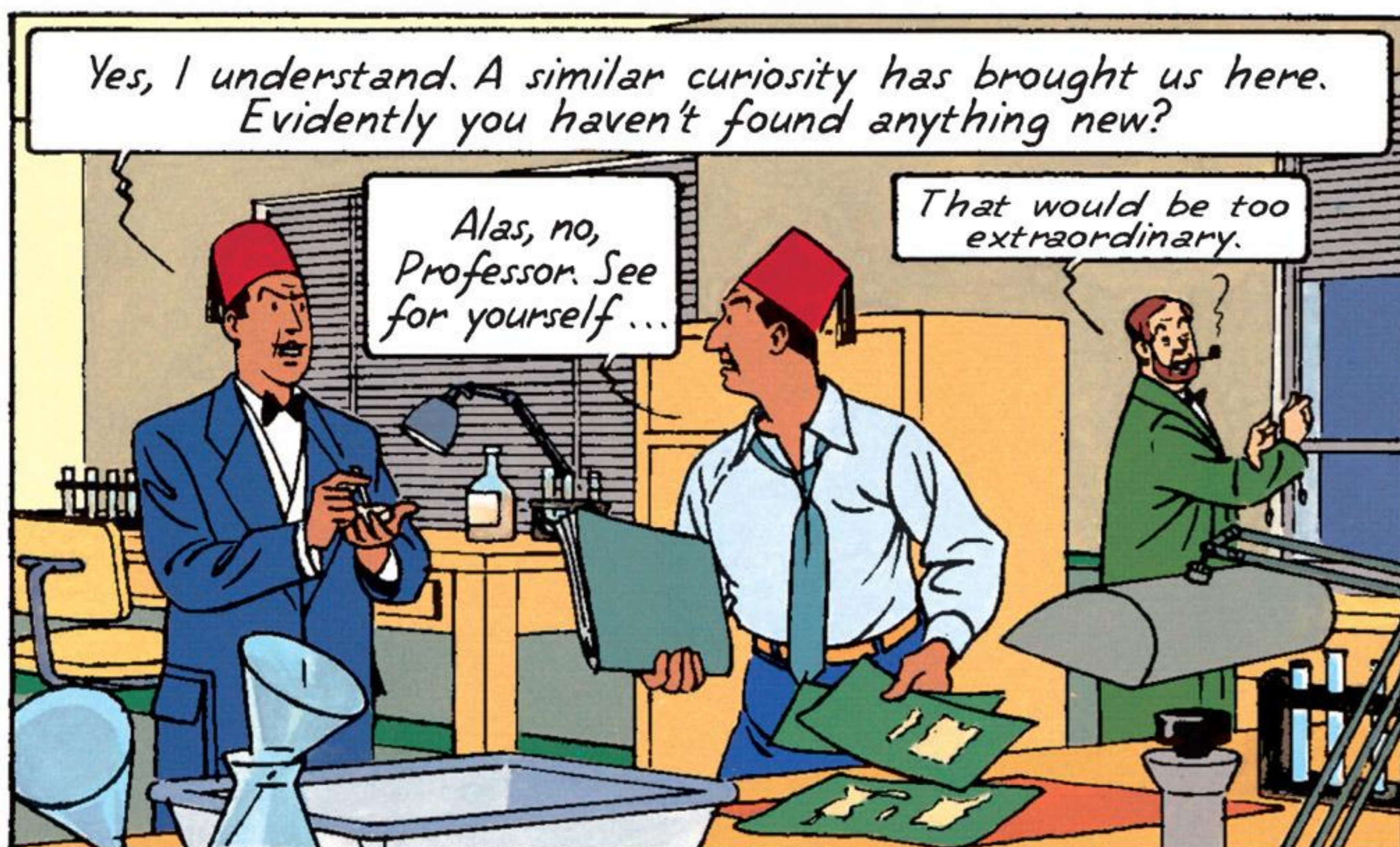
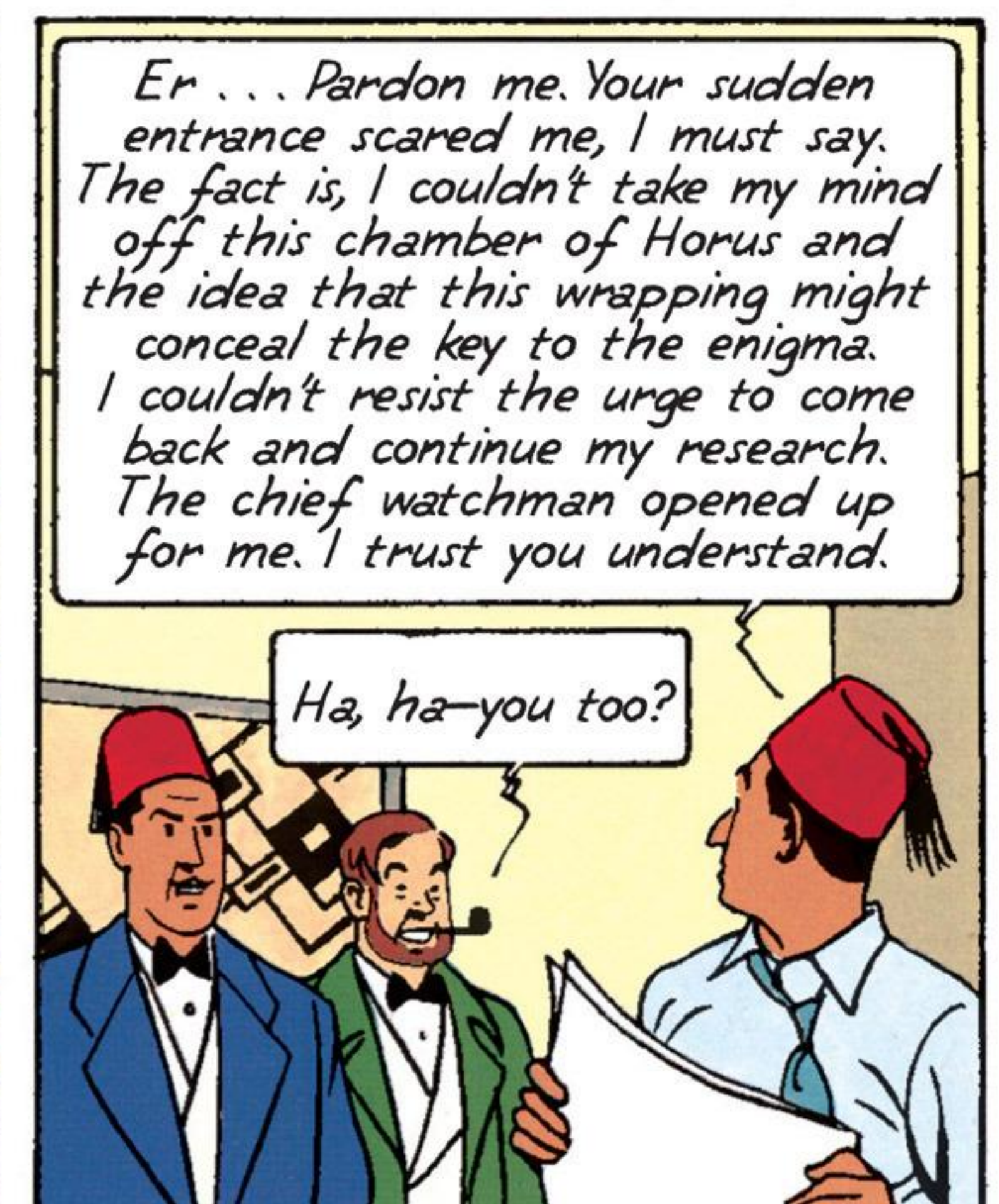


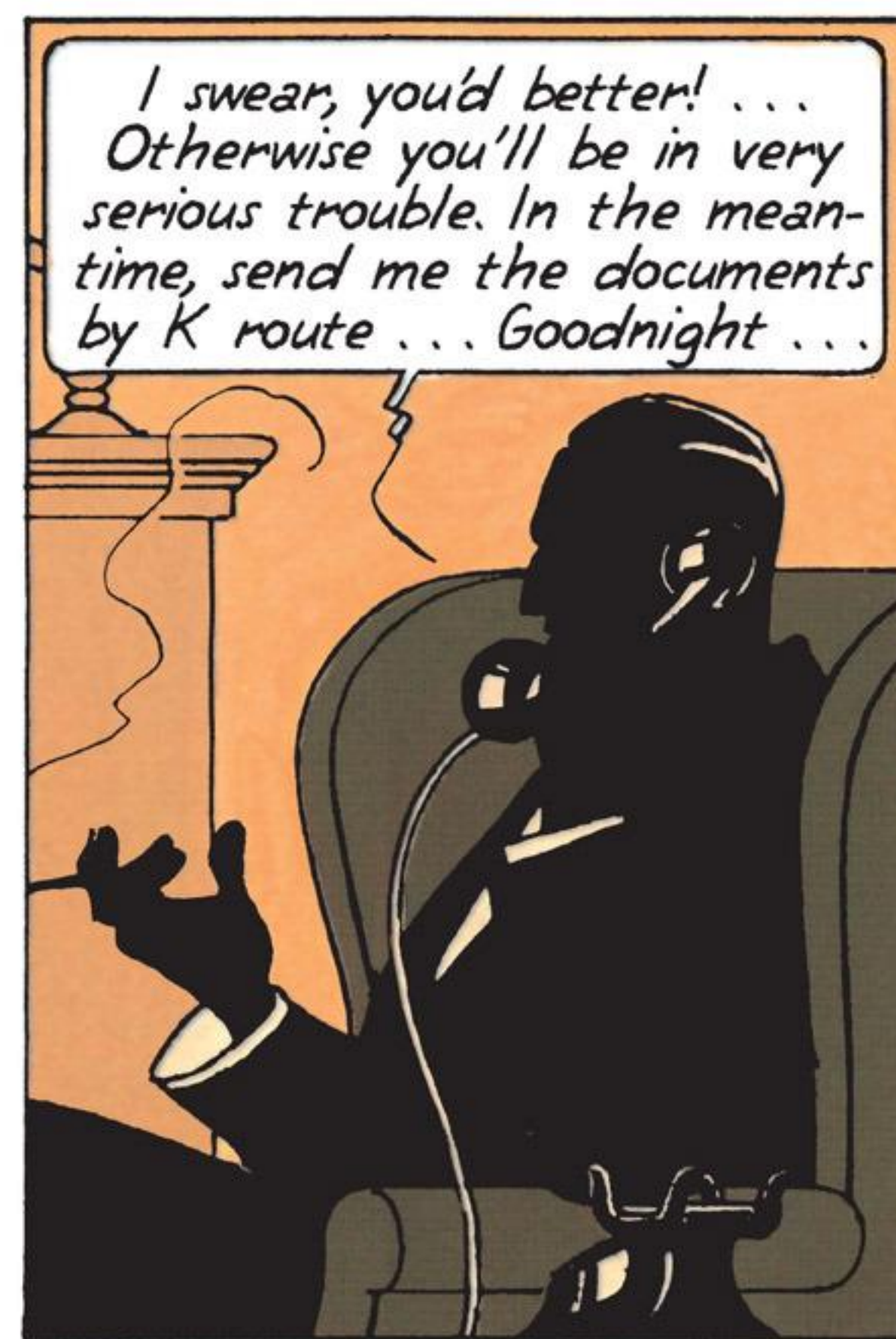
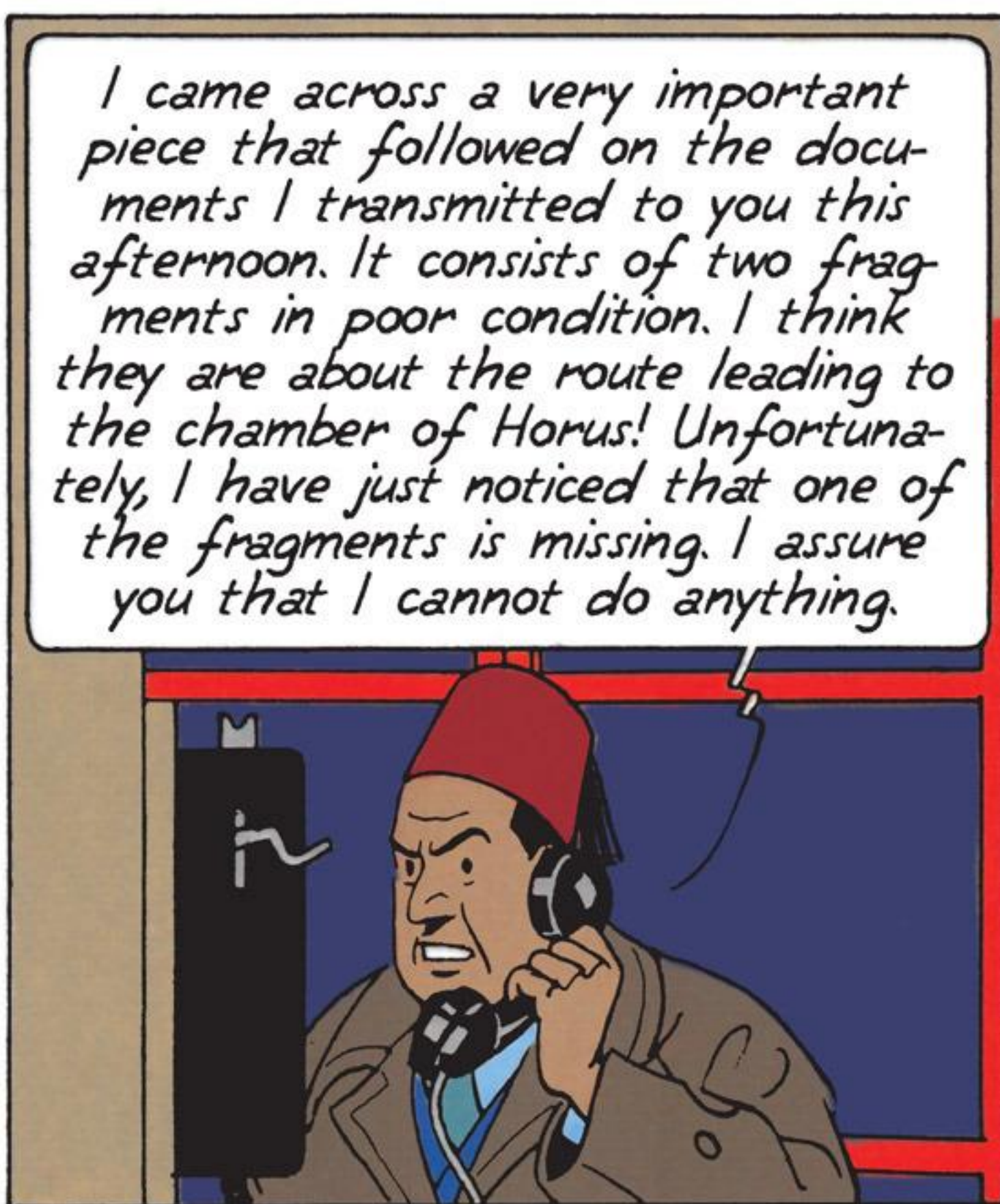
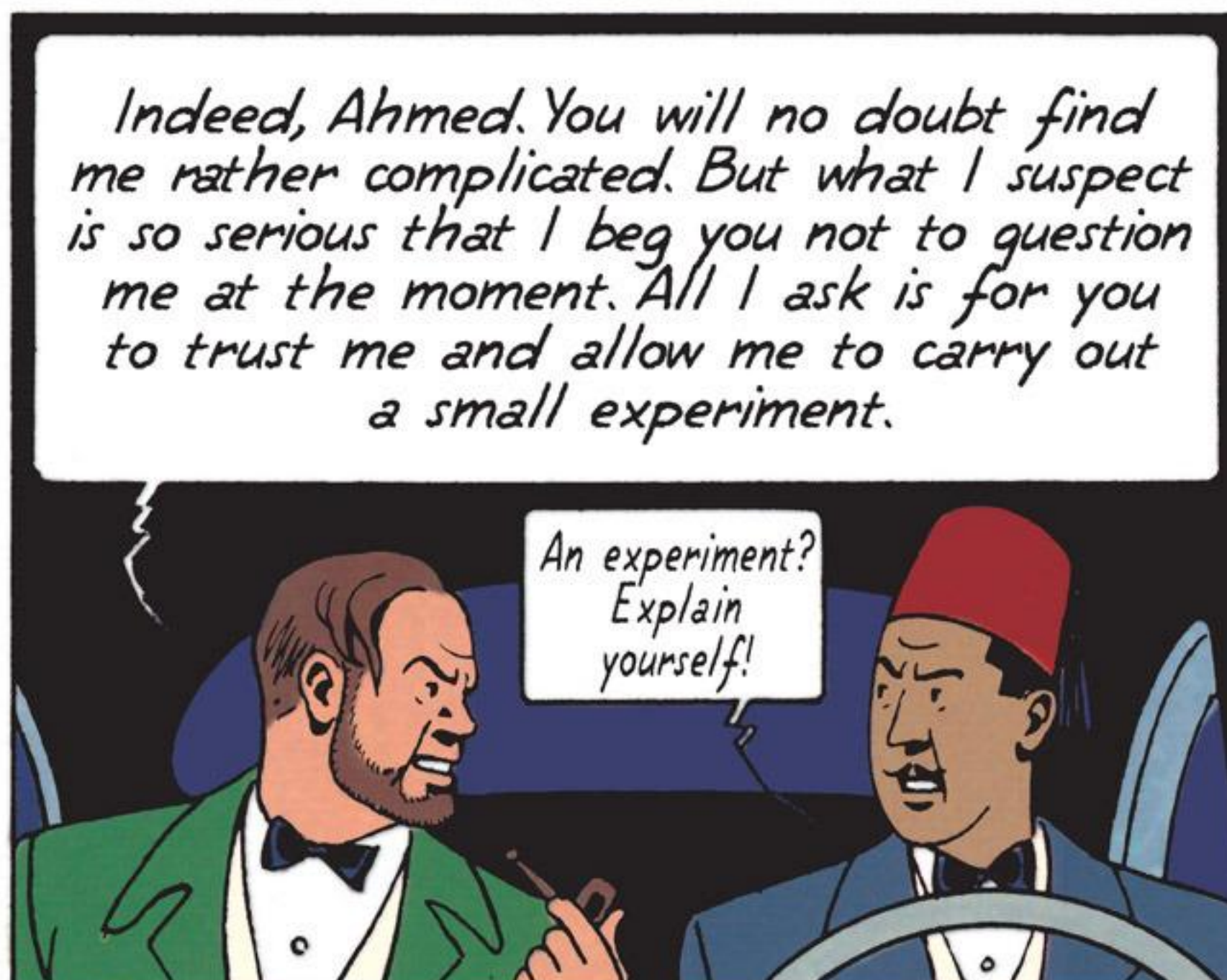
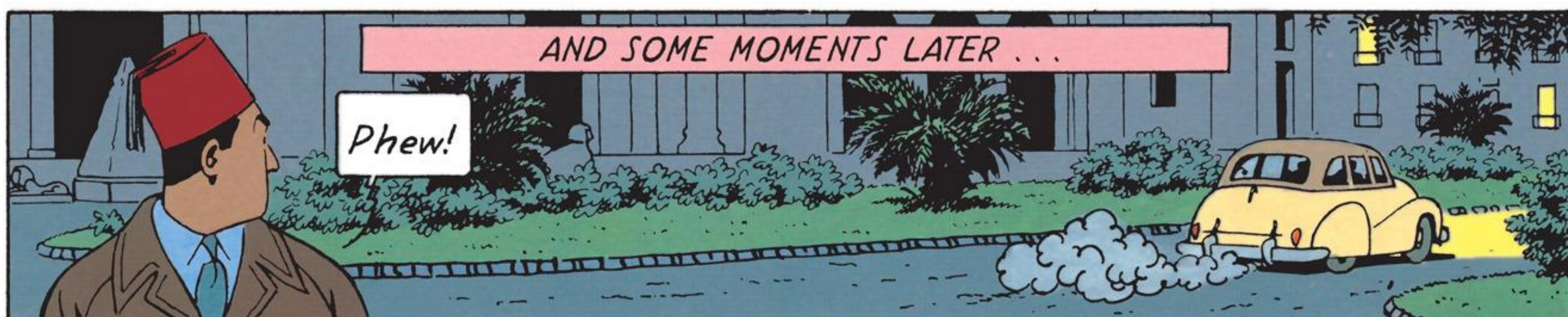
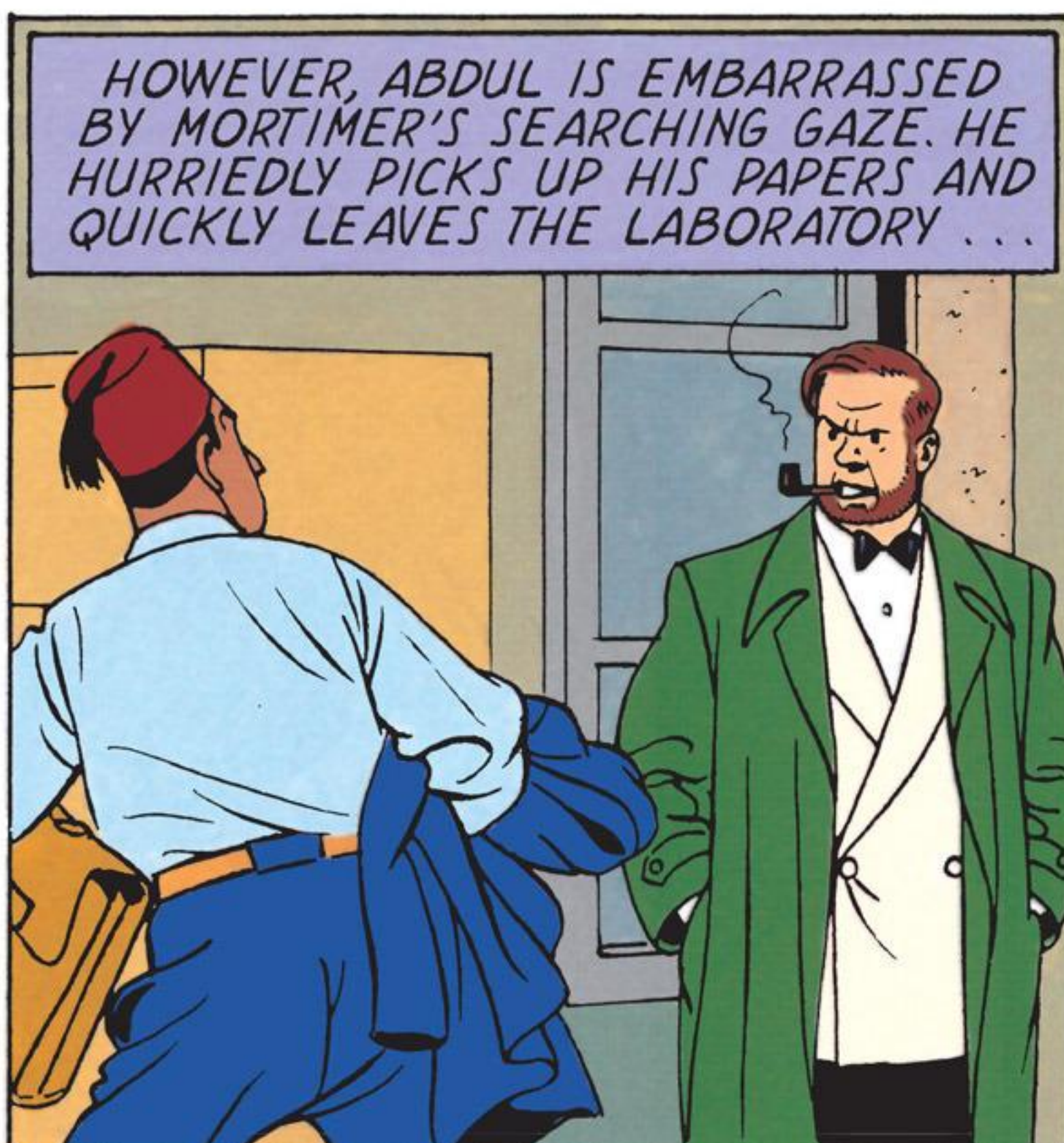
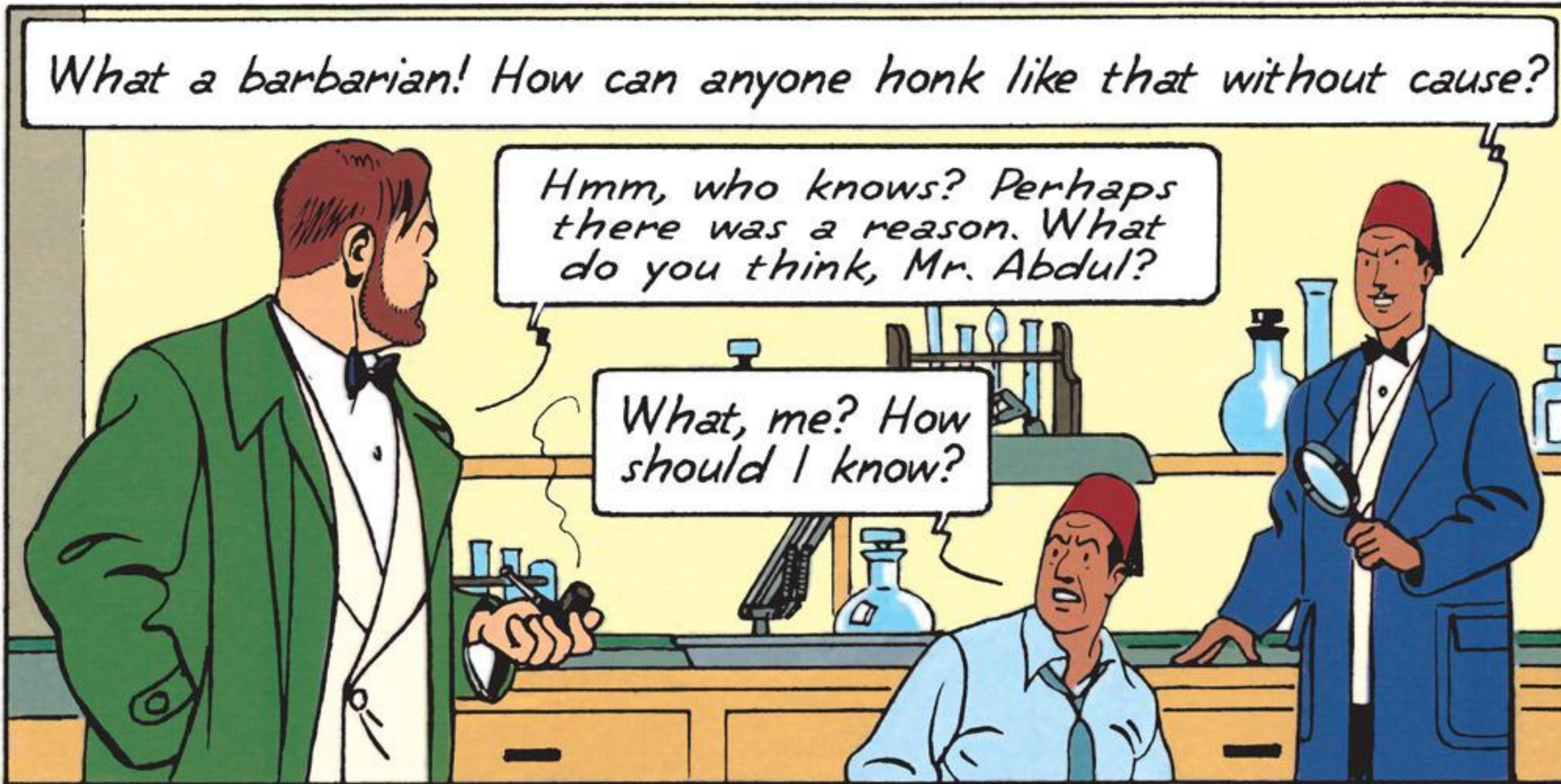
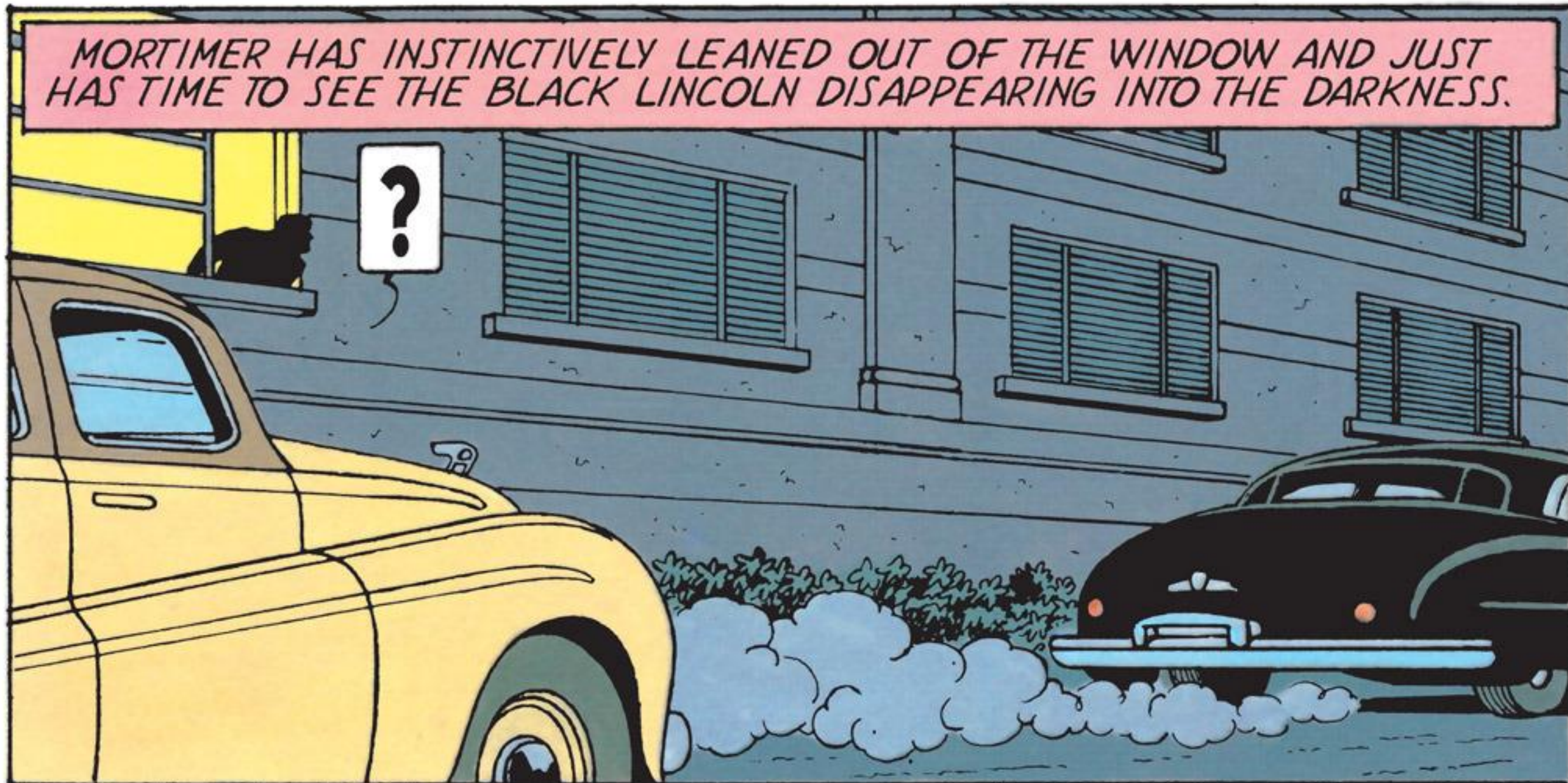
"... Set sail towards the north ... The impious ones smashed its statues, but the immense treasure they coveted had fled, vanished forever and for always, in—" ...

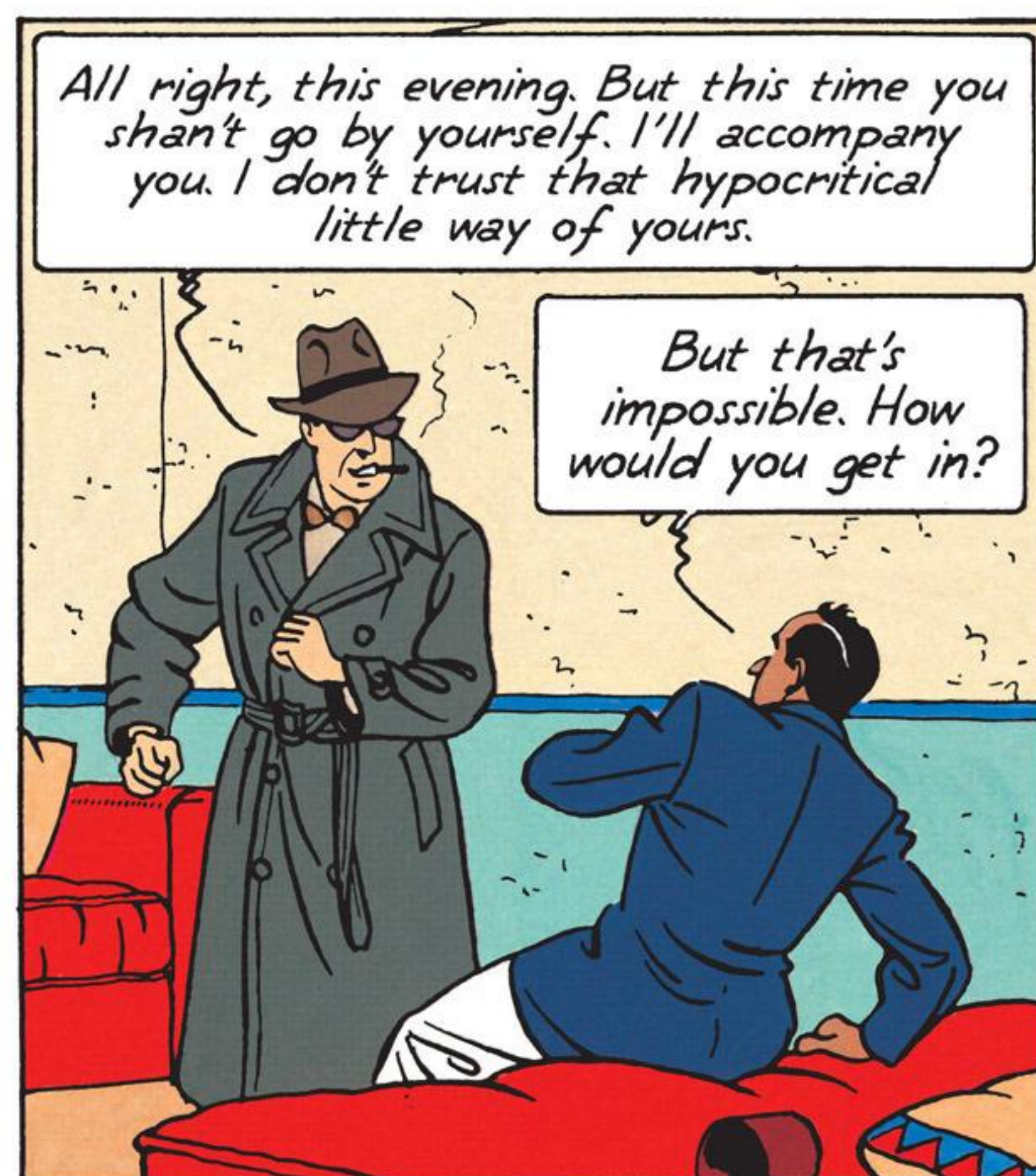
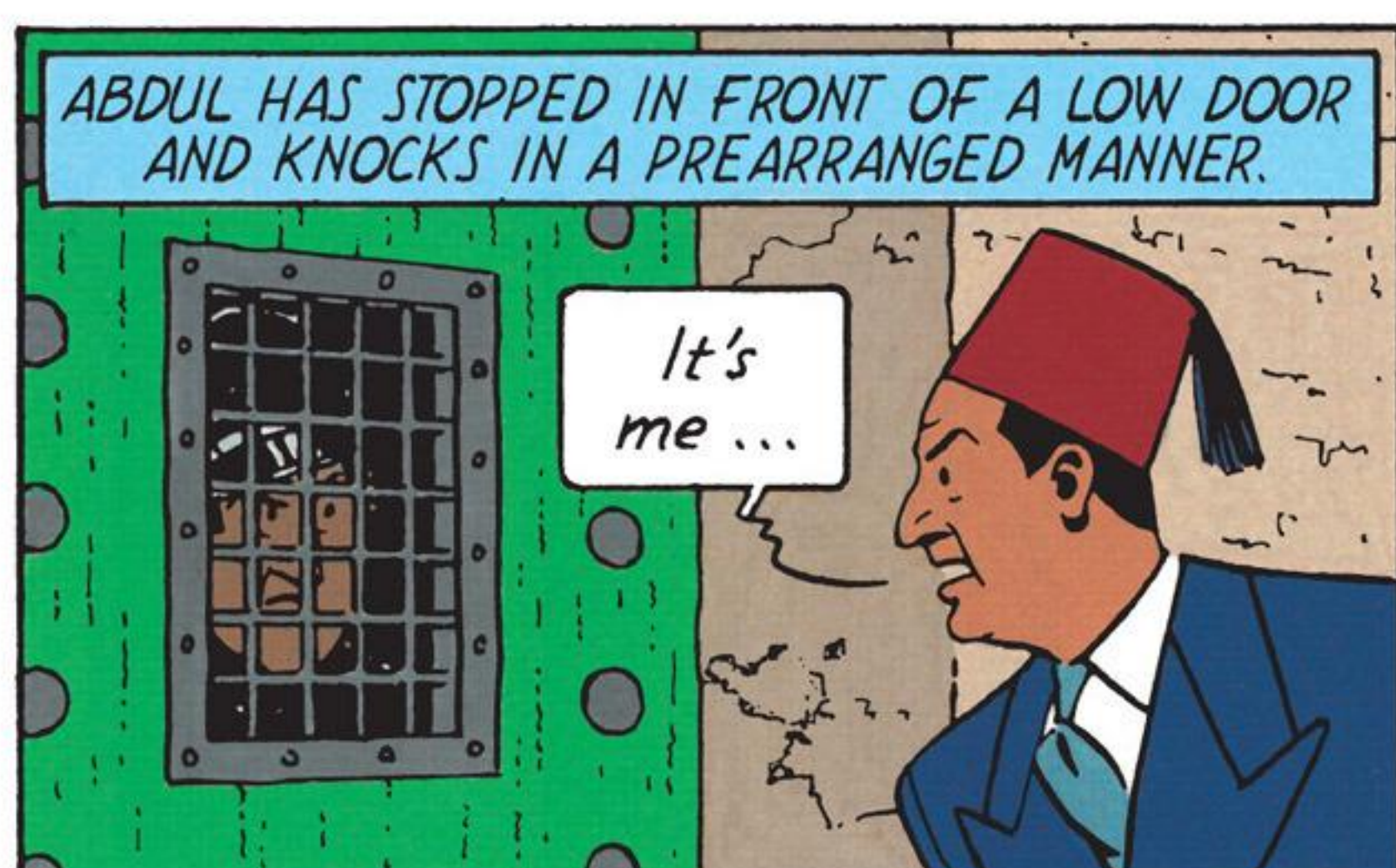
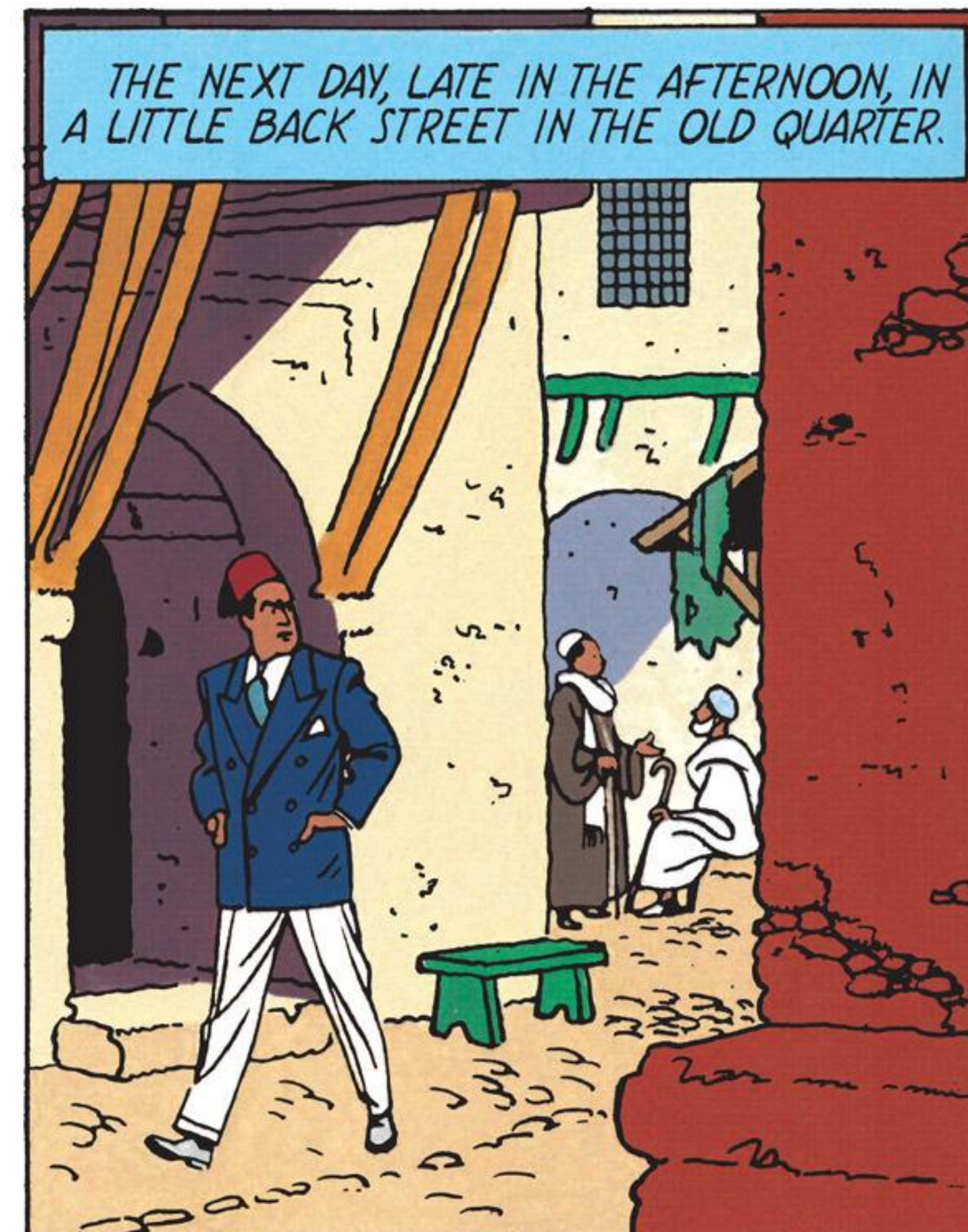
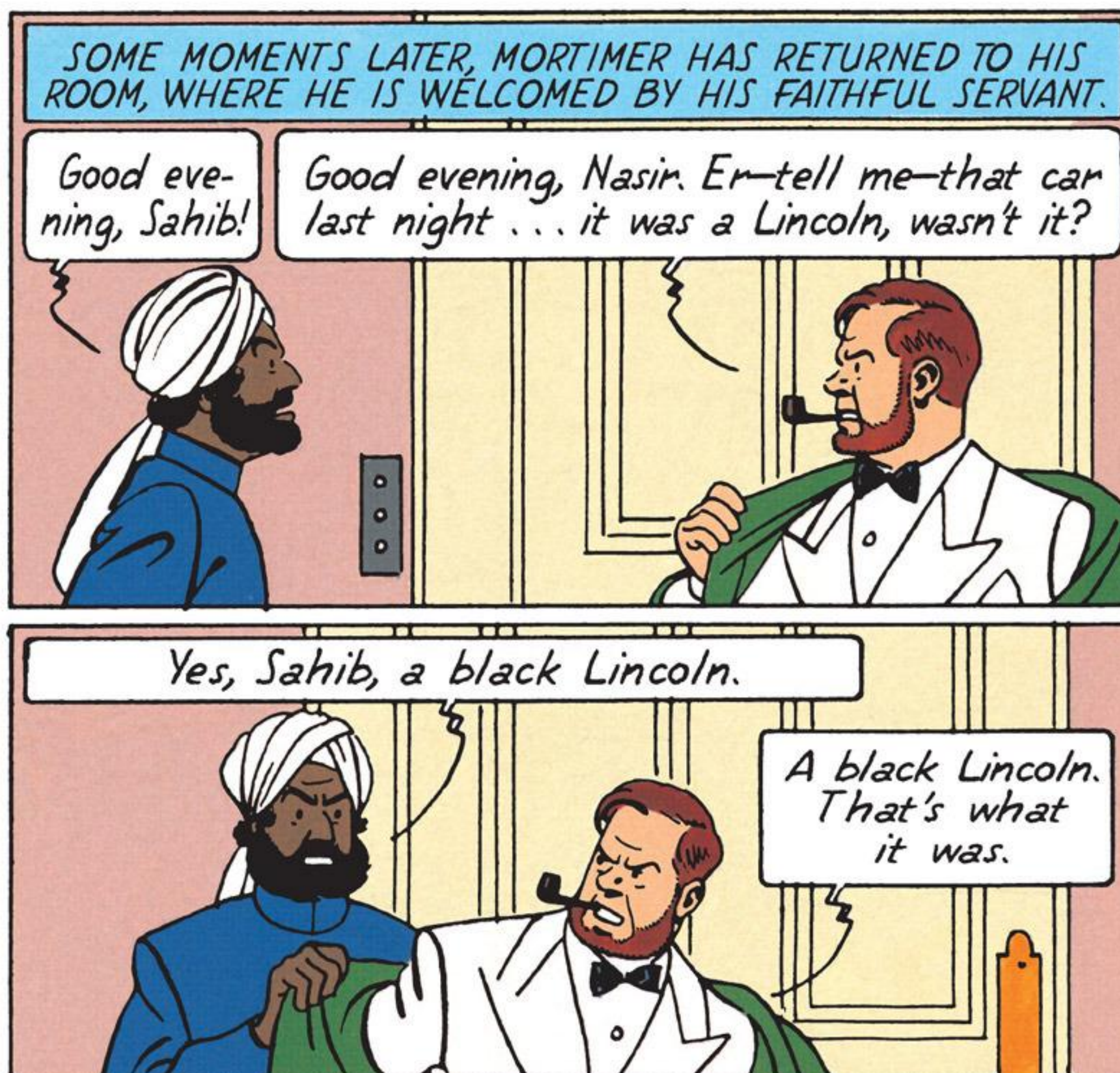
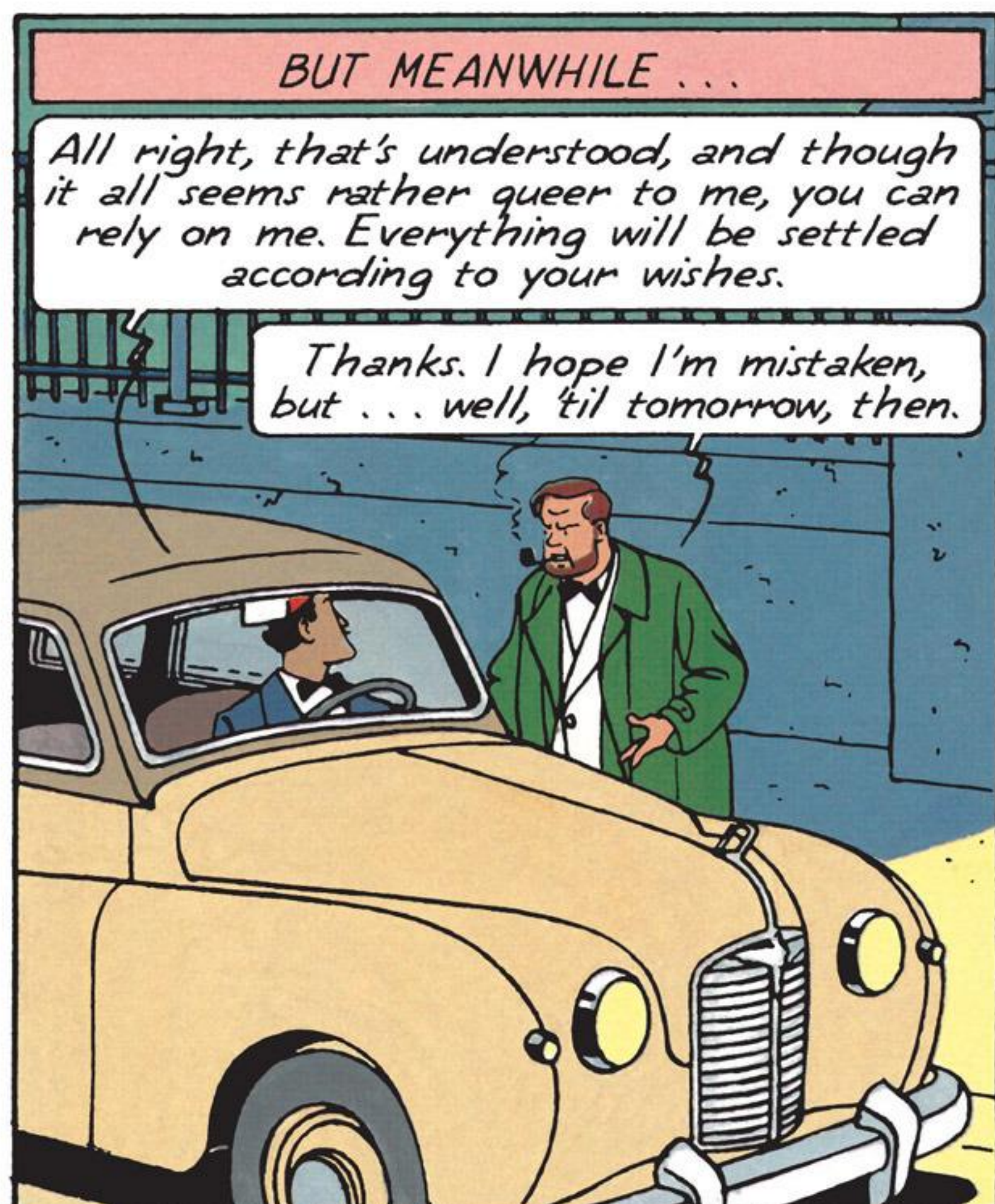
what!!!











THE SAME EVENING IN FRONT OF THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM.

You can't go wrong if you follow the plan I've drawn up for you. However, take care about the watchman's round at 9.30 ...

It's fine. All I ask is for you to keep the porter occupied and get me inside. The rest is my affair. Go straight up to the lab, and I'll join you there as soon as the coast is clear. And now, off to work!

A MOMENT LATER.

Oh, it's you, Effendi. Still at work?

Yes. Good evening, Ali.

Professor Ahmed instructed me to come and get certain documents he needs. Will you give me the key to the lab?

Certainly, Effendi.

THE PORTER RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE, AND ABDUL IMMEDIATELY RUSHES TO THE ENTRANCE DOOR, WHICH HE OPENS.

Quick!!!

THE UNKNOWN MAN QUICKLY SLIPS INSIDE THE VESTIBULE AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARKNESS.

Here's the key, Effendi. Do you want a light?

No, thanks ... I know the way! ... See you later ...

SOME MOMENTS LATER, AFTER A FURTIVE GLANCE BEHIND HIM, ABDUL ENTERS THE LABORATORY.

THE MINUTES PASS. IN THE DESERTED MUSEUM, WHICH THE MOON FILLS WITH ITS DIM LIGHT, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO DREAM OF A FORGOTTEN PAST. BUT NOW A SILHOUETTE APPEARS AND ADVANCES SLOWLY, ILLUMINATING ITS PATH WITH AN ELECTRIC TORCH.

IT IS MOHAMED ZAIM, THE CHIEF CARETAKER, MAKING HIS INSPECTION. HE STOPS SUDDENLY.

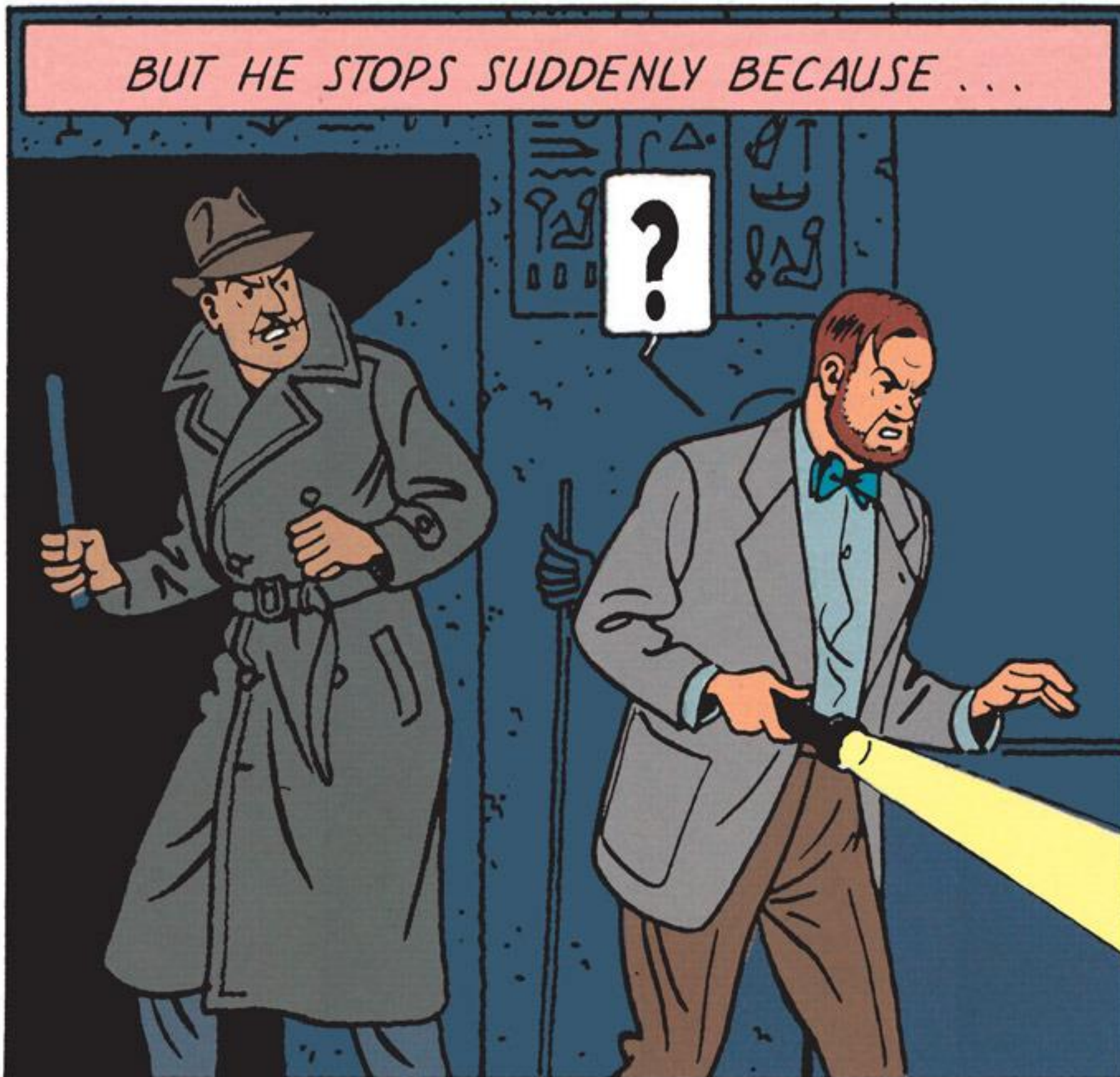
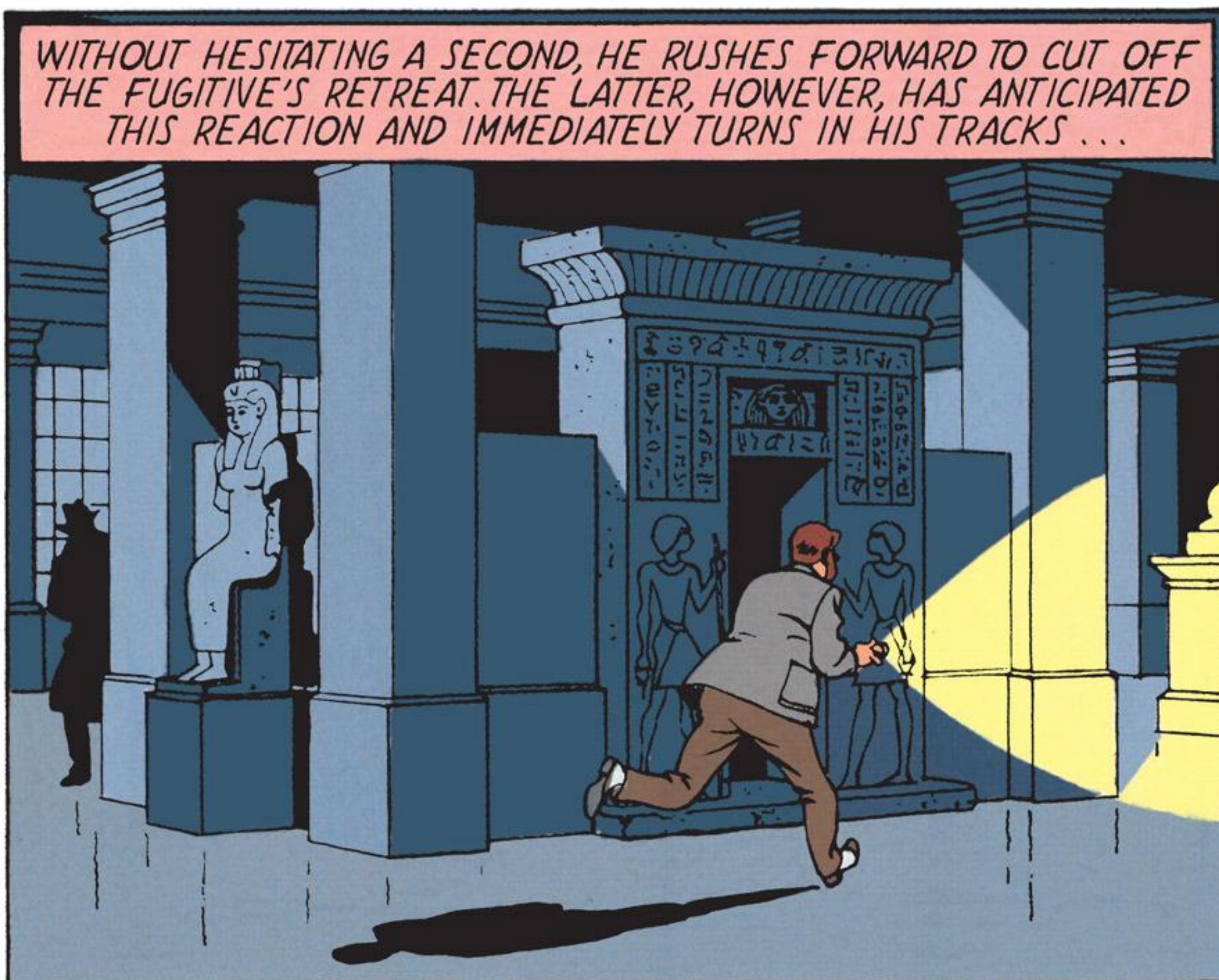
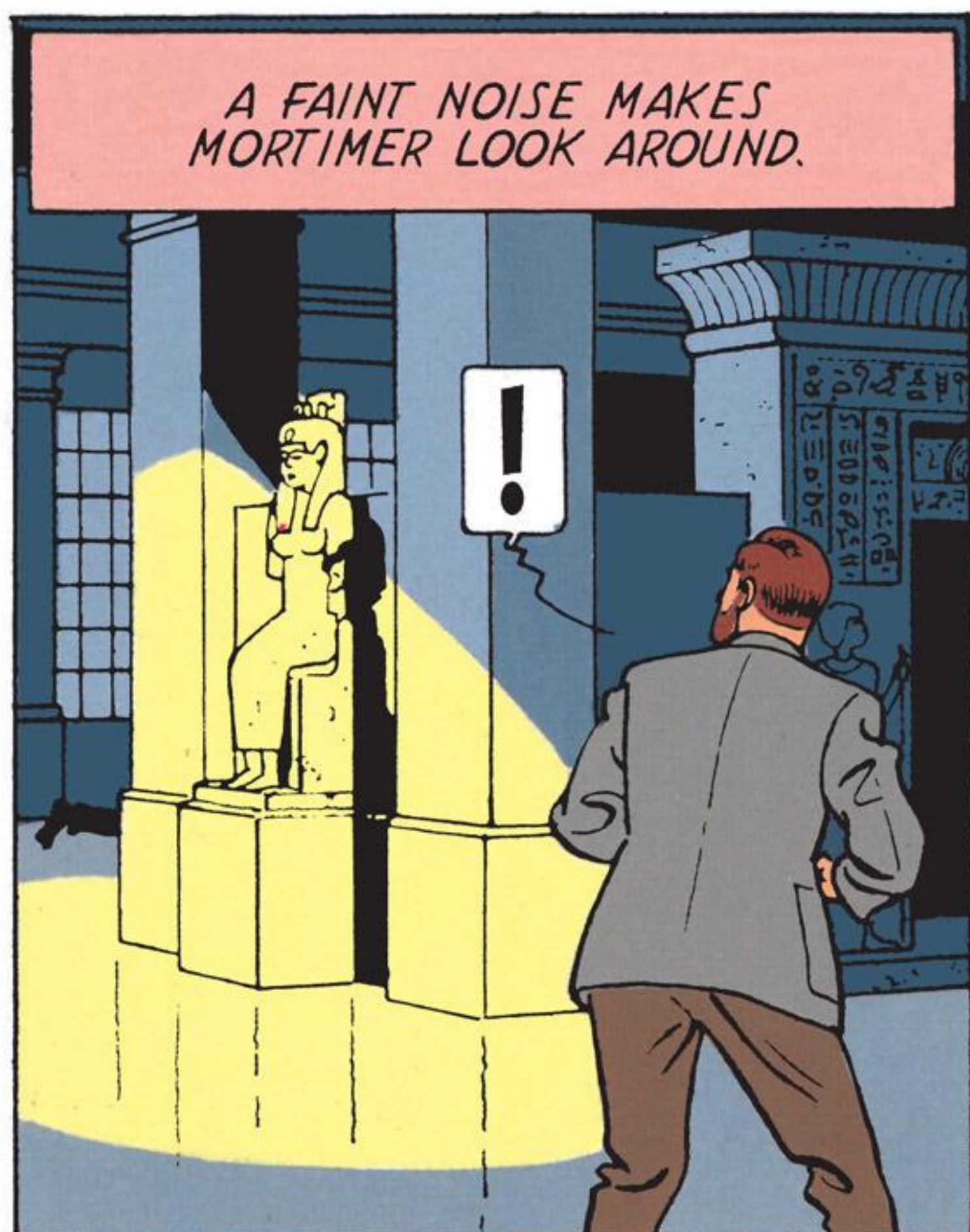
Ah! There he is ...

NEAR THE COLOSSAL FIGURE OF AKHNATON, THE ACCURSED PHARAOH, A SHADOW HAS JUST MOVED ...

... THE CHIEF CARETAKER HAS IMMEDIATELY APPROACHED AND QUICKLY MURMURS ...

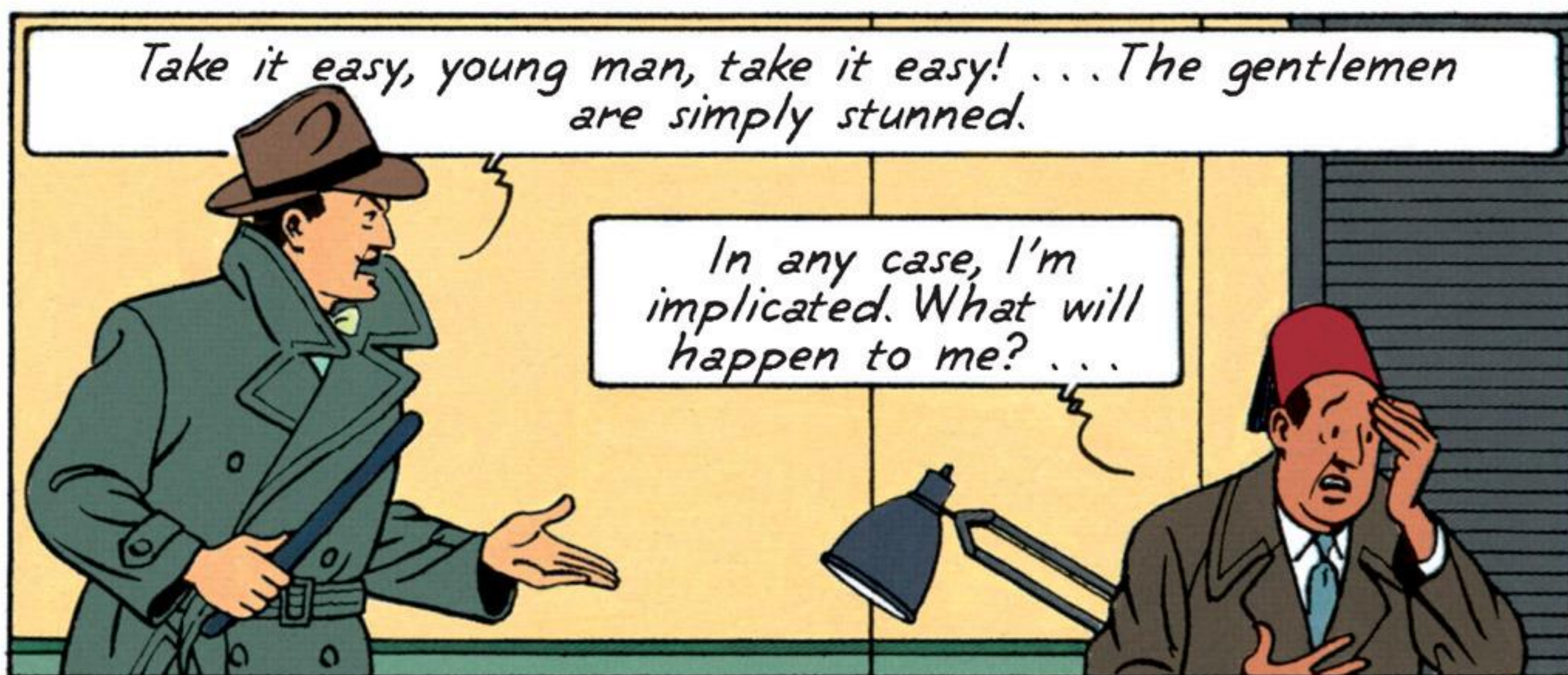
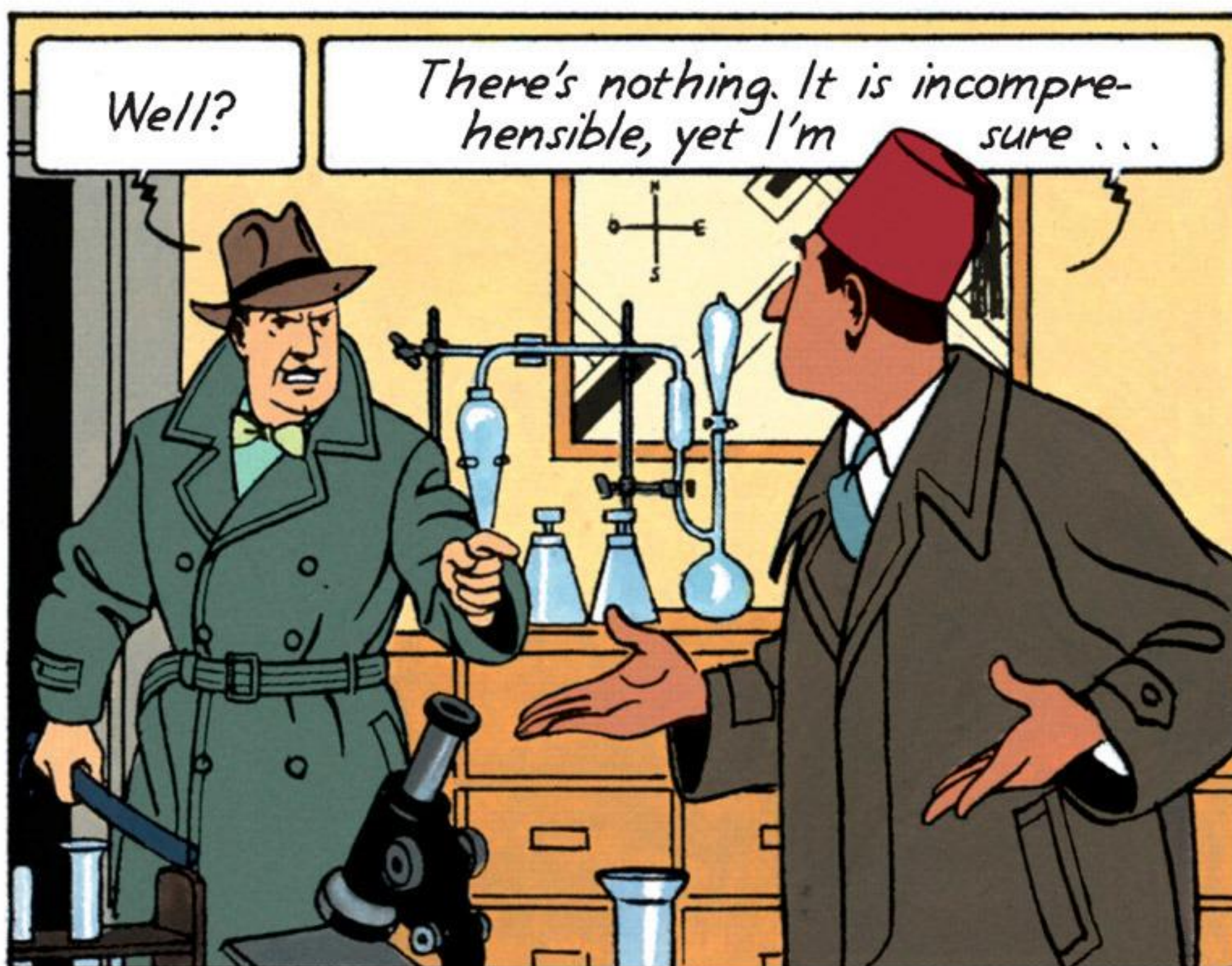
Come quickly! ... He's by the laboratory! ...

HE SCARCELY HAS TIME TO FINISH SPEAKING. A HAND SEIZES HIM BY THE THROAT WHILST A BLUDGEON, WIELDED WITH GREAT FORCE, STRIKES HIM DOWN BEFORE HE HAS TIME TO UTTER A SOUND.



BUT WHILE THE PROFESSOR IS BENDING OVER THE UNFORTUNATE MOHAMED ZAIM, A MENACING SHADOW EMERGES NOISELESSLY FROM THE DARK RECESS OF THE "FALSE DOOR" ...



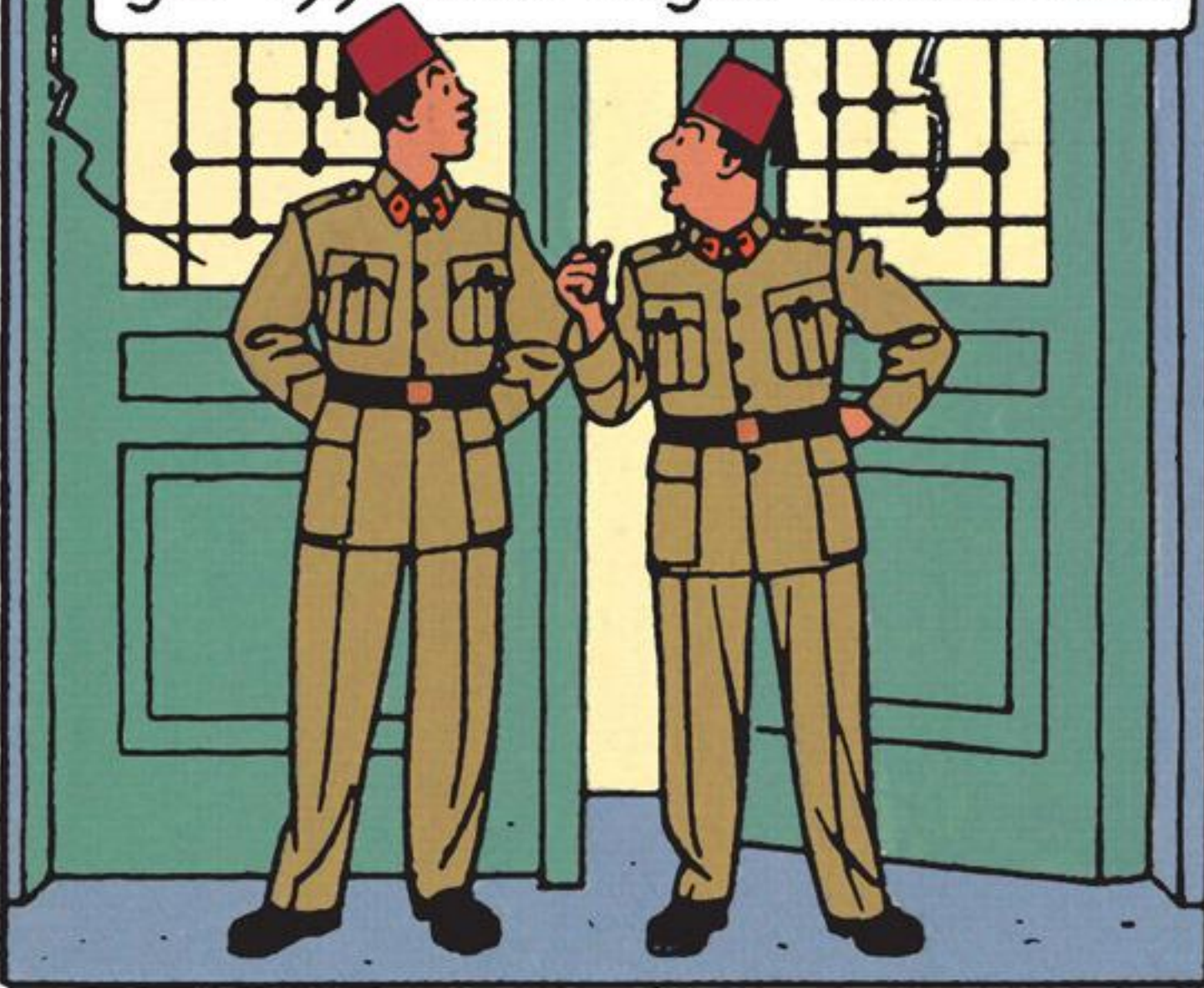


*SEE "THE SECRET OF THE SWORDFISH"

TWO HOURS LATER AT THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM. IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE, SUPER-INTENDENT KAMAL IS ENDING HIS ENQUIRY.

So. How are the injured parties?

Oh, nothing serious. They'll get off with slight concussion.

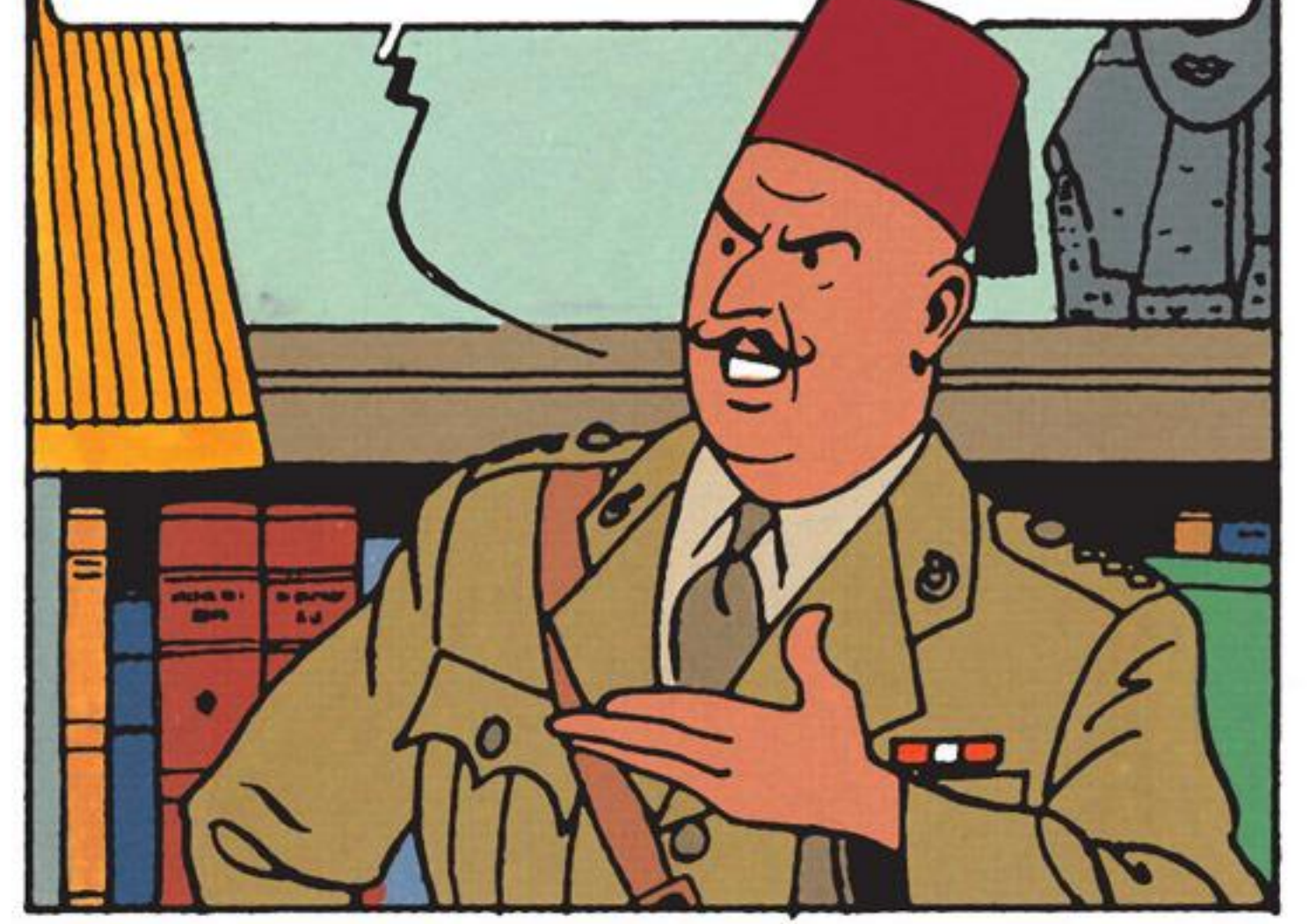


Gentlemen, let us summarise. Towards 9:15 p.m., Mr. Abdul, Professor Ahmed's assistant, enters the Museum and goes straight to the laboratory to collect some documents. A quarter of an hour later, the chief caretaker, Mohamed Zaim, begins his usual rounds. Passing Room 7 he believes he recognises the silhouette of Professor Mortimer. He is attacked as he approaches, without being able to act in self-defence. At that moment, Professor Mortimer leaves the manager's office, where he was working. He hears a suspicious noise. He rushes up and finds the inanimate body of the caretaker. But, as he bends over the latter, a blow from a bludgeon knocks him to the ground. Some moments later, the assistant Abdul leaves the laboratory and is in turn felled by a bludgeon as he passes through the doorway. Finally, towards 10 p.m., the caretaker Hassan discovers the victims and gives the alarm ... Are we in agreement, then?

Absolutely.



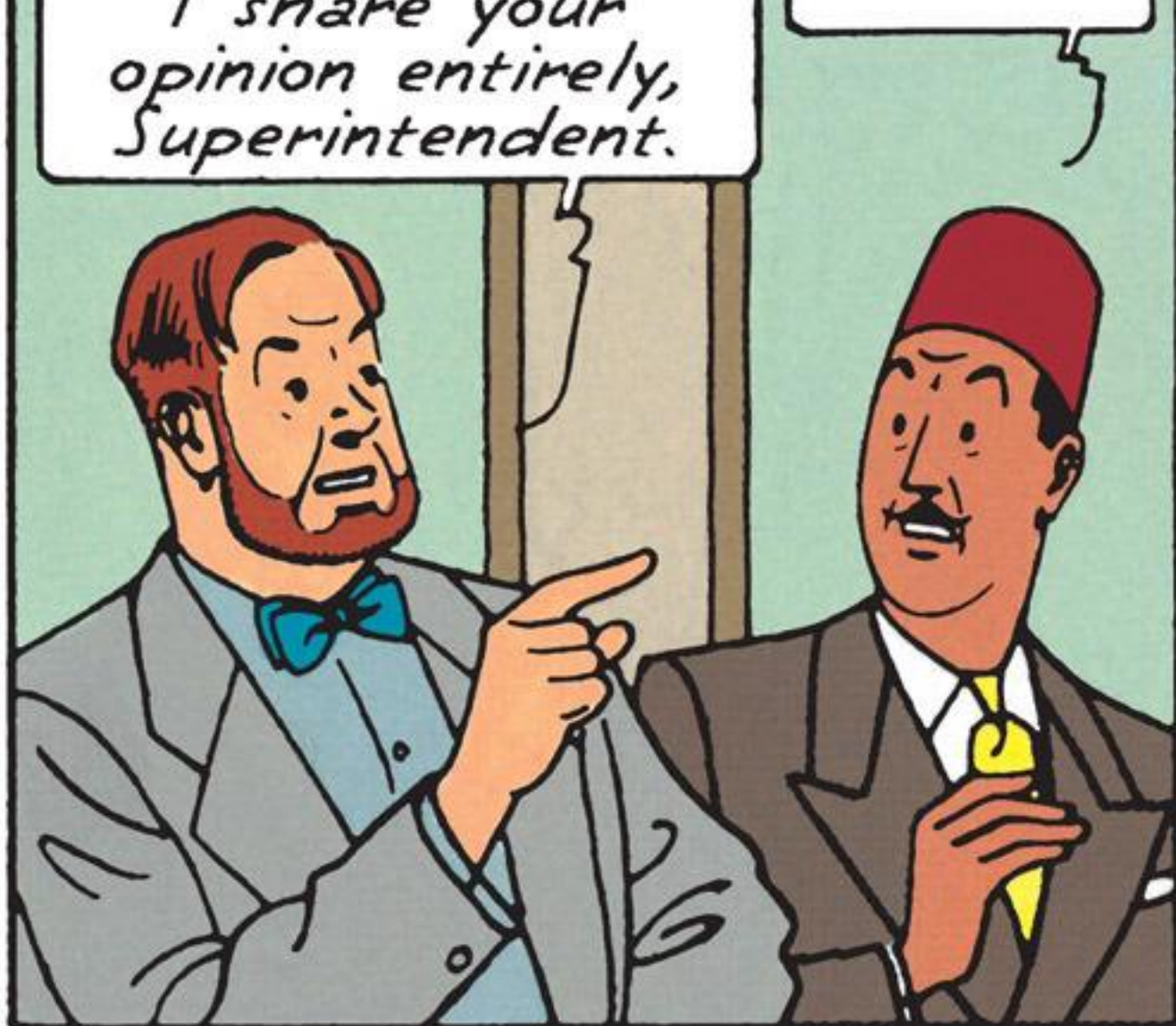
As it is practically impossible to sell items from the large museums, and the aggressor was acting on his own, I conclude from this series of attacks that we are dealing with an unbalanced individual who has allowed himself to be locked inside the Museum. On being surprised, he loses his self-control, starts to lash out in every direction and finally escapes without taking anything. What do you think of that, Professor Mortimer?



AS PROFESSOR AHMED IS ON THE POINT OF SPEAKING, MORTIMER STOPS HIM WITH A DISCREET PRESSURE ON HIS FOOT.

I share your opinion entirely, Superintendent.

But ...



Well, then, that will be all for the moment. But rest assured that the investigation will be pursued with the utmost vigour. Goodnight, gentlemen.



See, Master Abdul, what a passion for Egyptology can lead to! If we hadn't had the unfortunate idea of staying up here tonight, you and I would have been spared a rather painful experience.

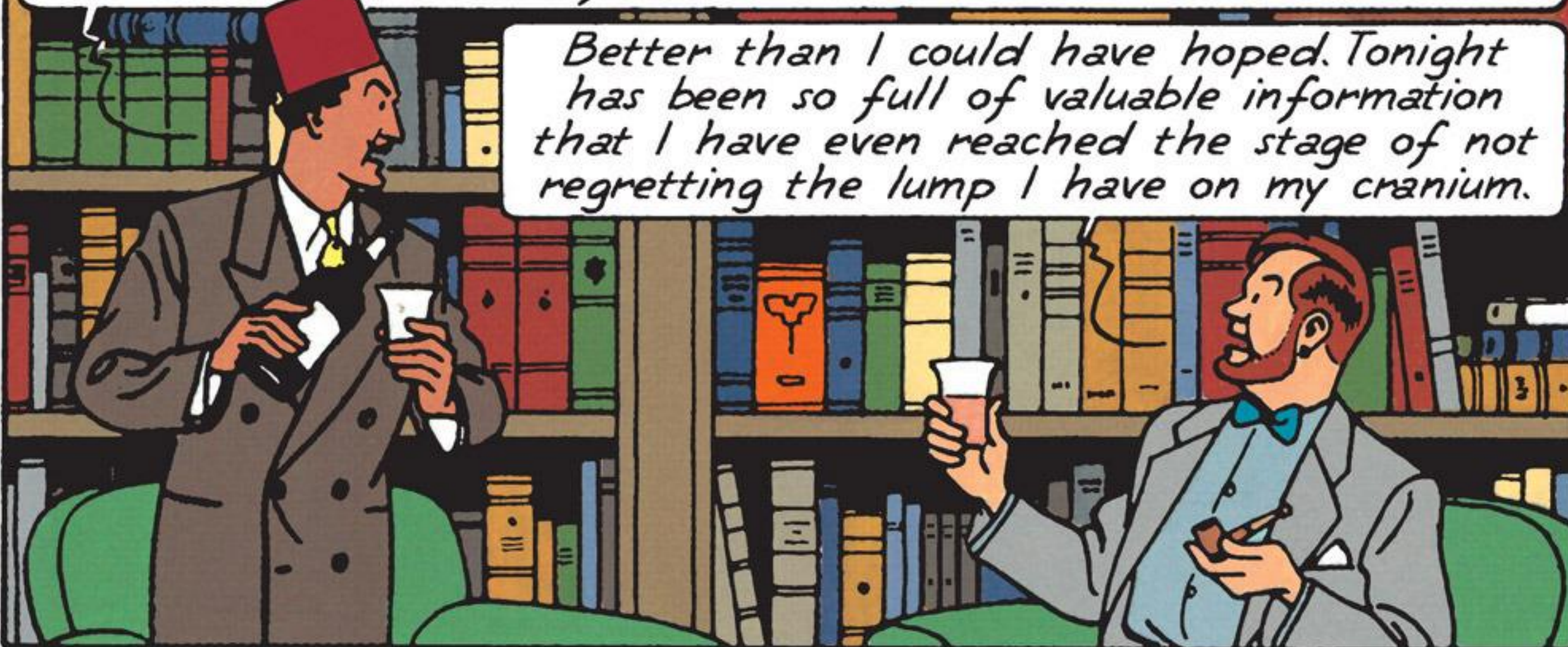
Au revoir, Superintendent ... Goodnight, Zaim! ... You're a brave man.

You said it, Professor! ...



My dear Mortimer, I was most upset when you telephoned me about all the terrifying events at the Museum tonight ... The experiment you were wanting to attempt—was it at least successful?

Better than I could have hoped. Tonight has been so full of valuable information that I have even reached the stage of not regretting the lump I have on my cranium.



Good. But, in that case, will you finally tell me, first, what you were hoping to find here tonight, and second, why you haven't told the police the whole story?



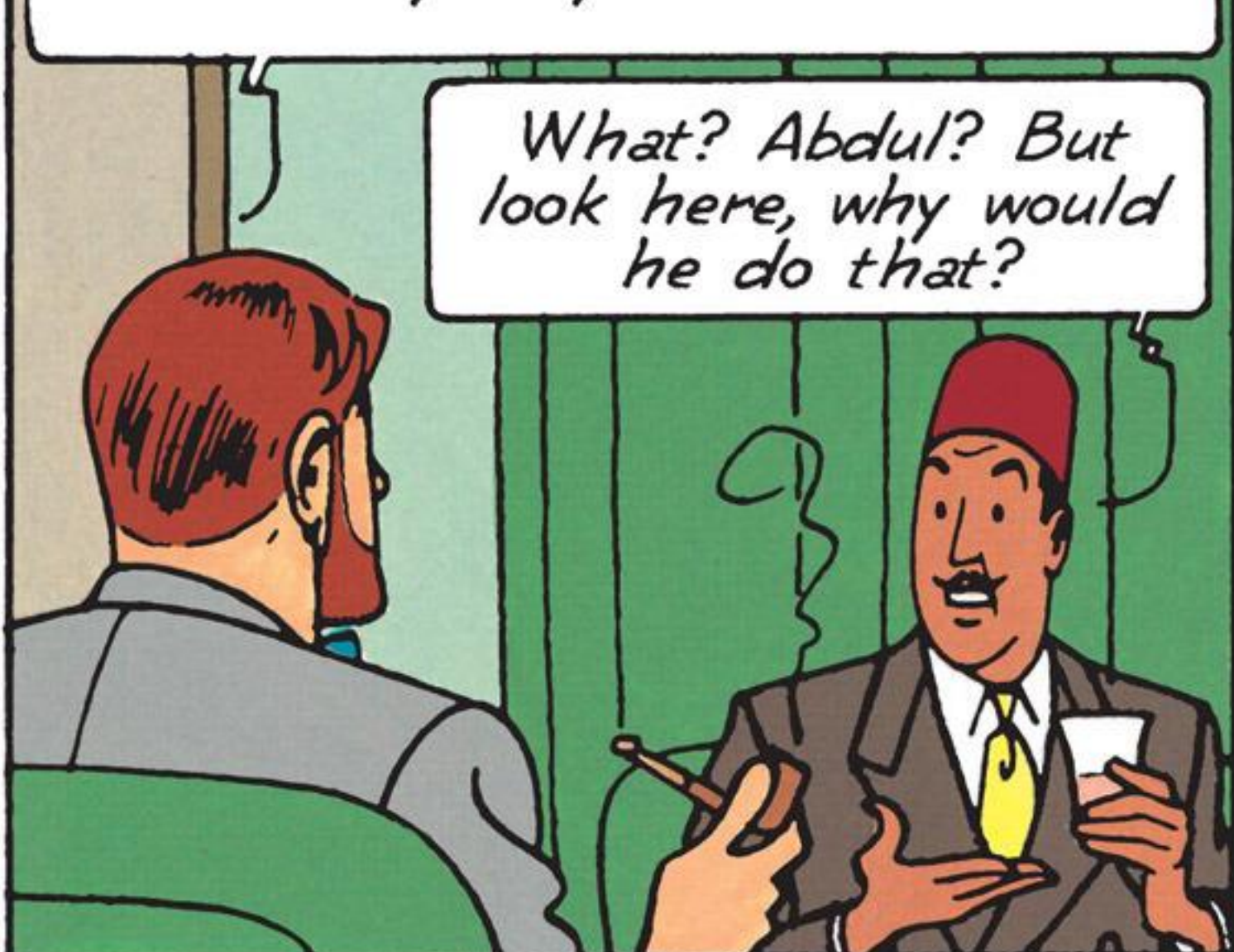
Willingly. Note that it was on my advice and with my complete agreement that the superintendent, after being duly informed, gave the enquiry this superficial treatment.

Ah! ... And why this strange method?



To reassure Abdul, your rogue assistant, and give him the impression that he has taken us all in, for of course the attack of which he was the victim was in reality only a clever ruse.

What? Abdul? But look here, why would he do that?



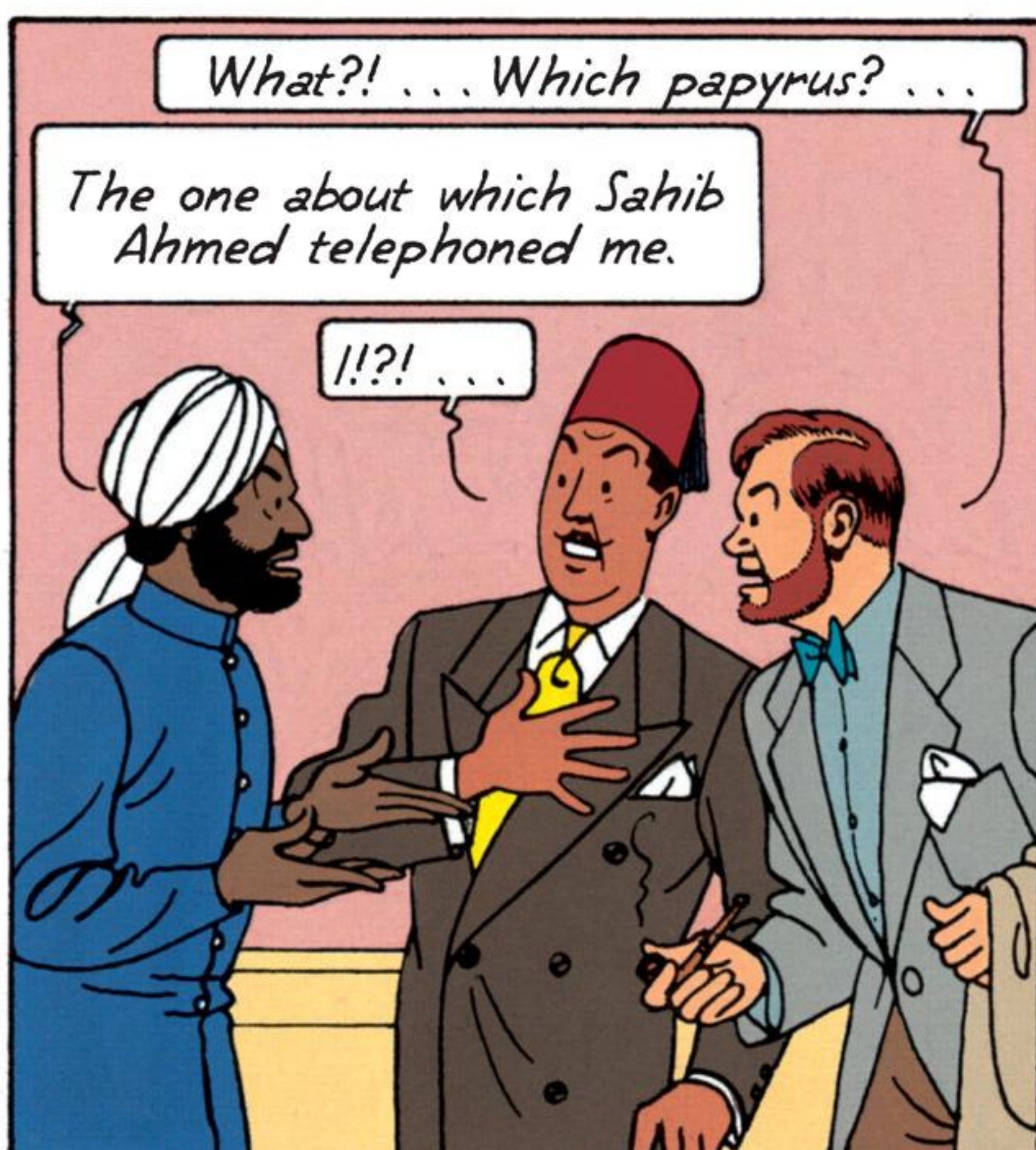
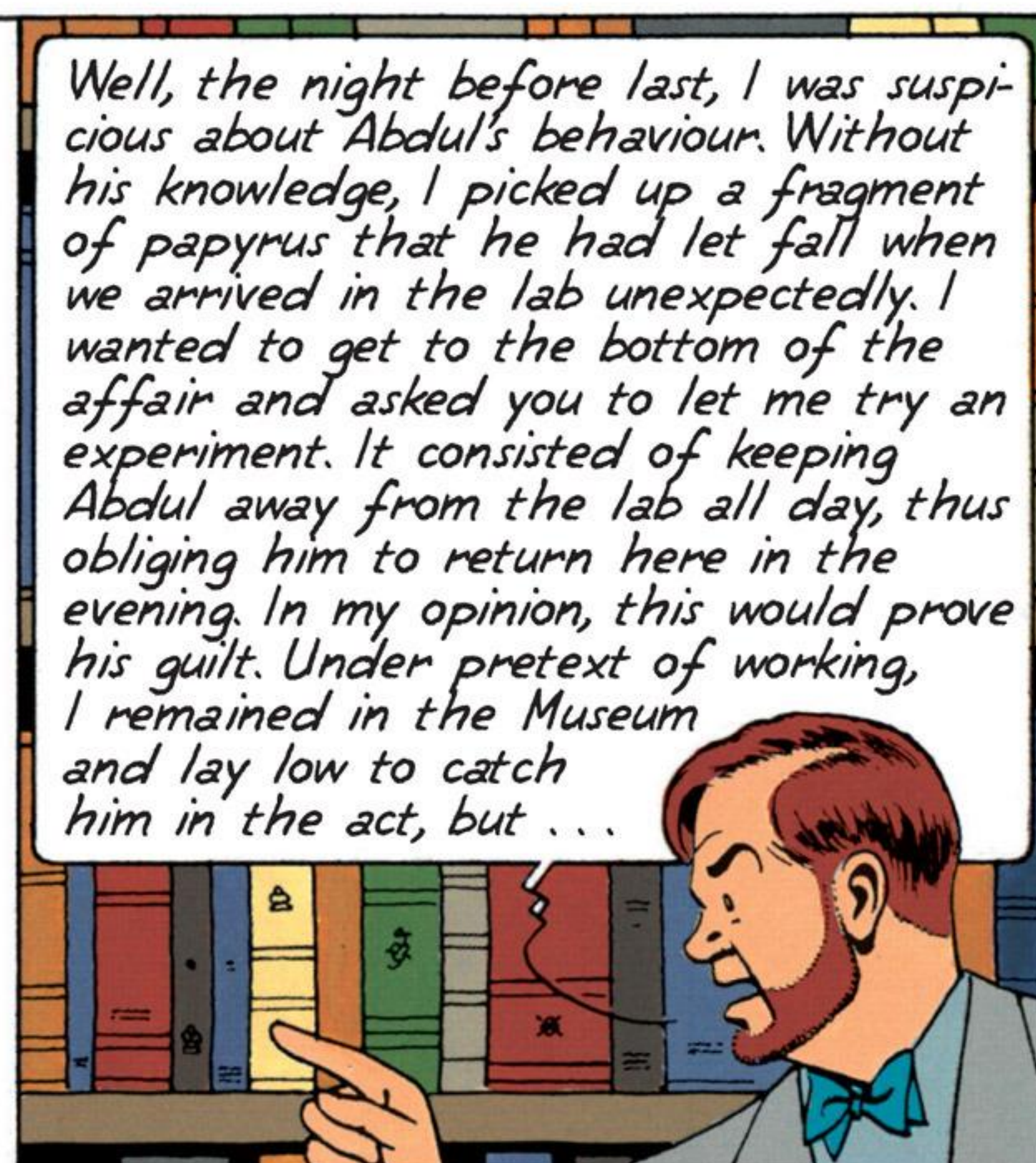
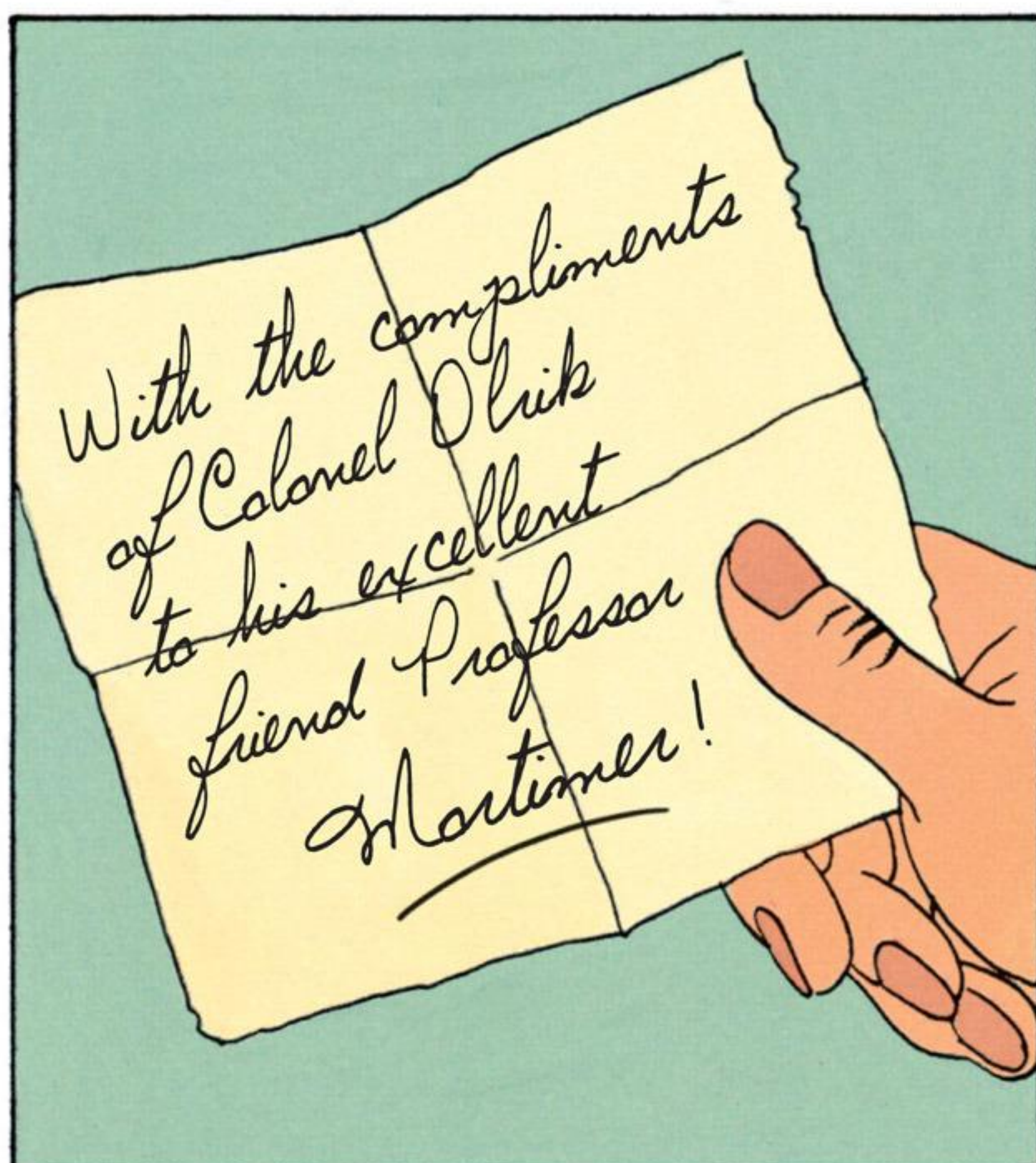
Because he finds that he is the accomplice of an extremely dangerous person, a sort of superman in the crime world. The nature of the business in which this man has involved your assistant isn't difficult to guess: the antiques business, for which Abdul is particularly well placed. Some sort of blackmail will have landed him in the power of this ruthless fellow, who thus has him at his mercy.

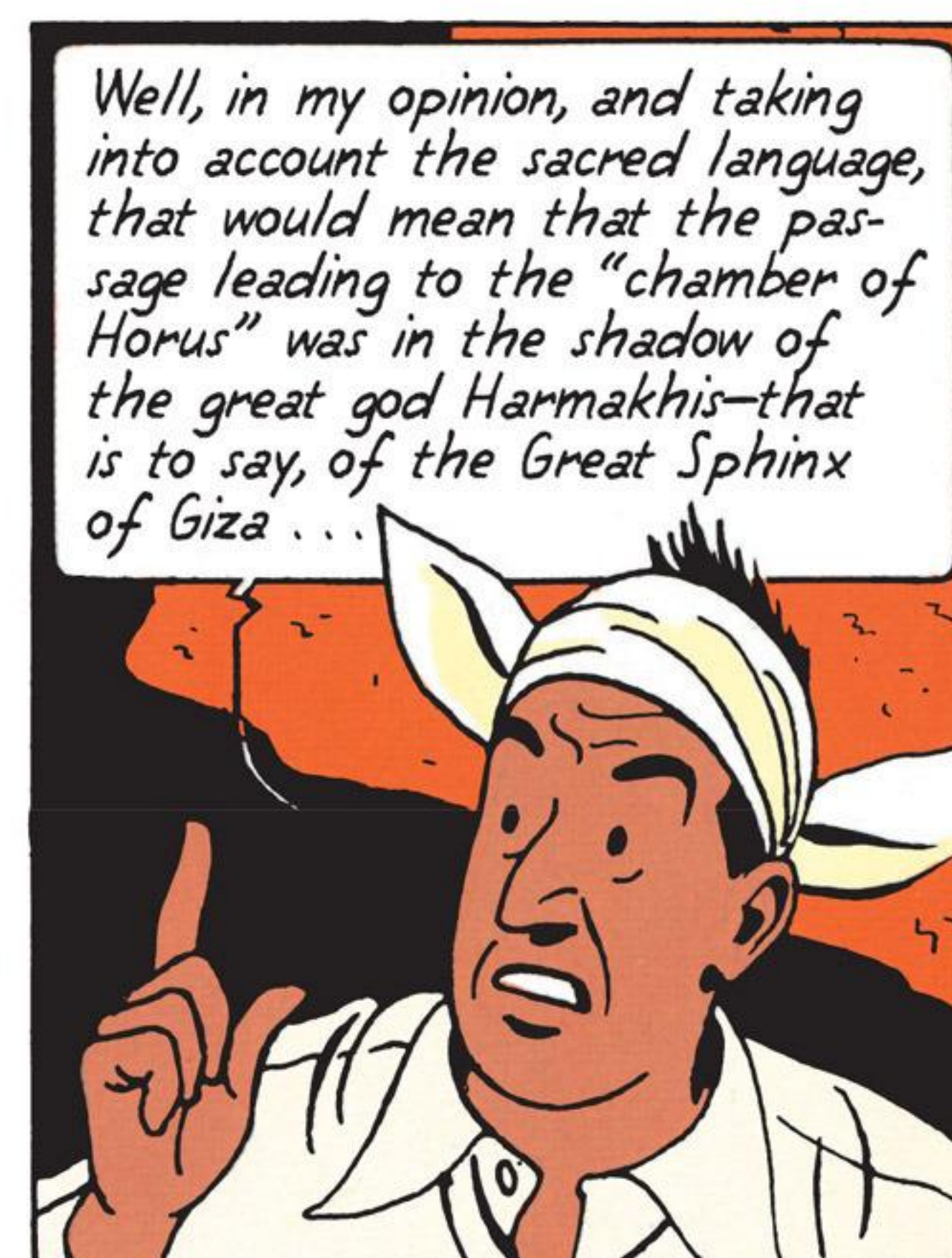
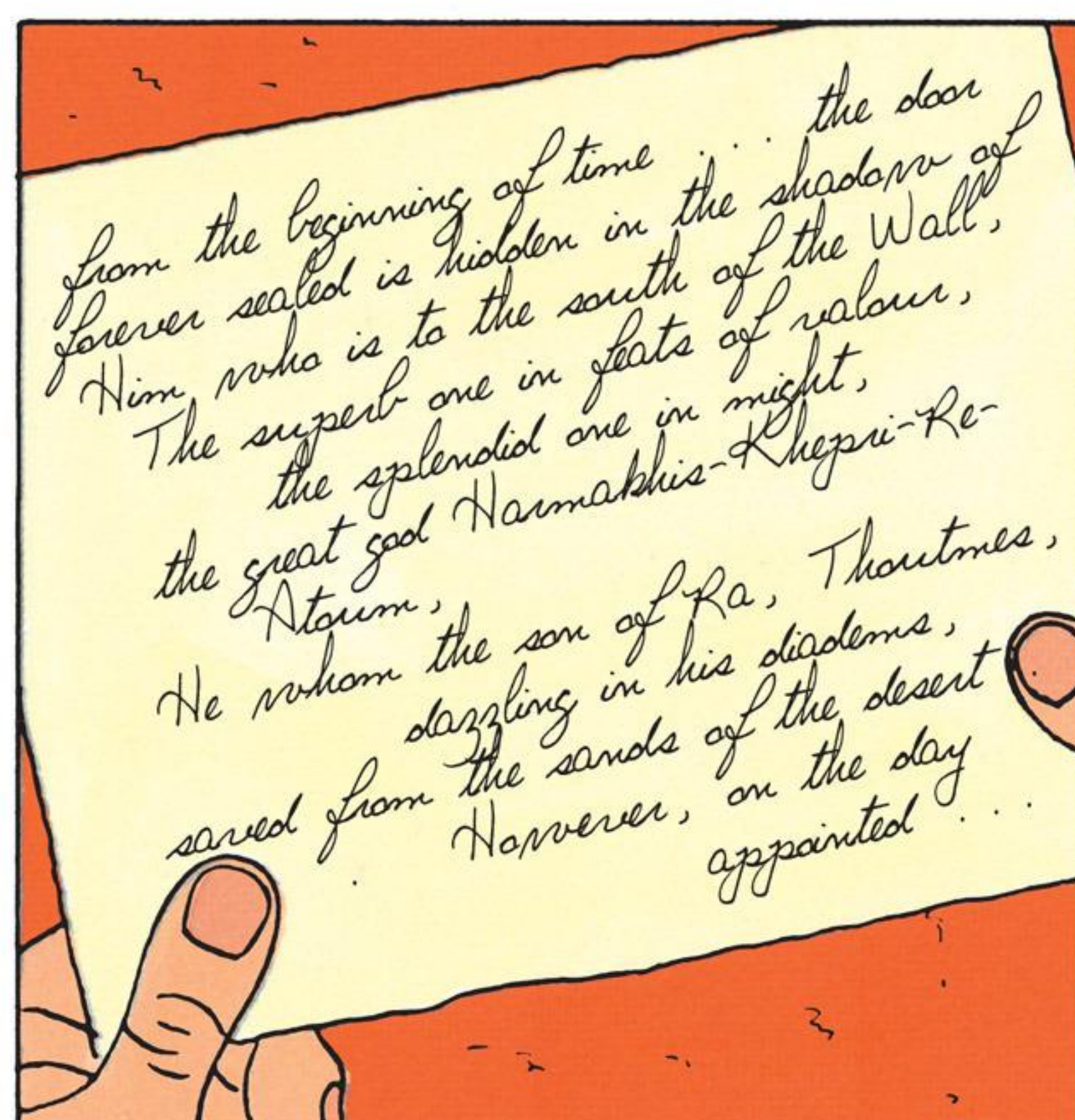
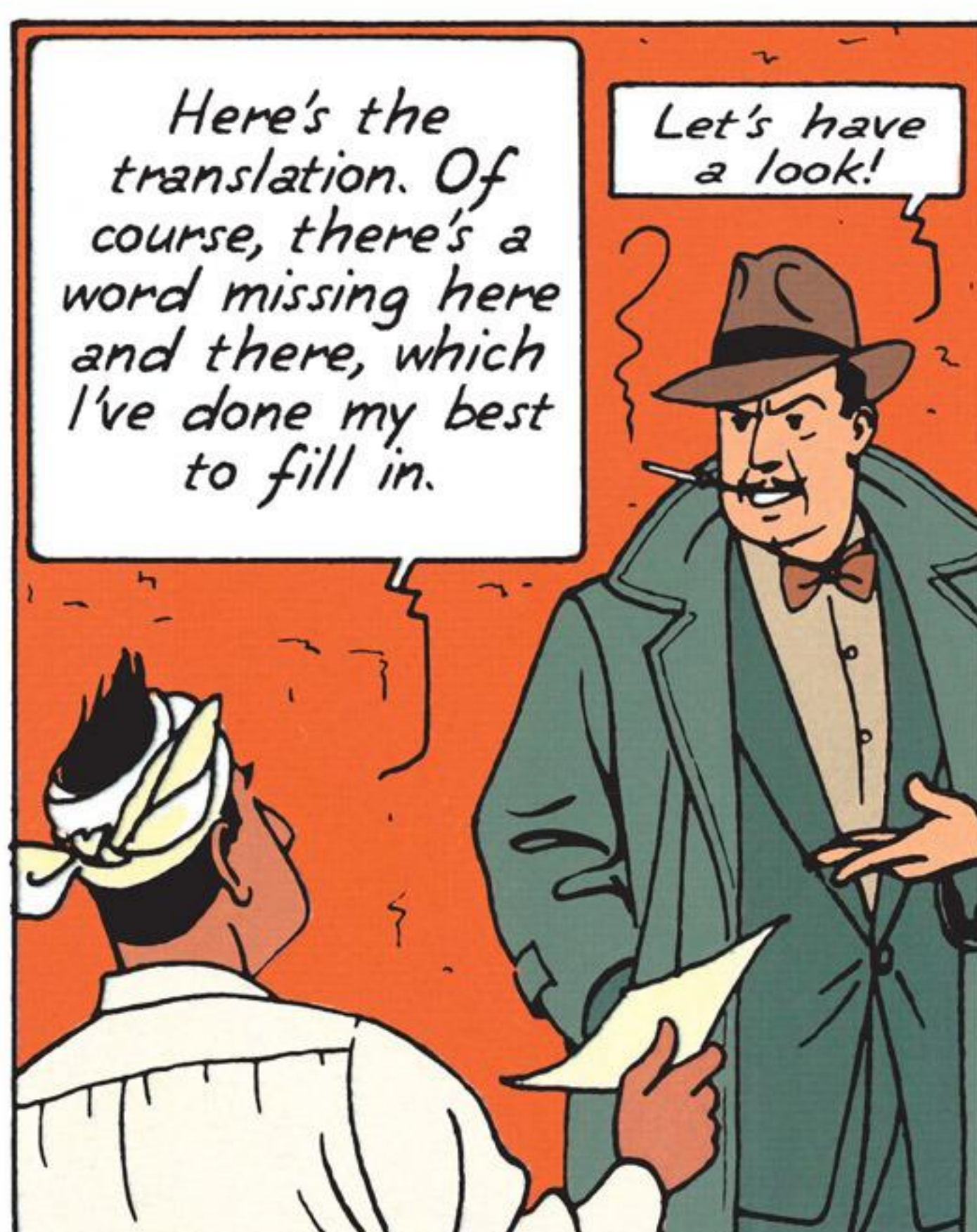
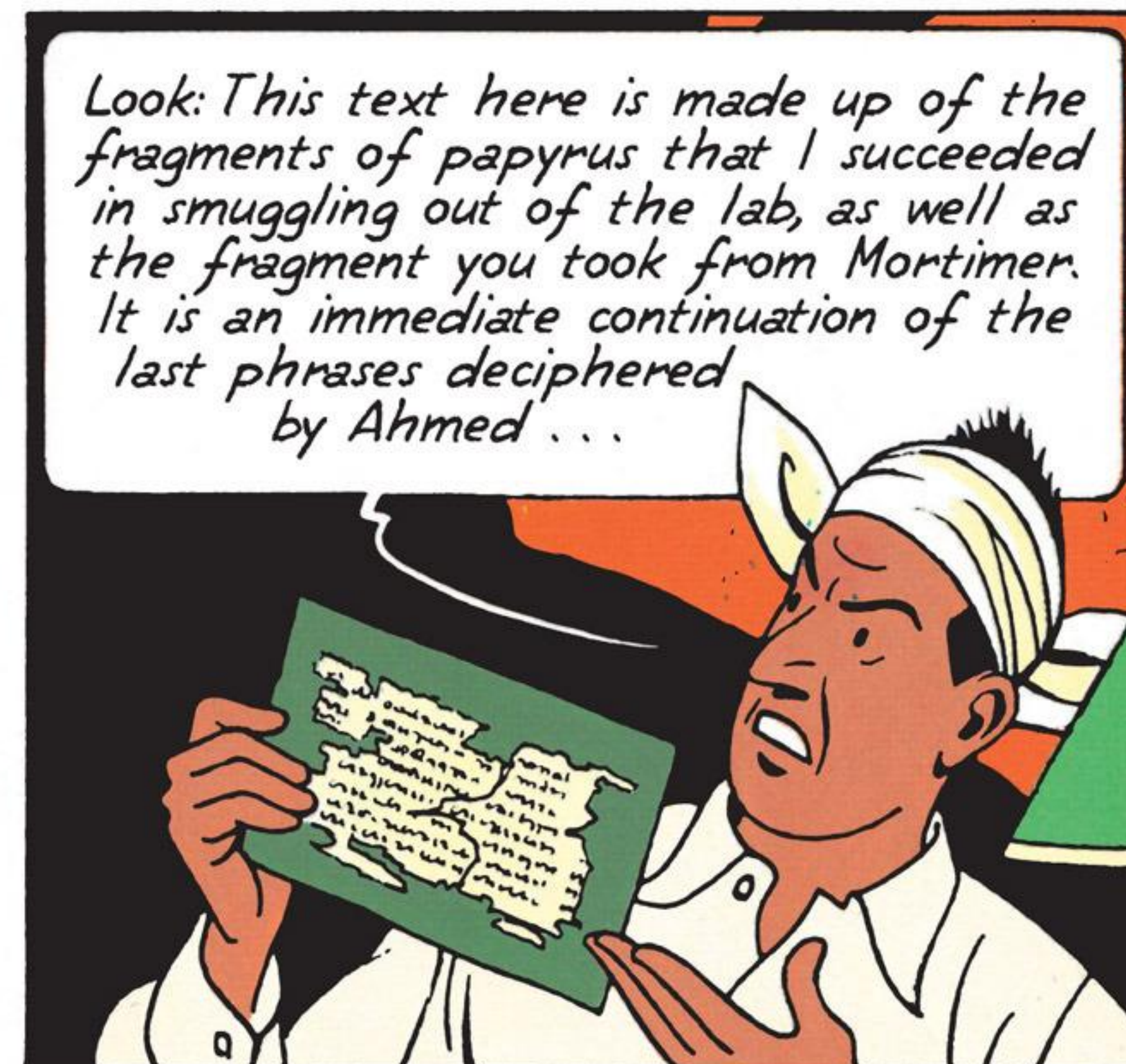
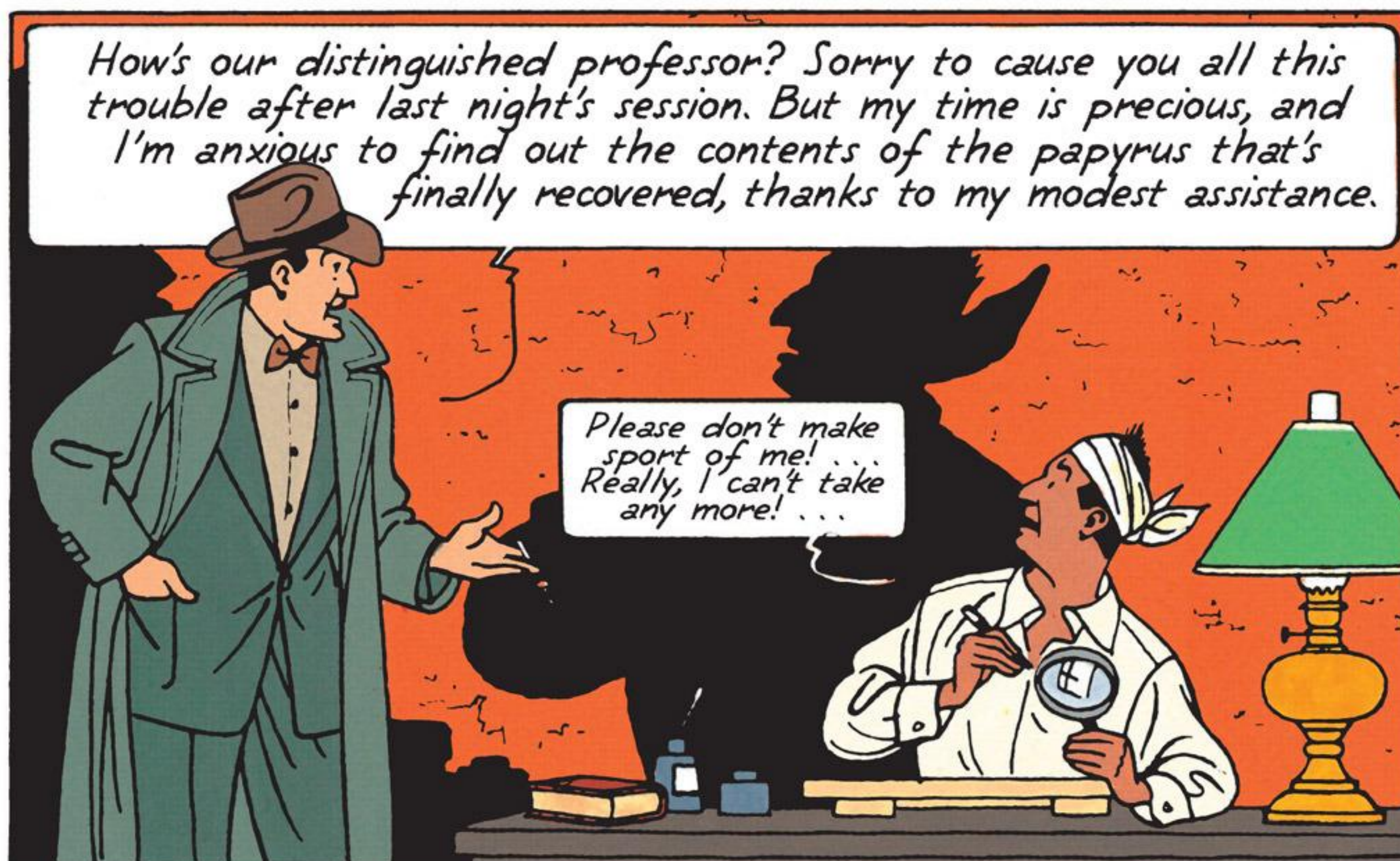
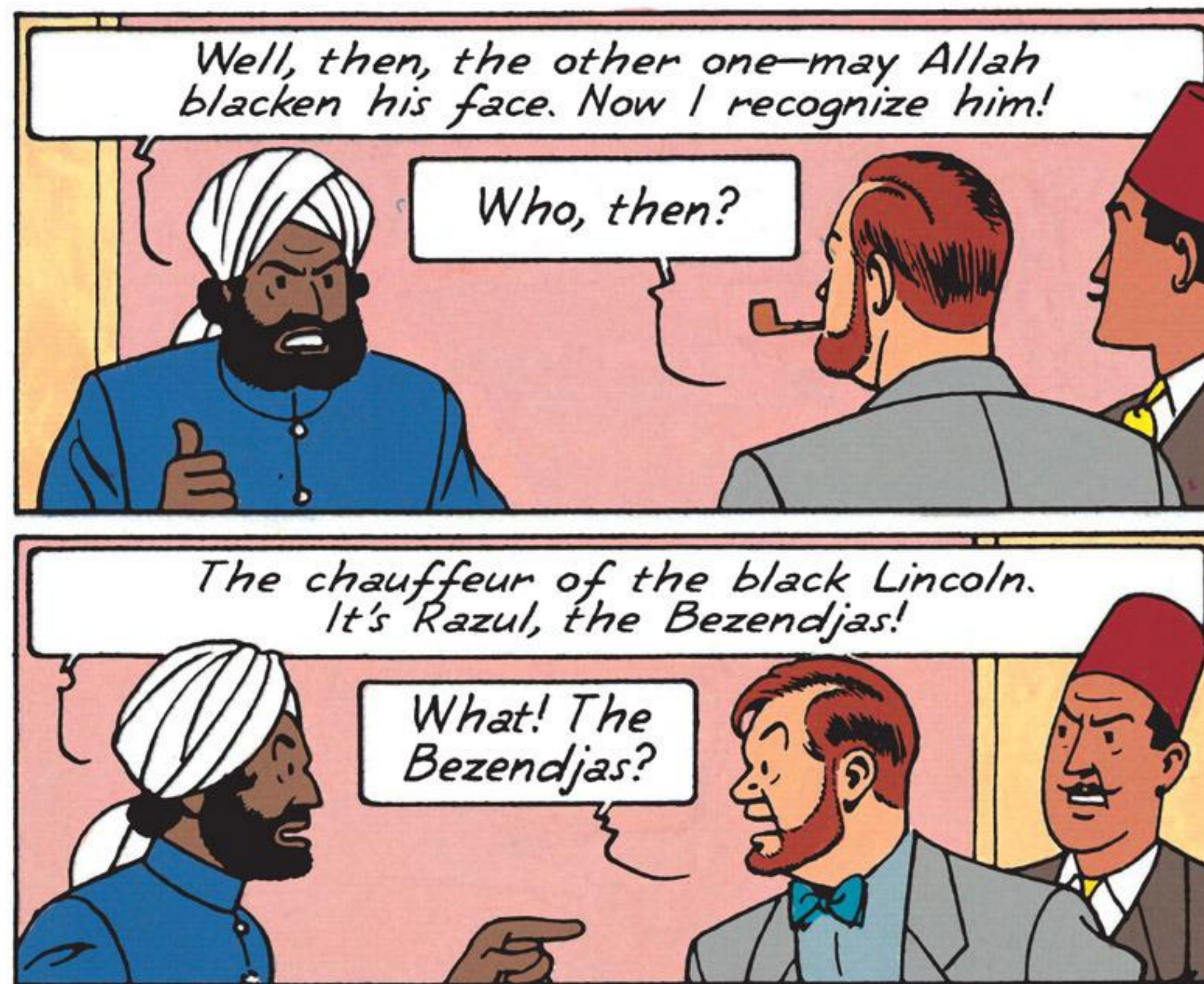
I must be dreaming. Who is this person of whom you speak?

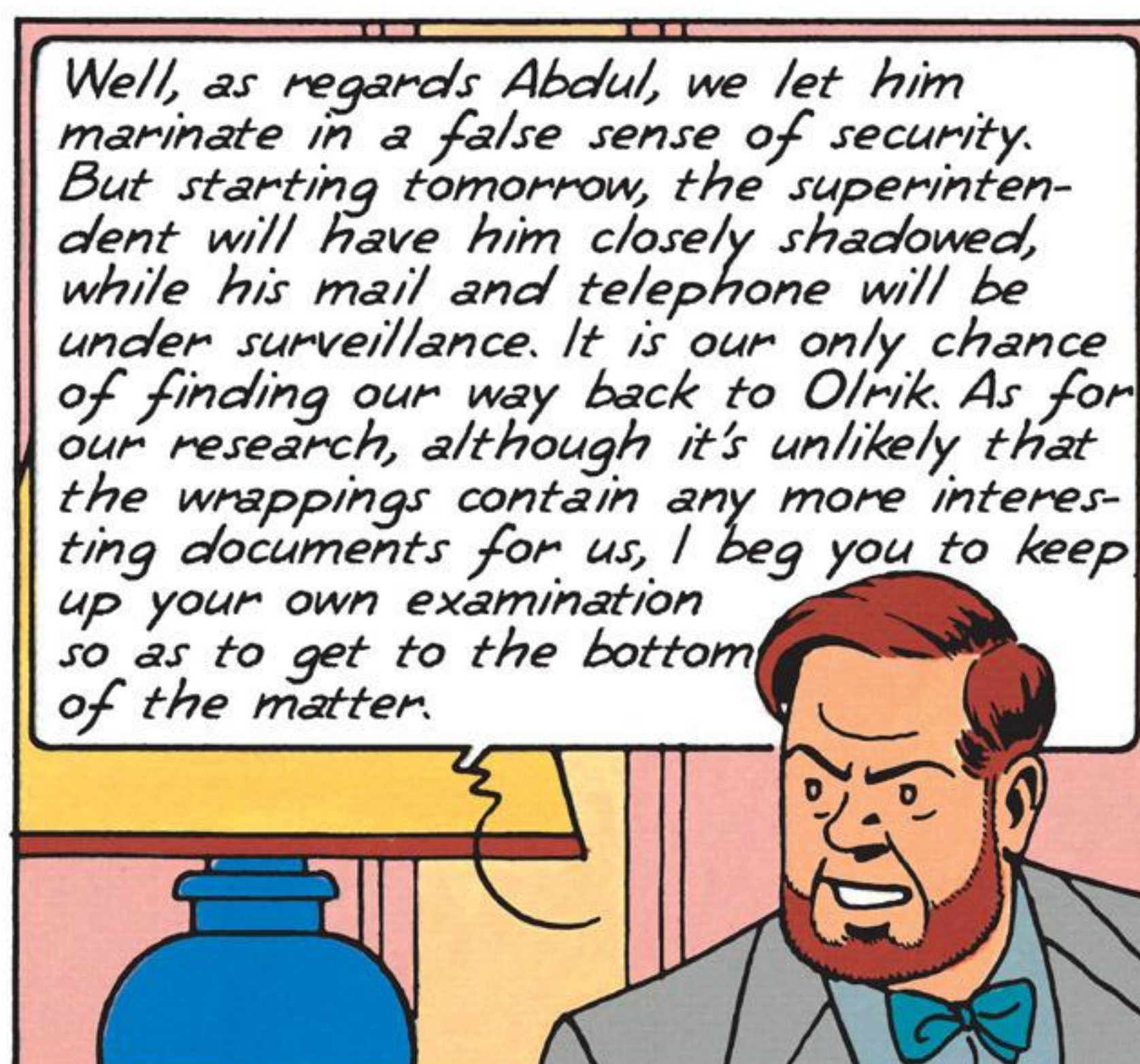
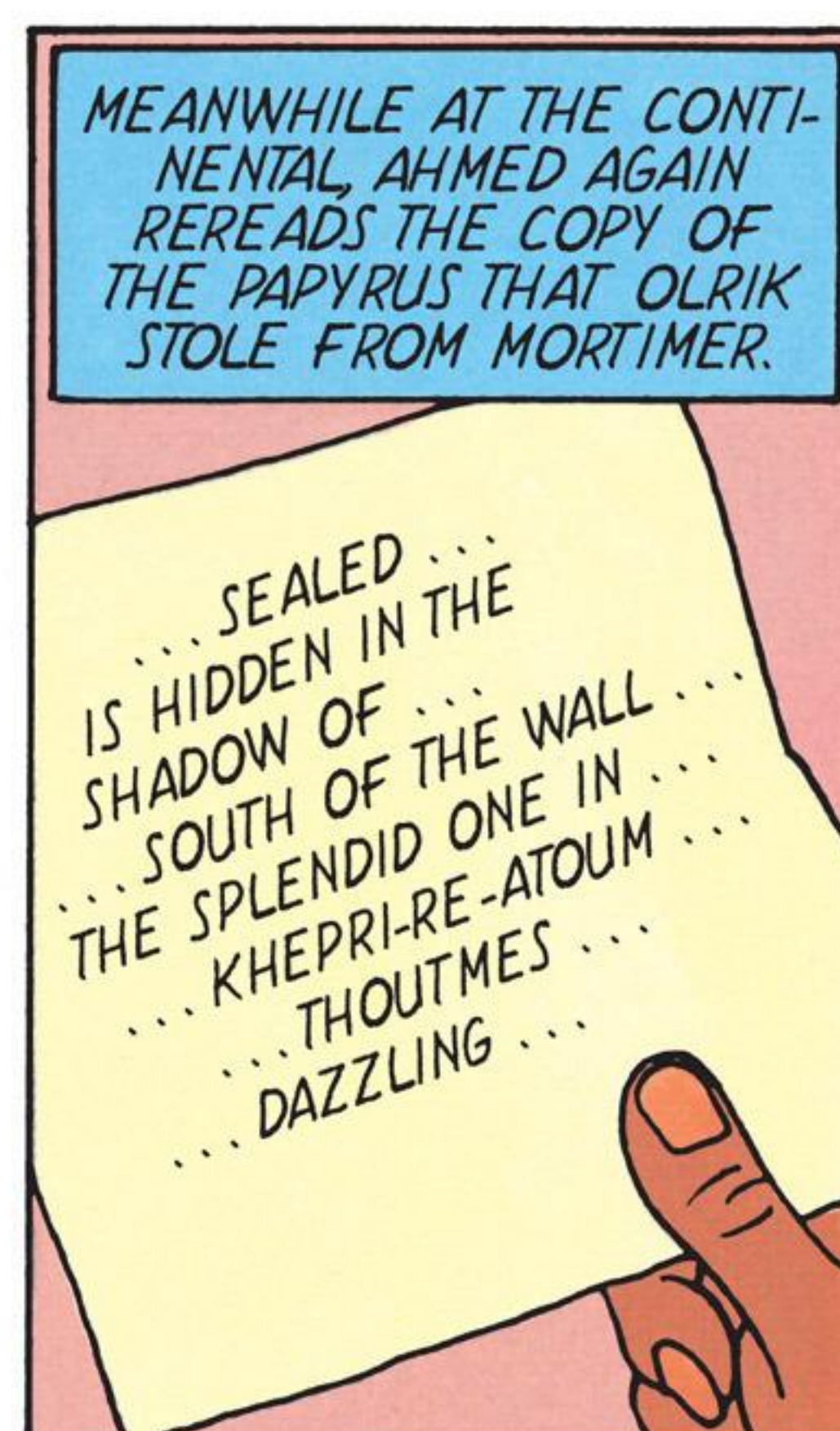
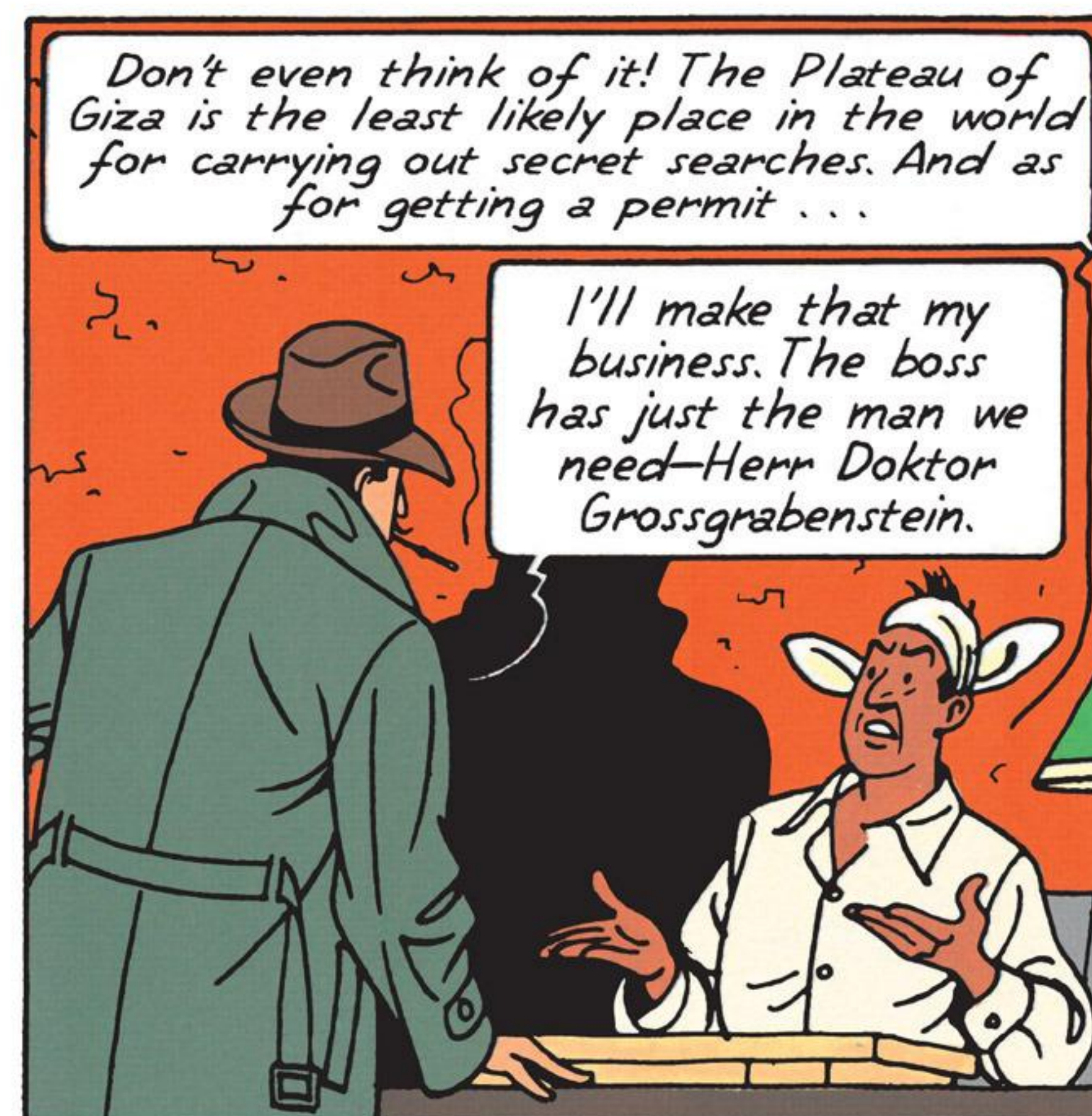
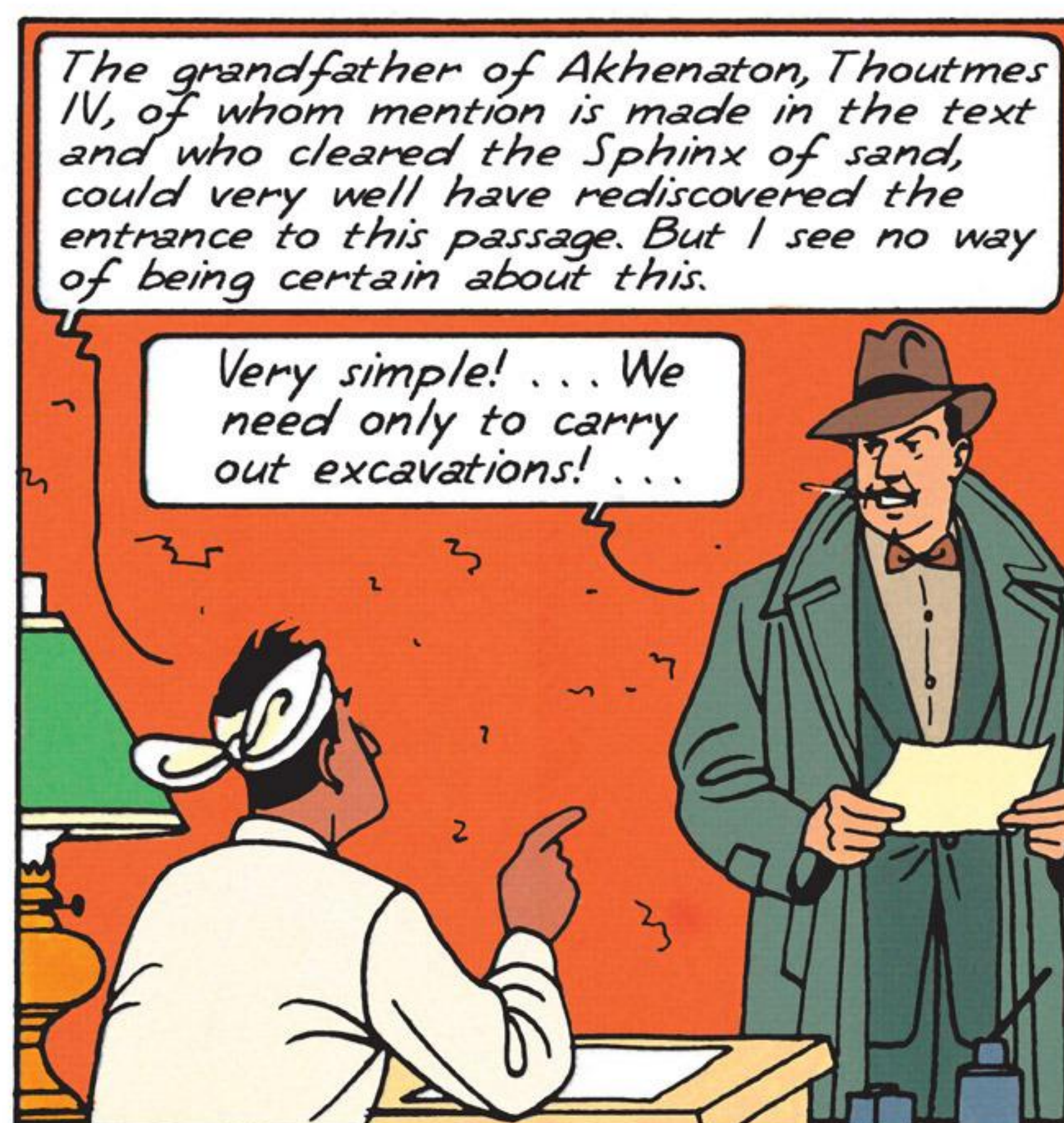


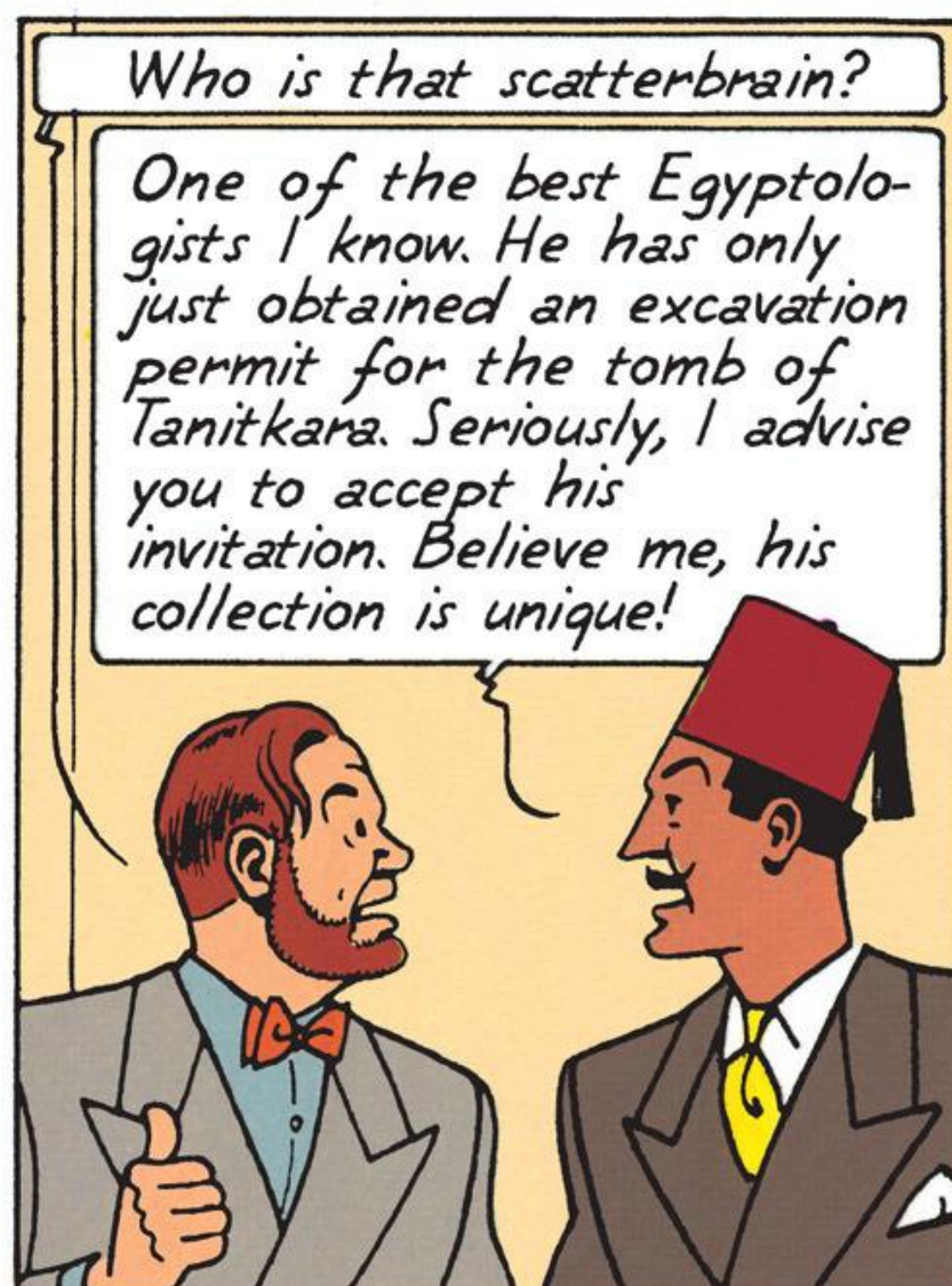
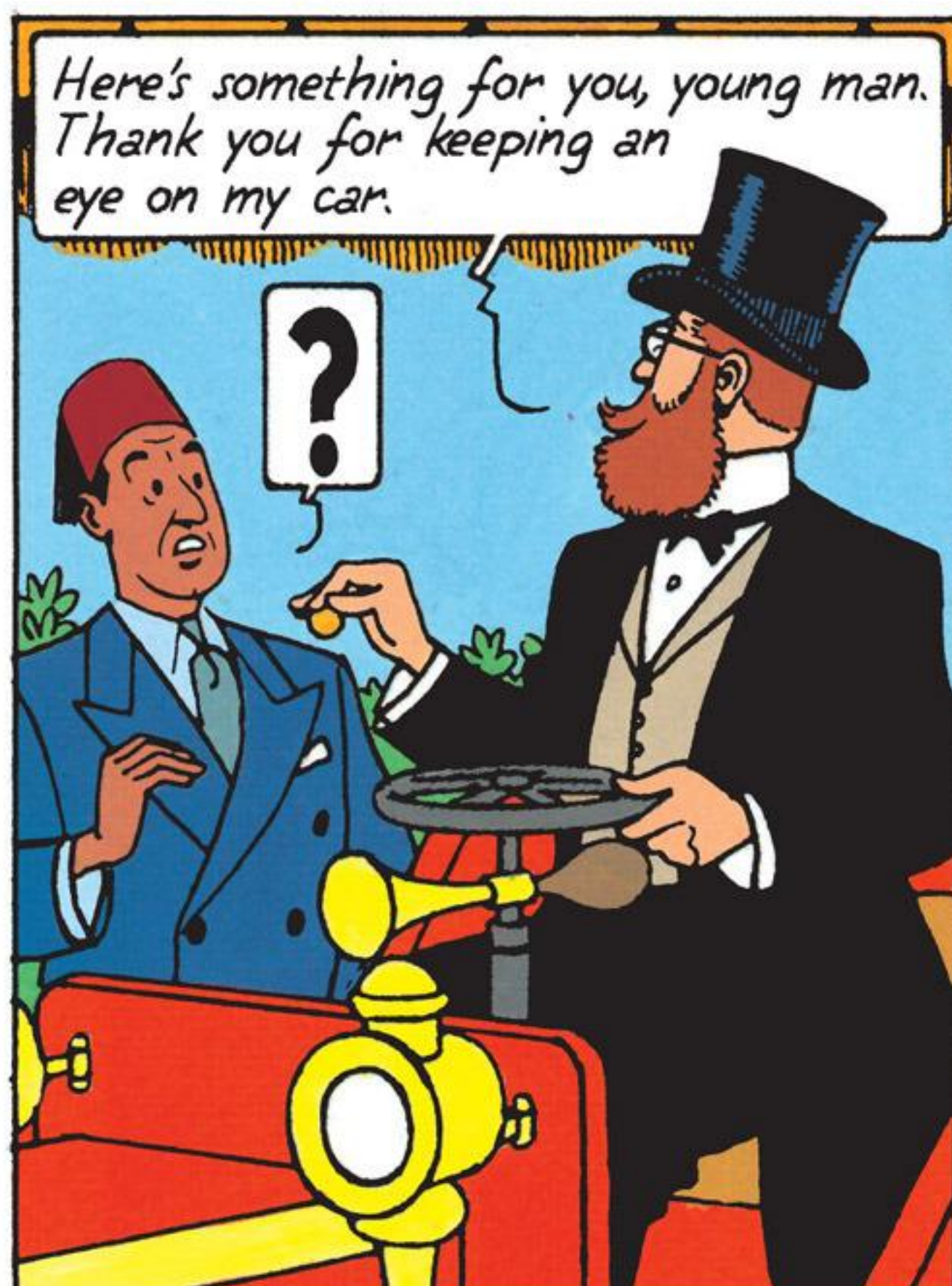
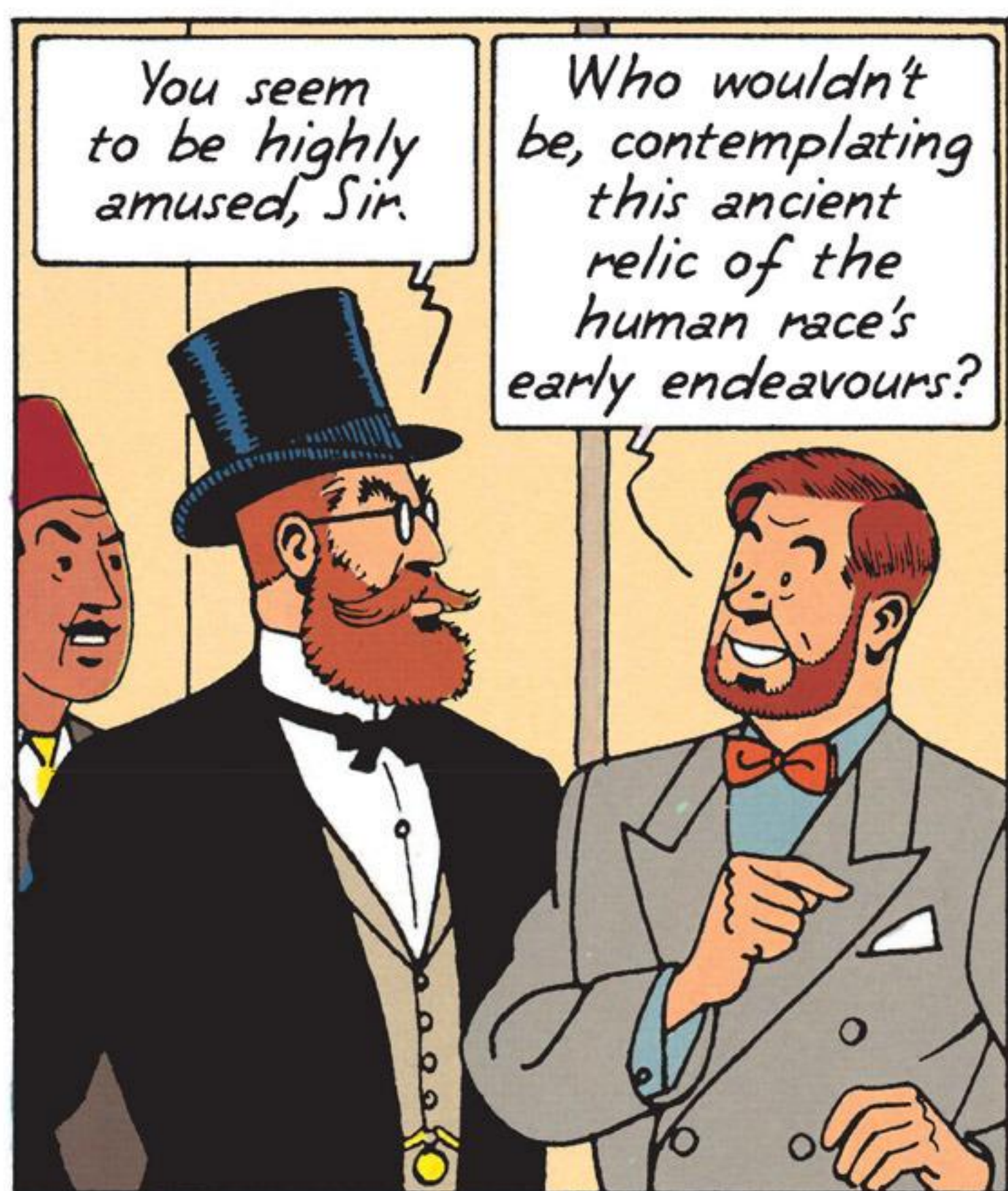
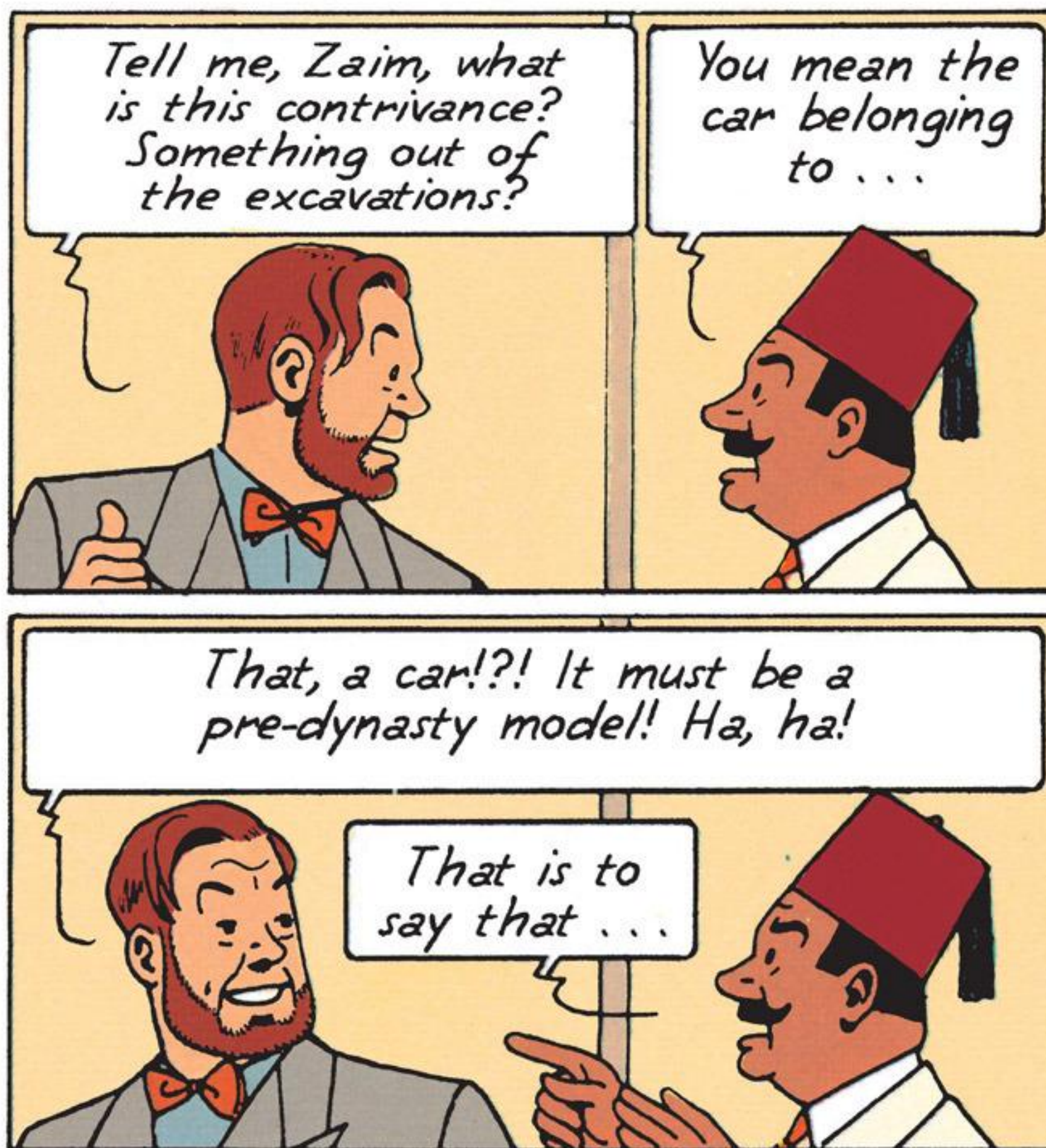
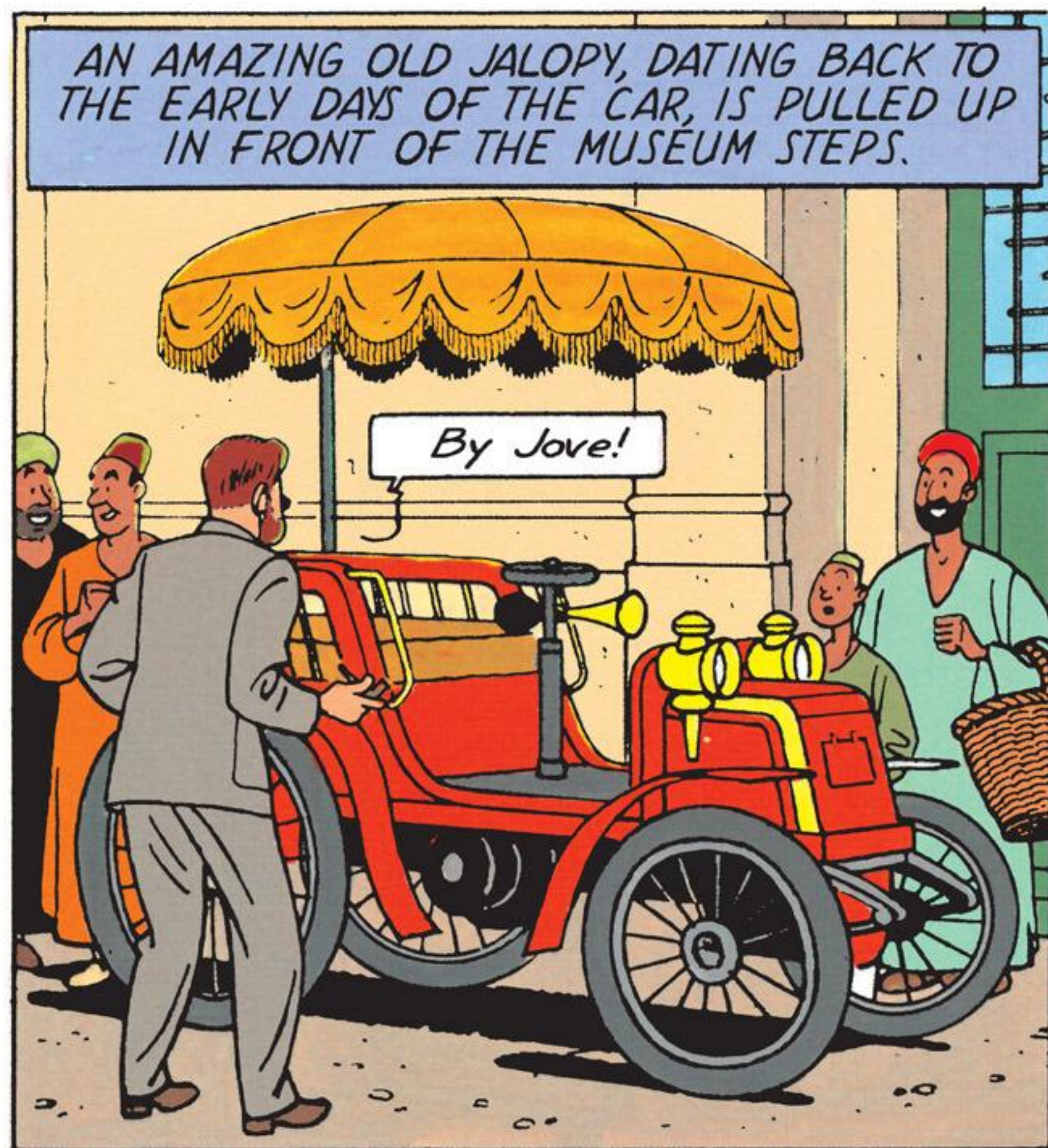
Quite simply, Colonel Olrik! ... That phenomenal adventurer, adviser to the bloodthirsty Bazam Damdu during the last war, and whom everyone thought was dead. Far from that, he is very much alive. He has resumed his evil activities. So, without risk of being mistaken, I can predict that the coming days will be full of commotion for us! ...











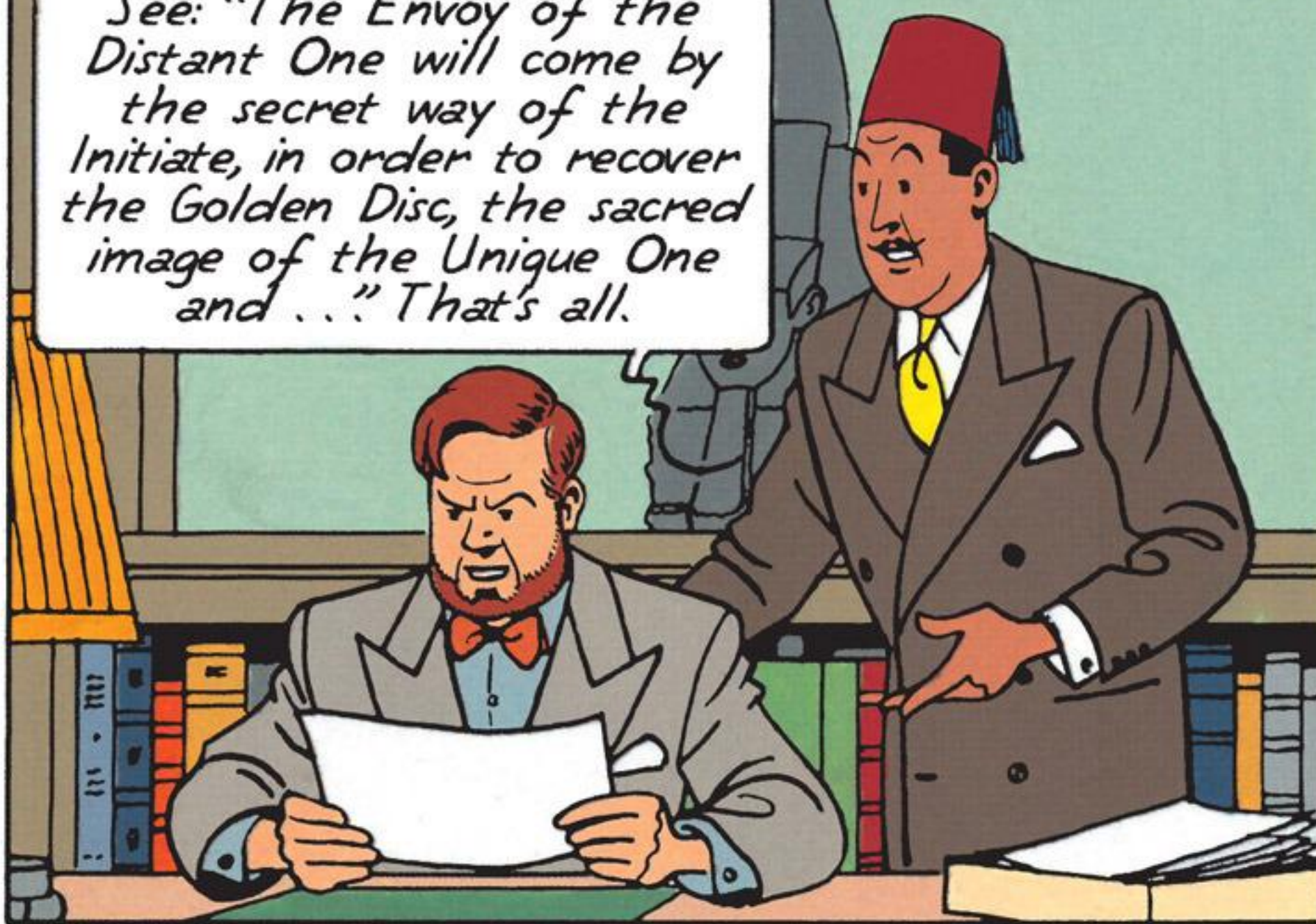
*SEE "THE SECRET OF THE SWORDFISH"

The text I have discovered is, in my opinion, from part of the end of the account by Paatenemheb. Unfortunately, it is very short and, above all, very obscure.



SOME MOMENTS LATER, PROFESSOR AHMED SHOWS MORTIMER THE TEXT HE HAS SUCCEEDED IN IDENTIFYING.

See: "The Envoy of the Distant One will come by the secret way of the Initiate, in order to recover the Golden Disc, the sacred image of the Unique One and ..." That's all.



I won't go so far as to say it's clear, and yet something tells me we're getting warm ...

So we come back to the secret chamber, do we?



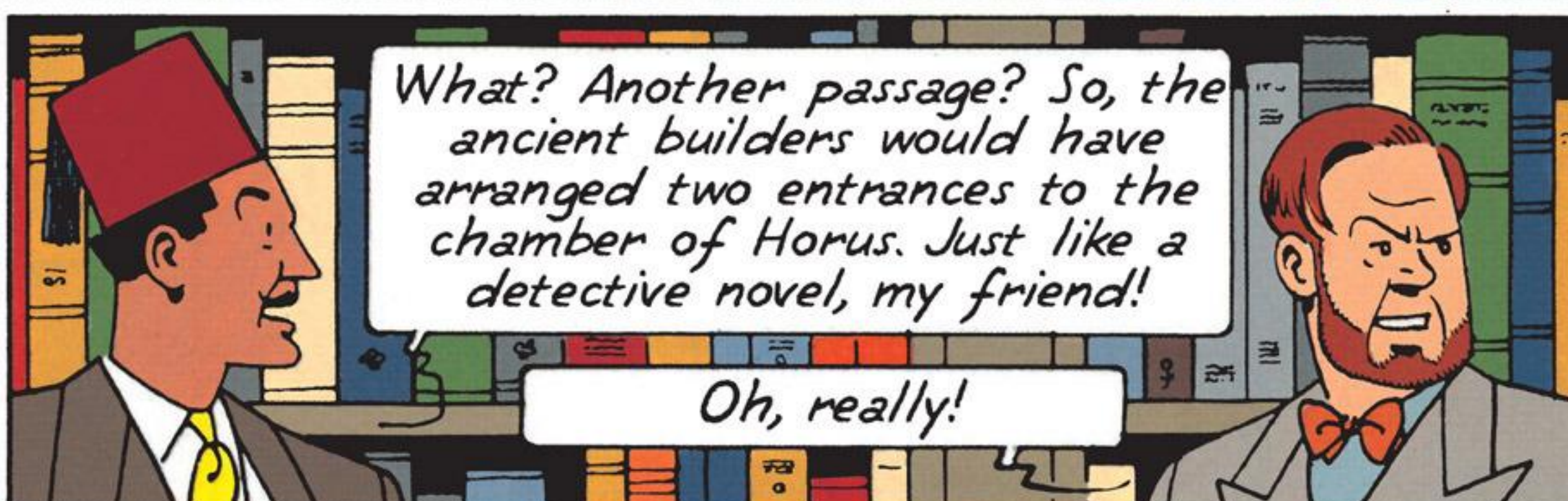
Alas, my friend, I rather fear that you rely too much on the fancies of romantic Egyptology.



Assuming that such a chamber exists and that it contains previous relics from the Temple of Aton, isn't it quite natural to suppose that Paatenemheb and his companions should have envisioned a possible resurrection of the cult and arranged a secret passage known only to the initiated, which, when the time was ripe, would permit them to go and recover the Golden Disc from its hiding place—that is, the image of Aton the Unique One.

What? Another passage? So, the ancient builders would have arranged two entrances to the chamber of Horus. Just like a detective novel, my friend!

Oh, really!



Note that your hypothesis is very attractive and your argument holds well! However ... but, what are you doing?



MORTIMER HAS, FOR THE LAST FEW MOMENTS, EDGED IMPERCEPTIBLY NEARER THE DOOR AND SUDDENLY POUNCES ...



Oh, what a nice surprise! It's dear Mr. Abdul! ...



How did you end up here? ...

I just stopped for a moment ... to read ... I was so absorbed, and I ...



I must have leaned for a moment against the door without noticing.

I'm so sorry! You might have broken your neck! ...



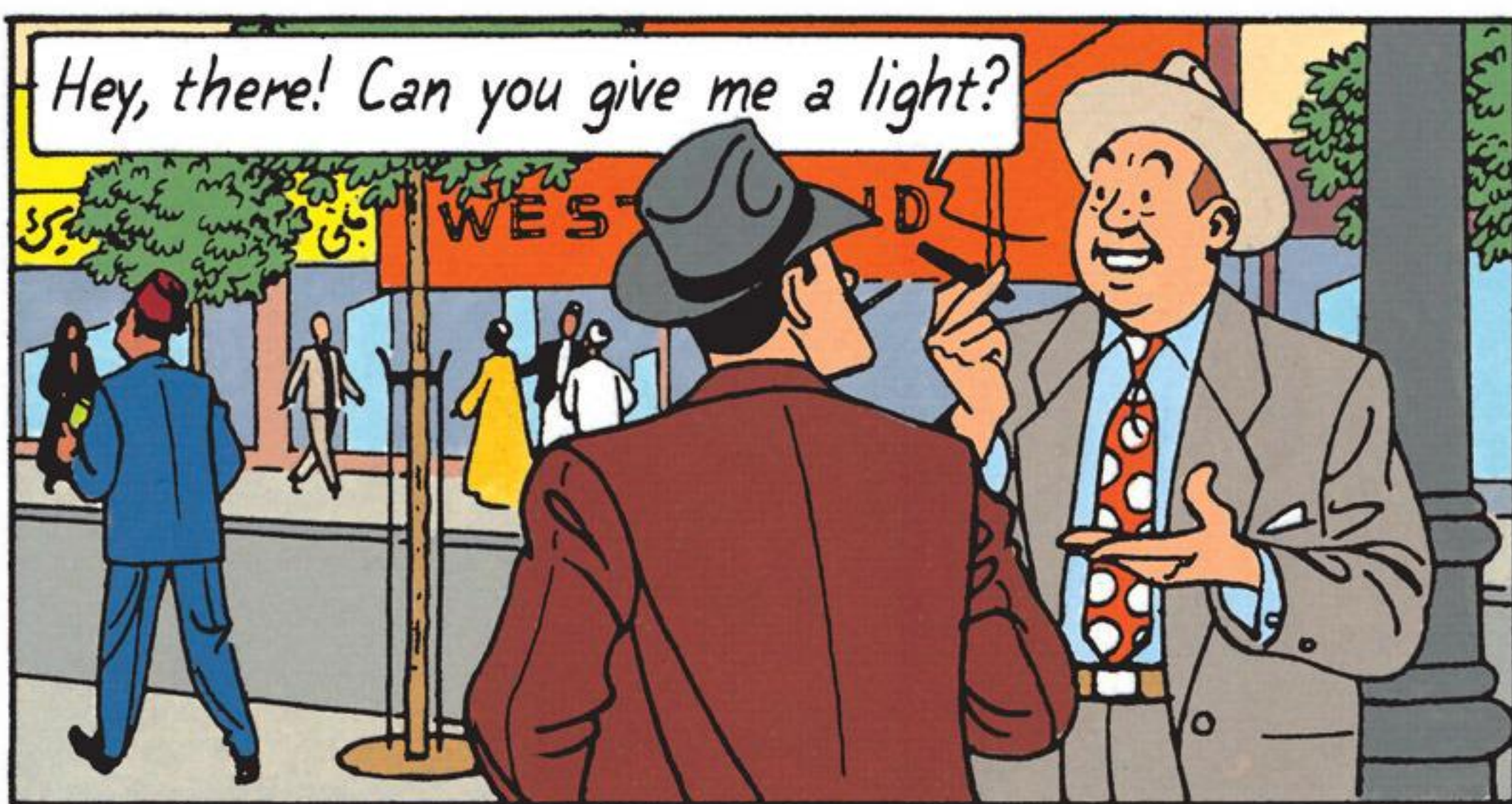
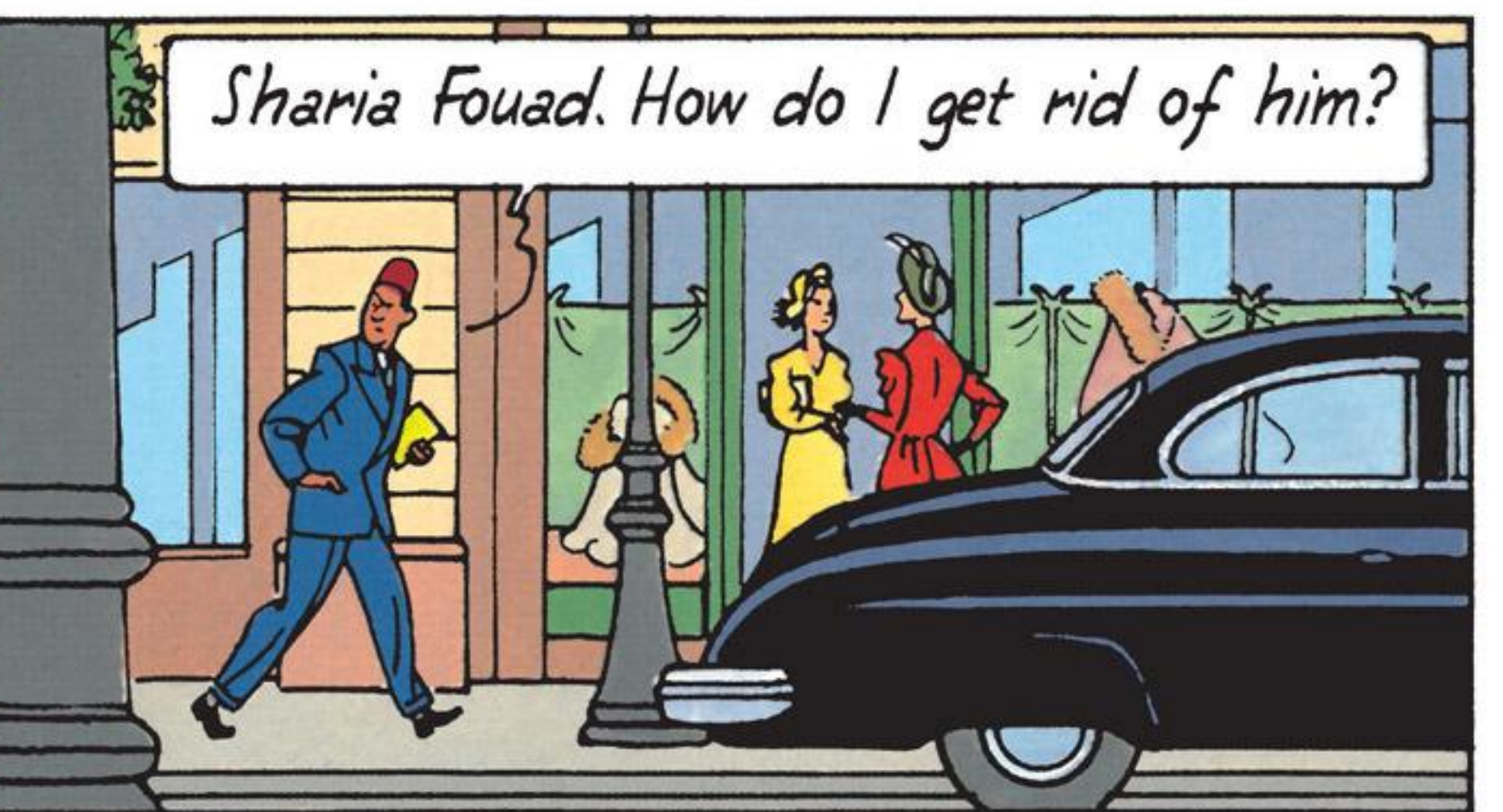
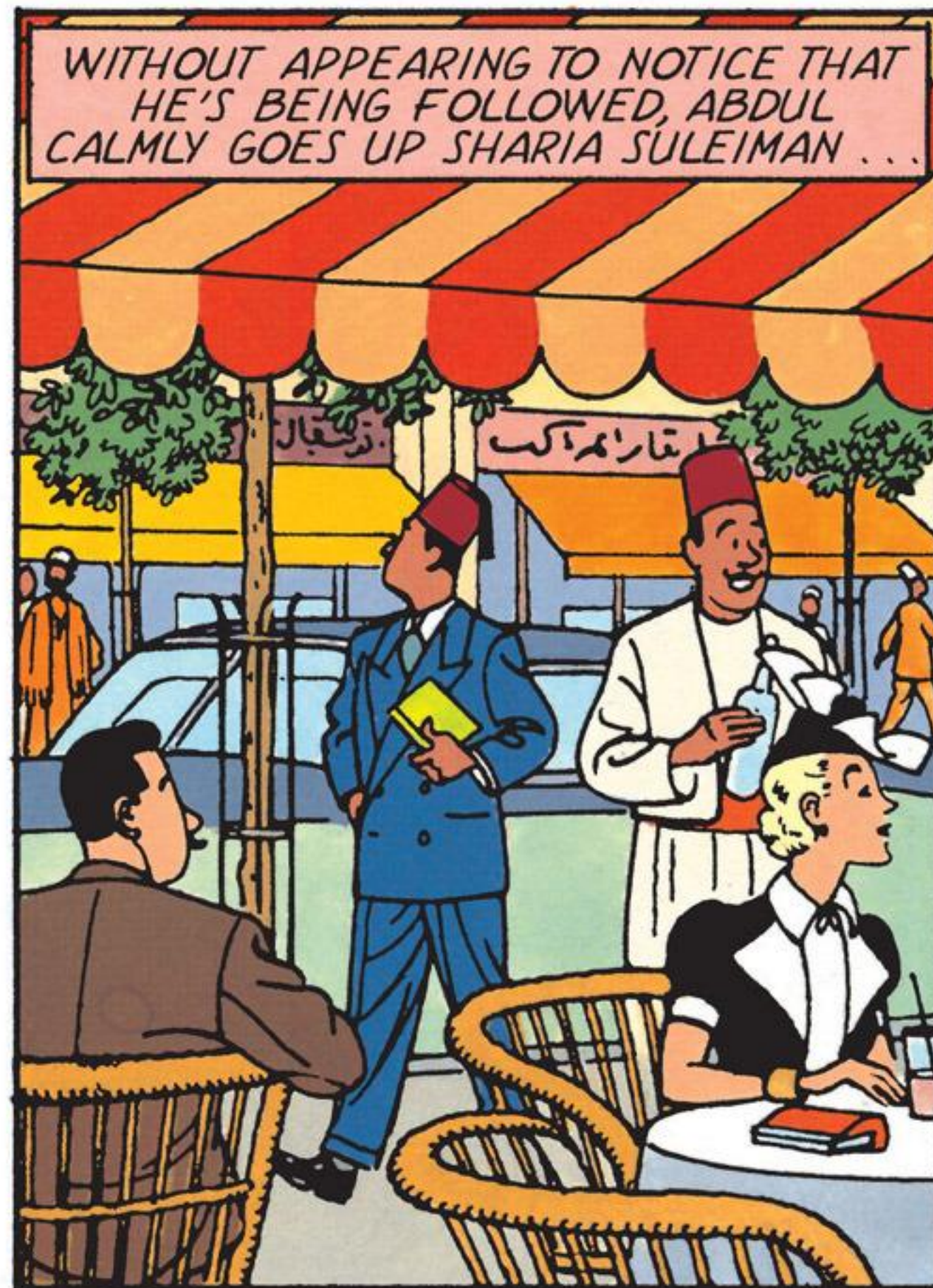
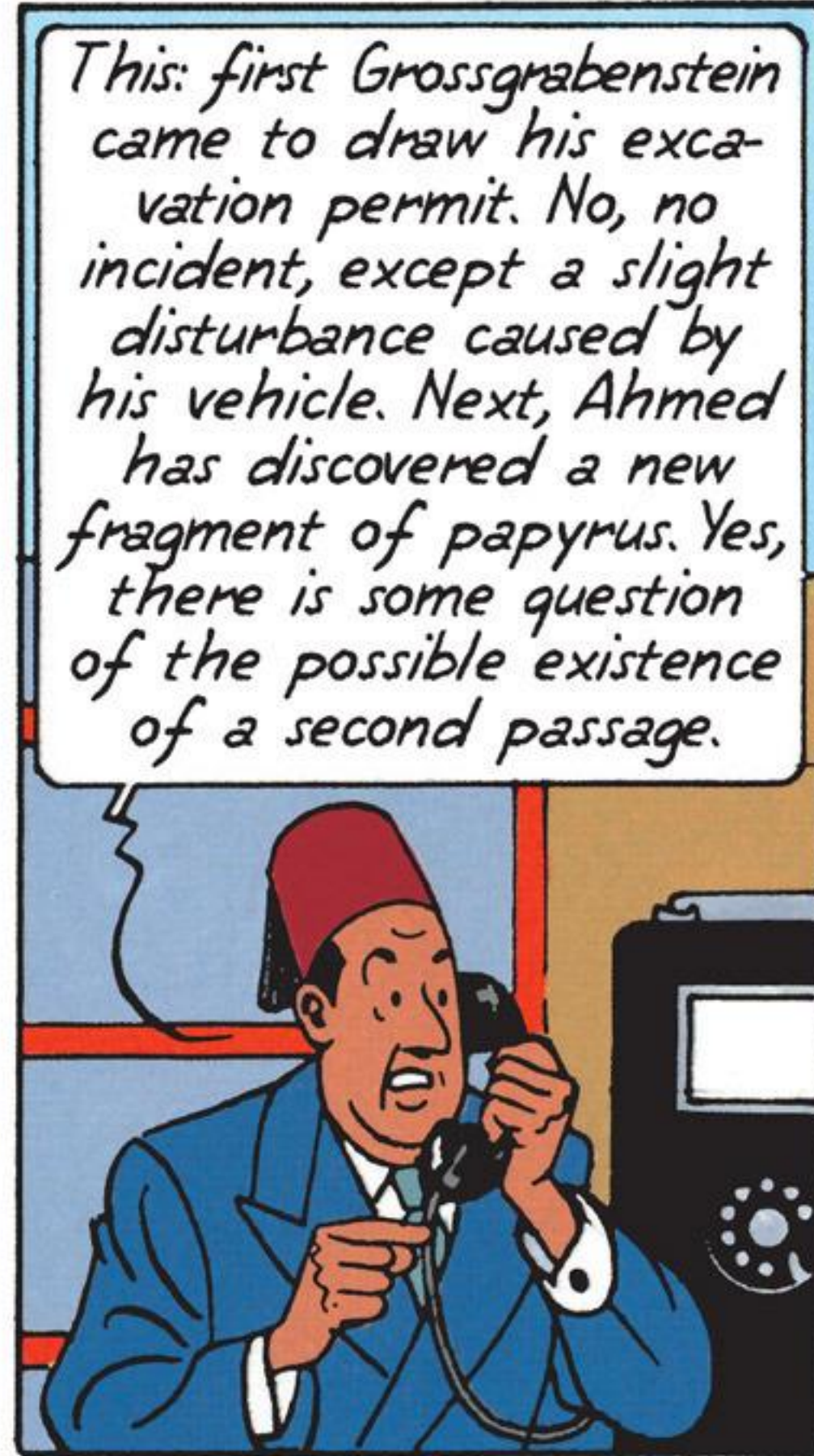
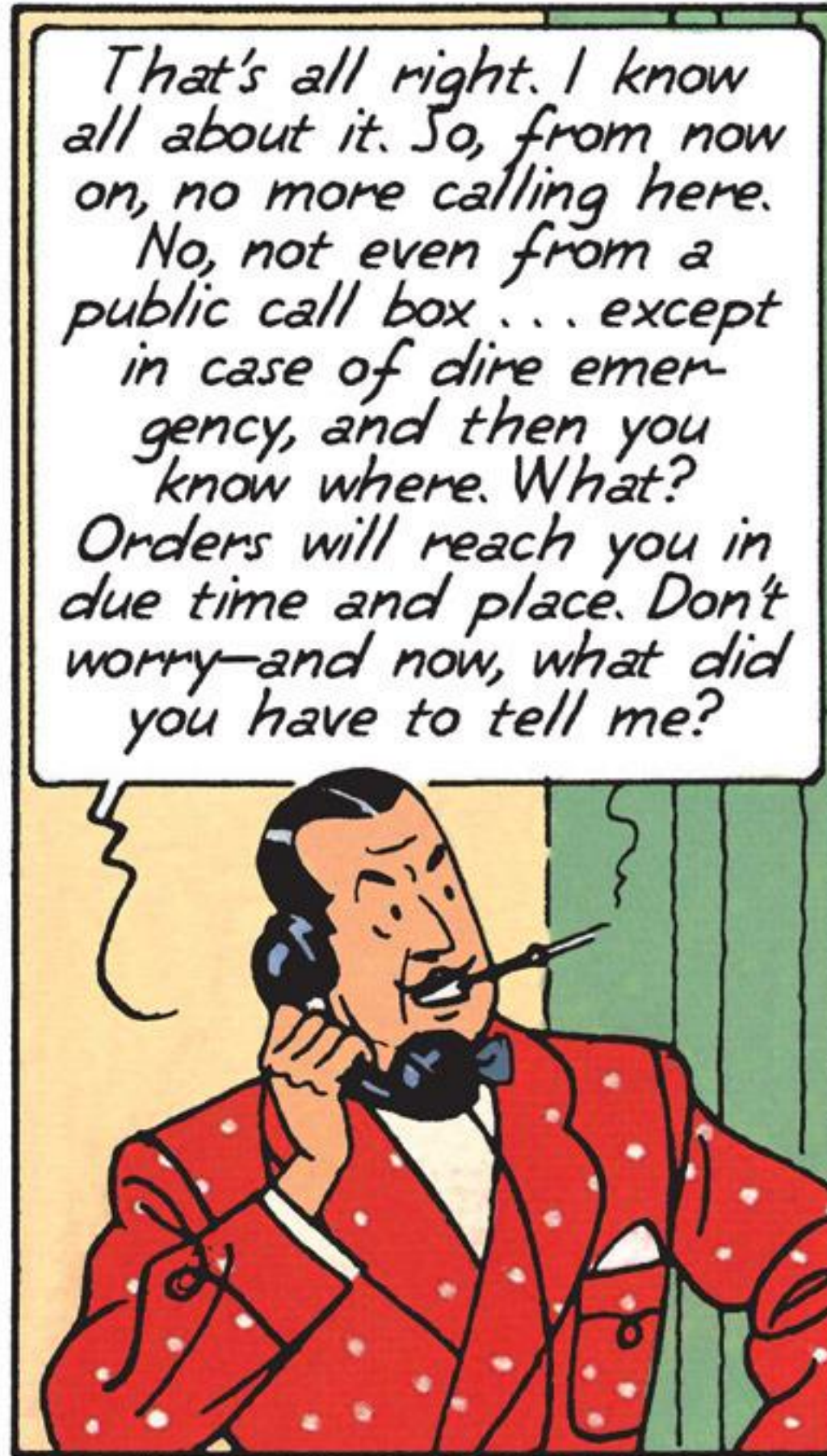
Well, ta ta for now, Abdul, and again, my apologies! ... But next time, be more careful! ...



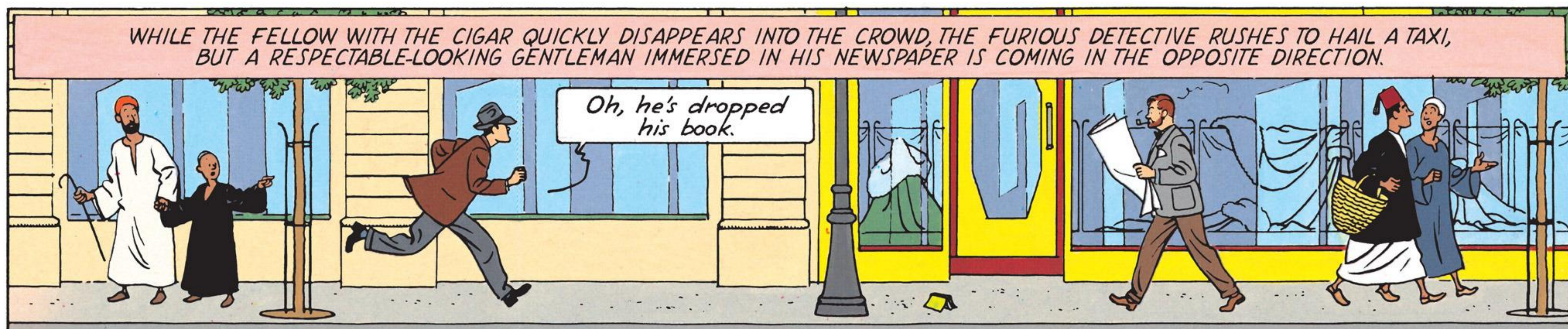
Listening at the door ... What cheek! ...

What do you expect? The poor devil has been given orders. But let this be a lesson to us and remind us of the old wartime slogan: "Beware! Enemies' ears are listening to you! ..."





WHILE THE FELLOW WITH THE CIGAR QUICKLY DISAPPEARS INTO THE CROWD, THE FURIOUS DETECTIVE RUSHES TO HAIL A TAXI, BUT A RESPECTABLE-LOOKING GENTLEMAN IMMERSED IN HIS NEWSPAPER IS COMING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.



Oh, he's dropped his book.

AND SUDDENLY, THE INEVITABLE HAPPENS.



Say, you clumsy fellow, why don't you look where you're going?

Oh, I do beg your pardon ... but aren't you Professor Mortimer?



That is so. And?

I'm the inspector detailed to shadow the assistant Abdul.



Fine, but that's no reason to bowl over people in the middle of the foot-path!

Professor, Abdul has just escaped by jumping into a car ...



Look! The black car just turning at the end there!

Blast! The black Lincoln!



Hold on! Here's the book he just dropped.

Yes. It's what he had in his hand the other day.



Ah, here's a taxi. We'll look at this later. Hi!

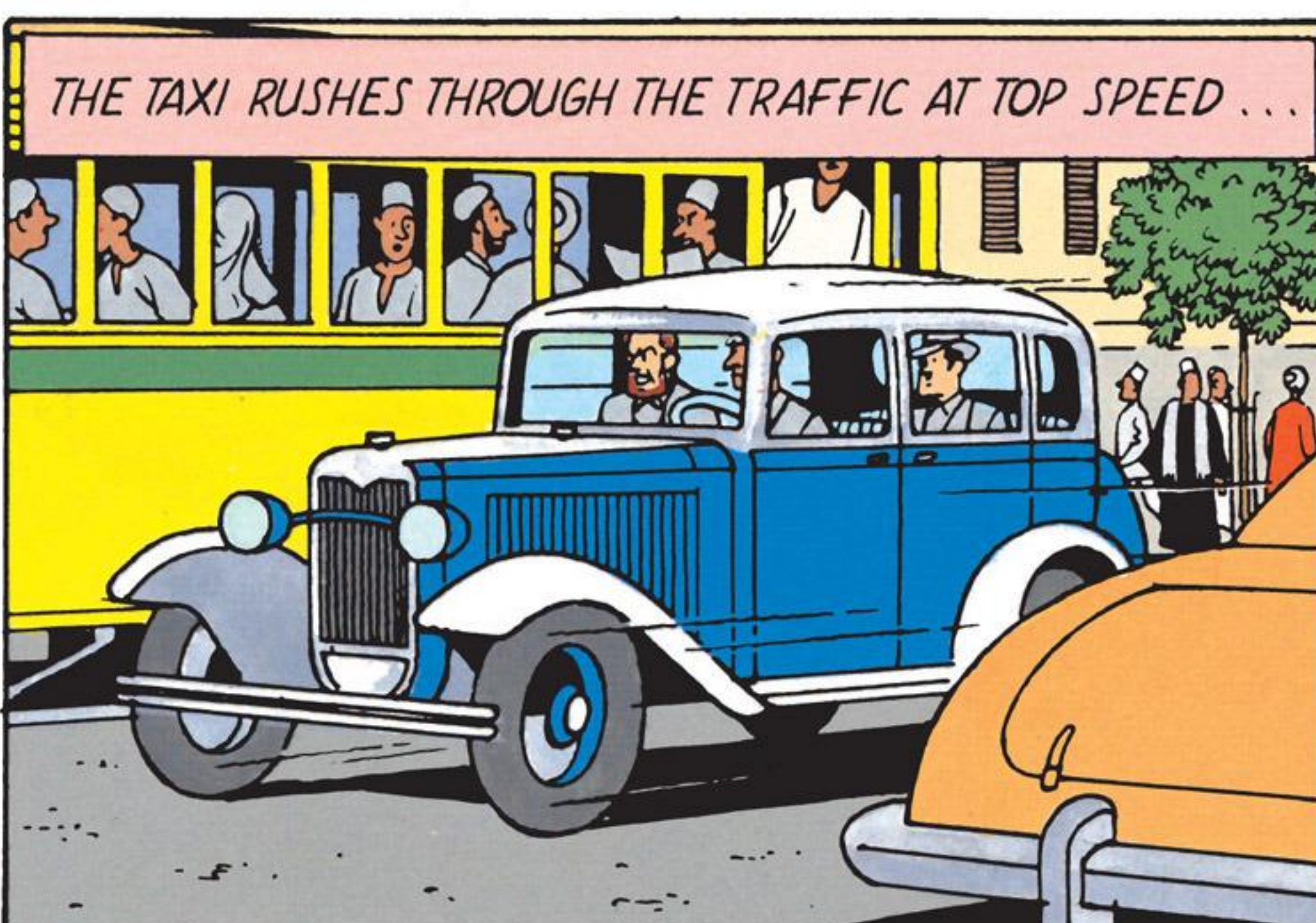


Police. Catch up with that Lincoln at full speed. I'll be responsible for everything!

Very good, Effendi!

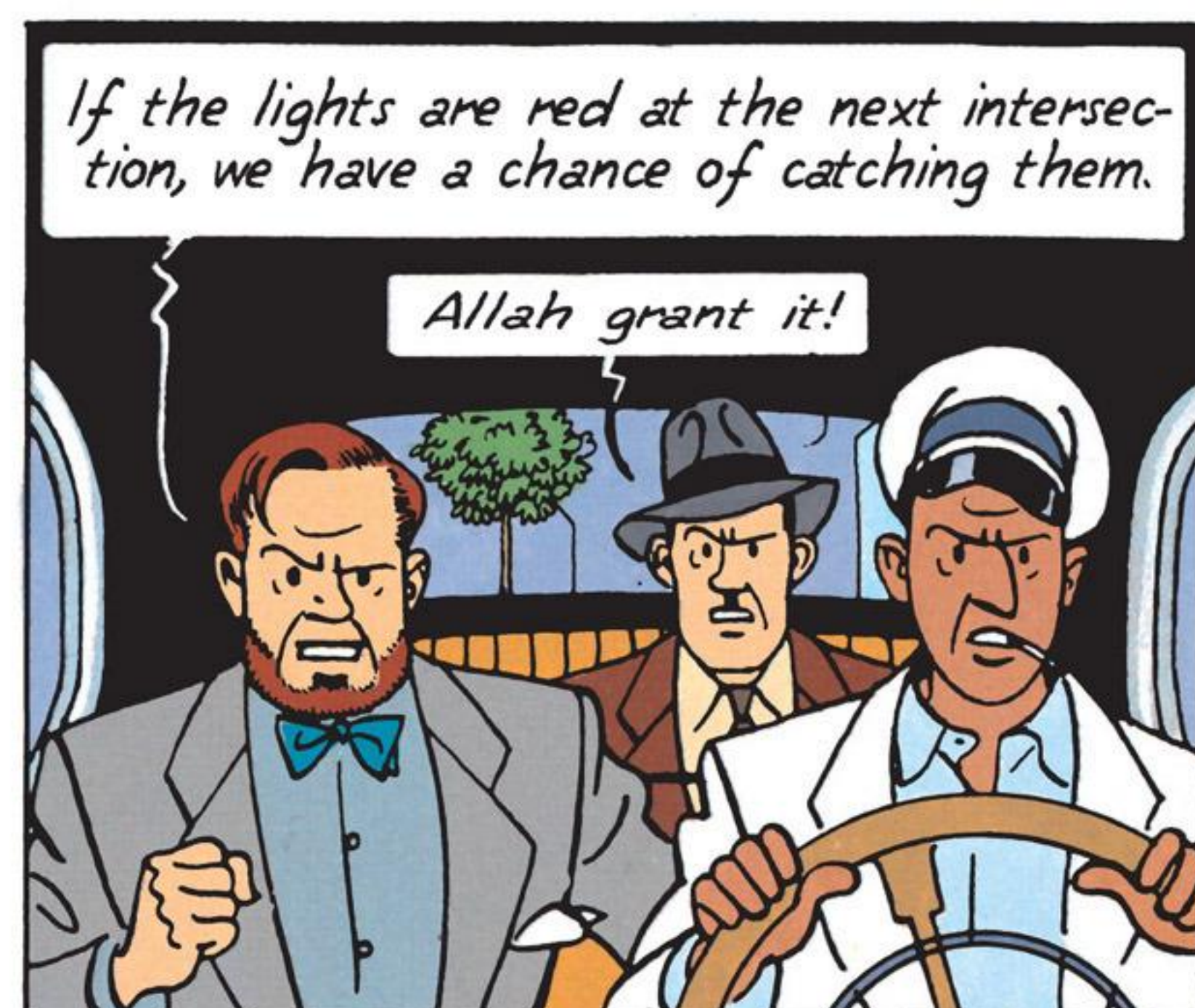


THE TAXI RUSHES THROUGH THE TRAFFIC AT TOP SPEED ...



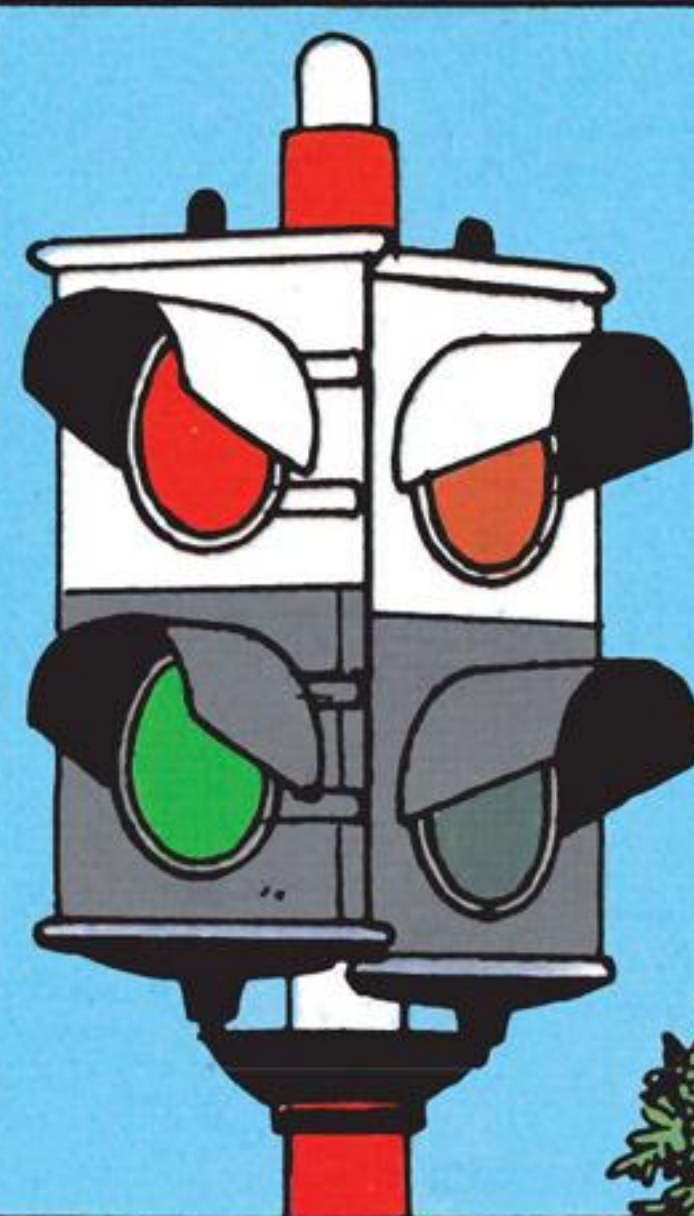
If the lights are red at the next intersection, we have a chance of catching them.

Allah grant it!

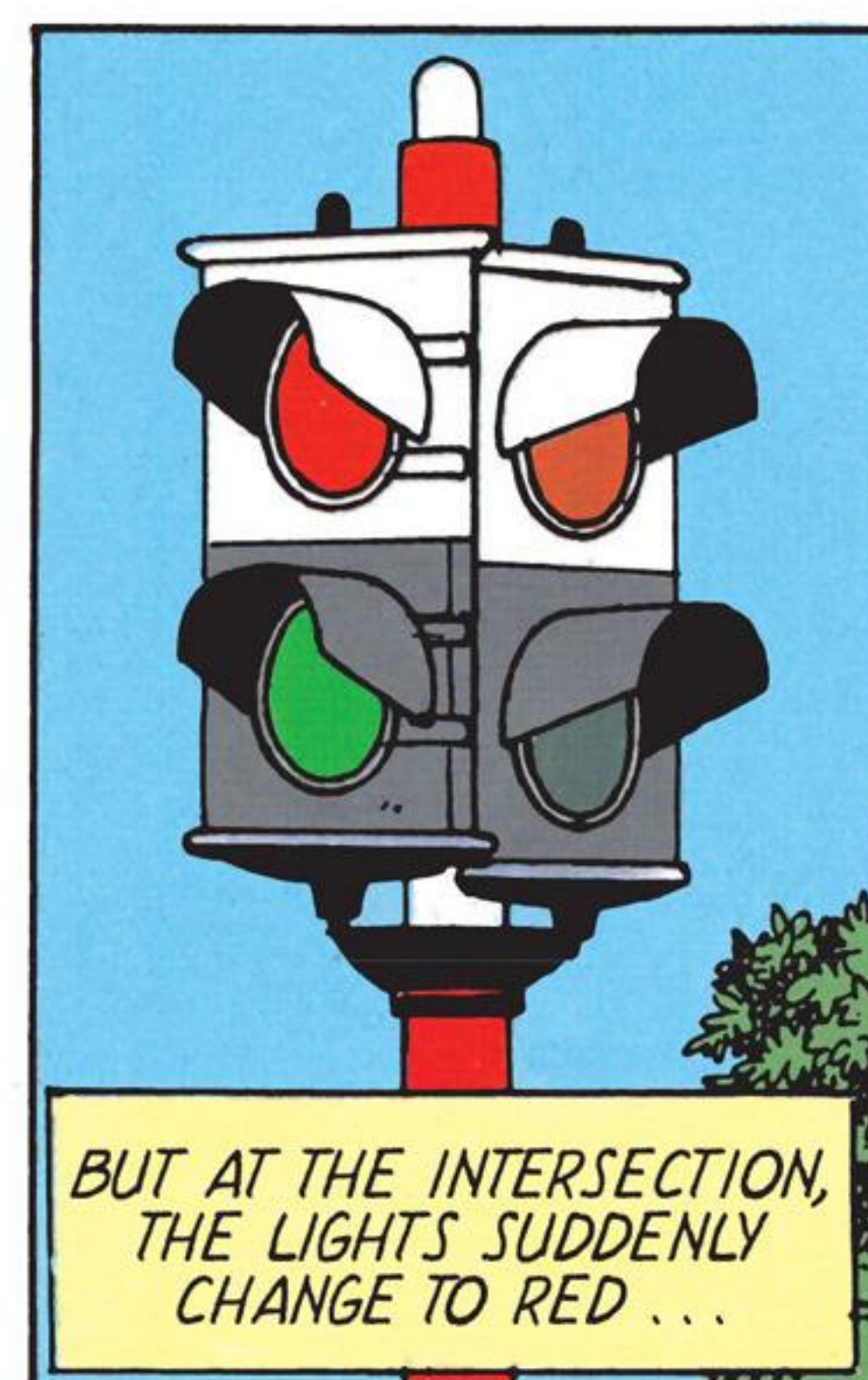


Say, Sharkey, they're following us.

Don't worry, Sonny. Their old bus won't catch our eight cylinders.

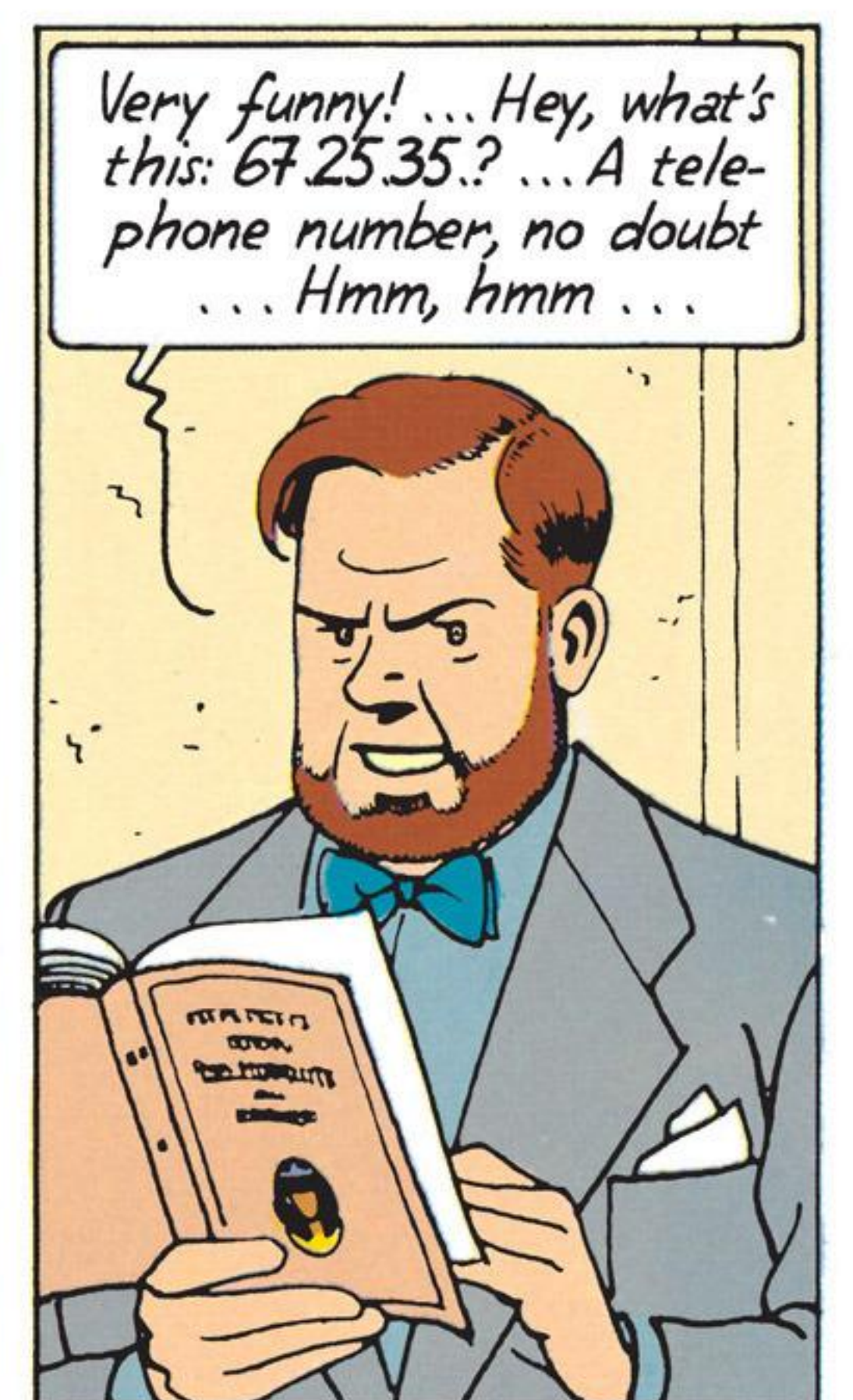
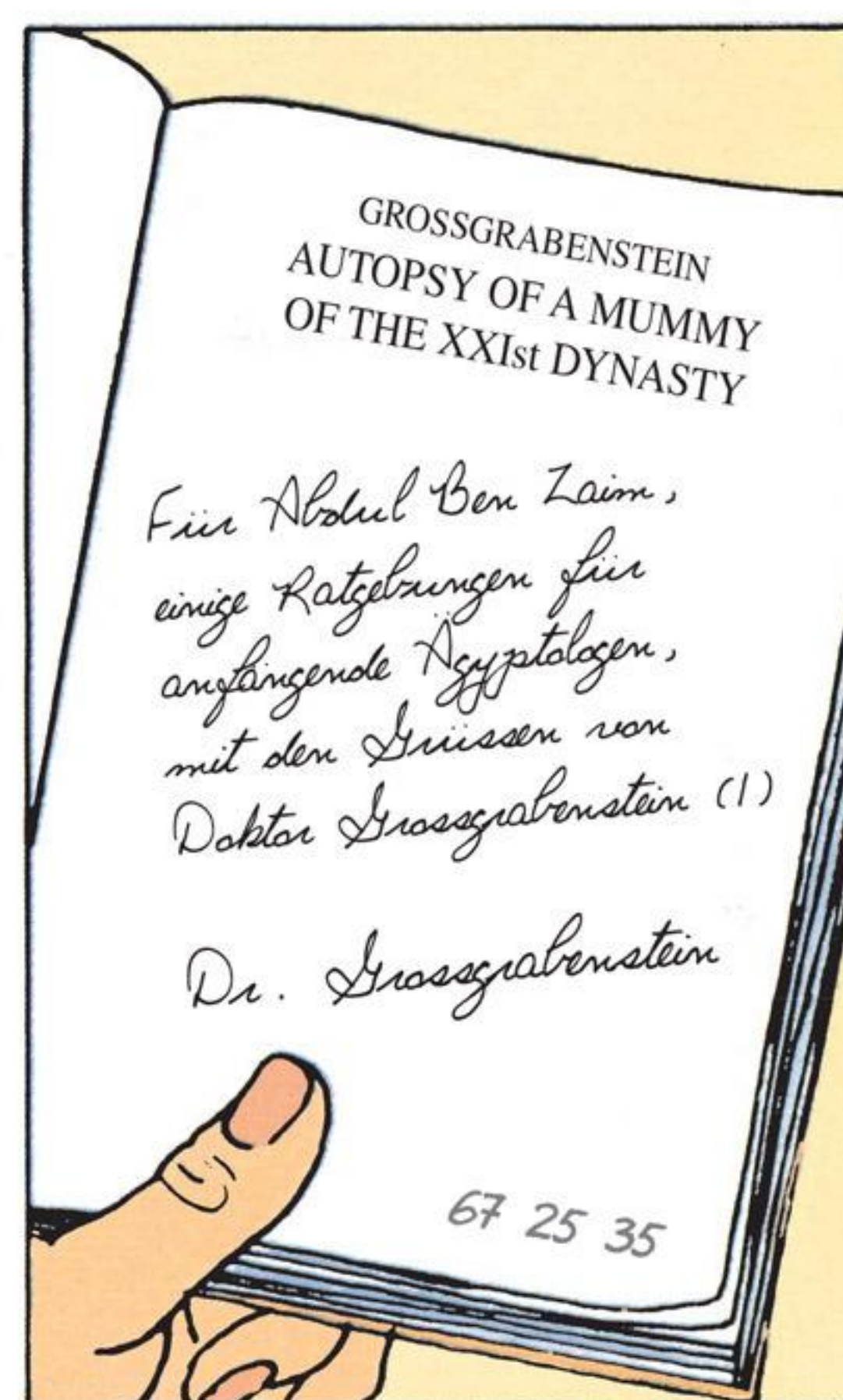
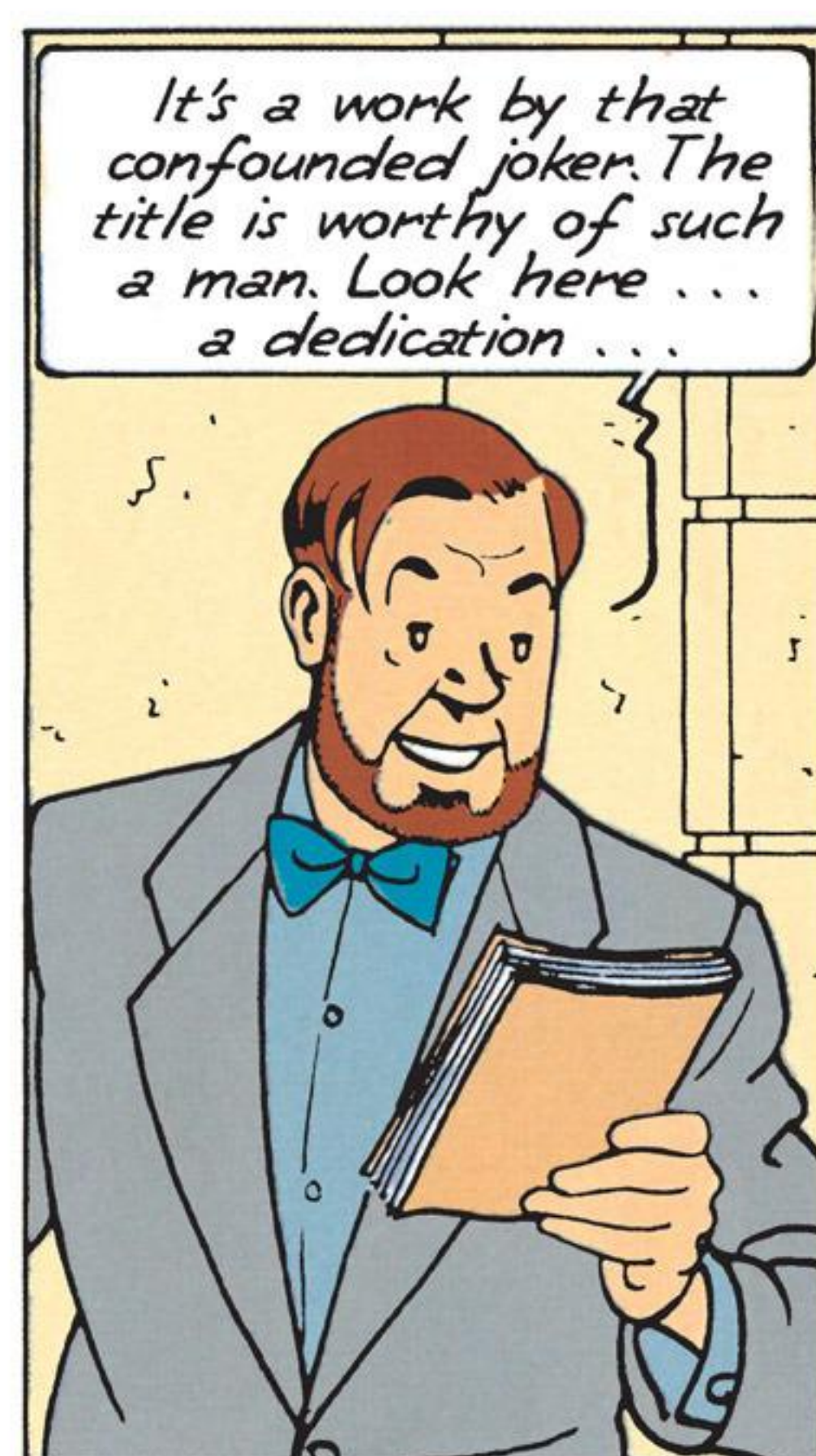
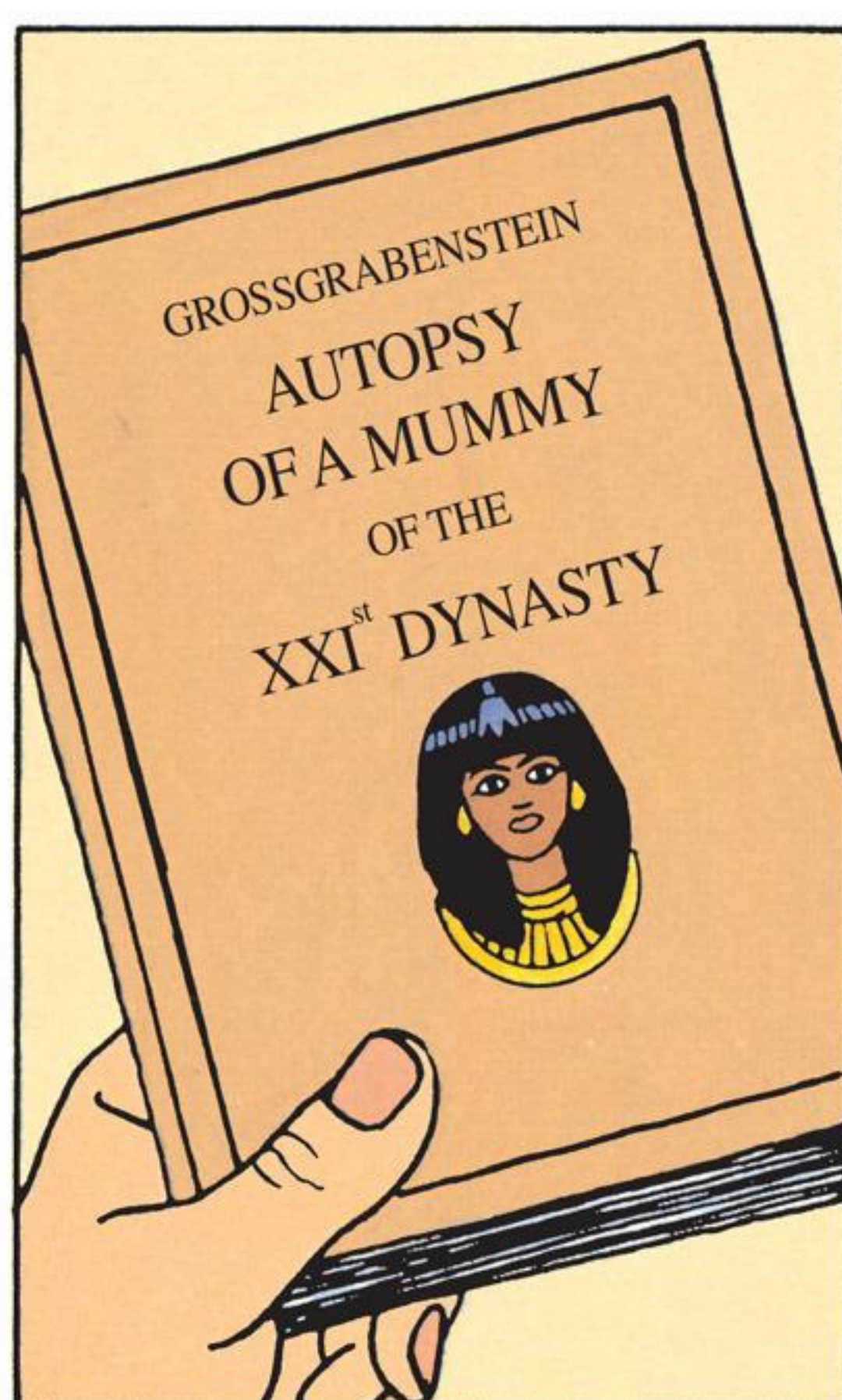
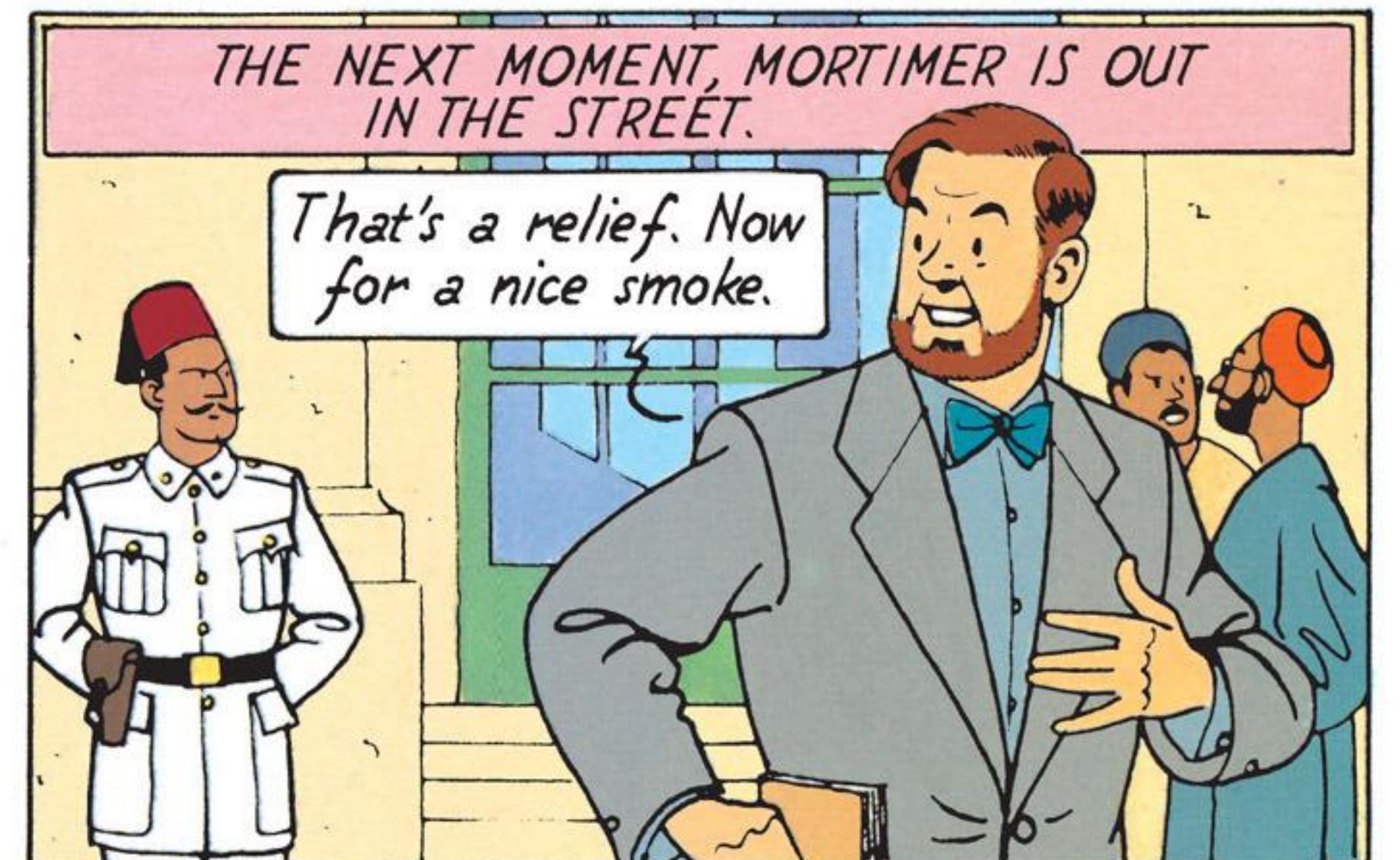
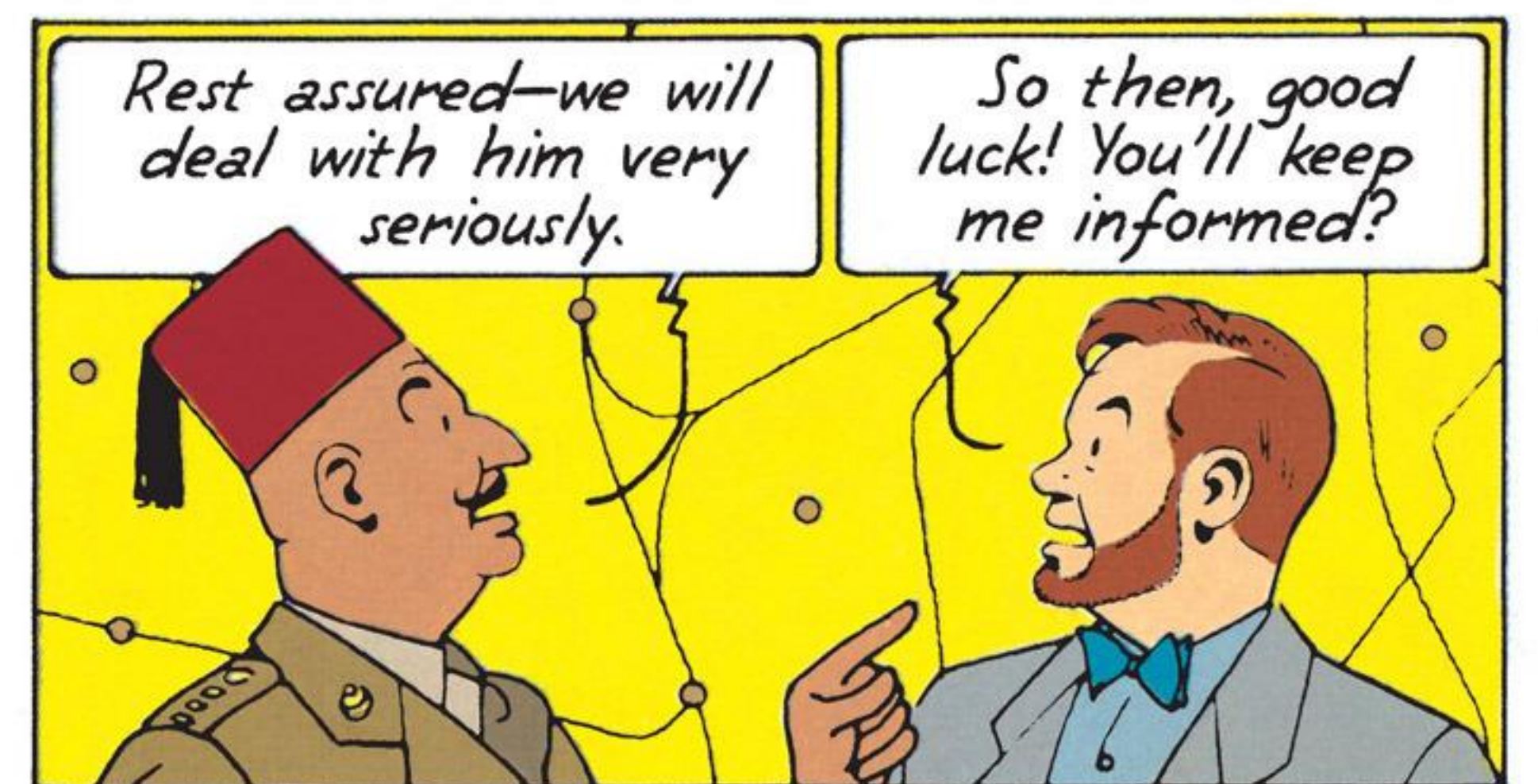
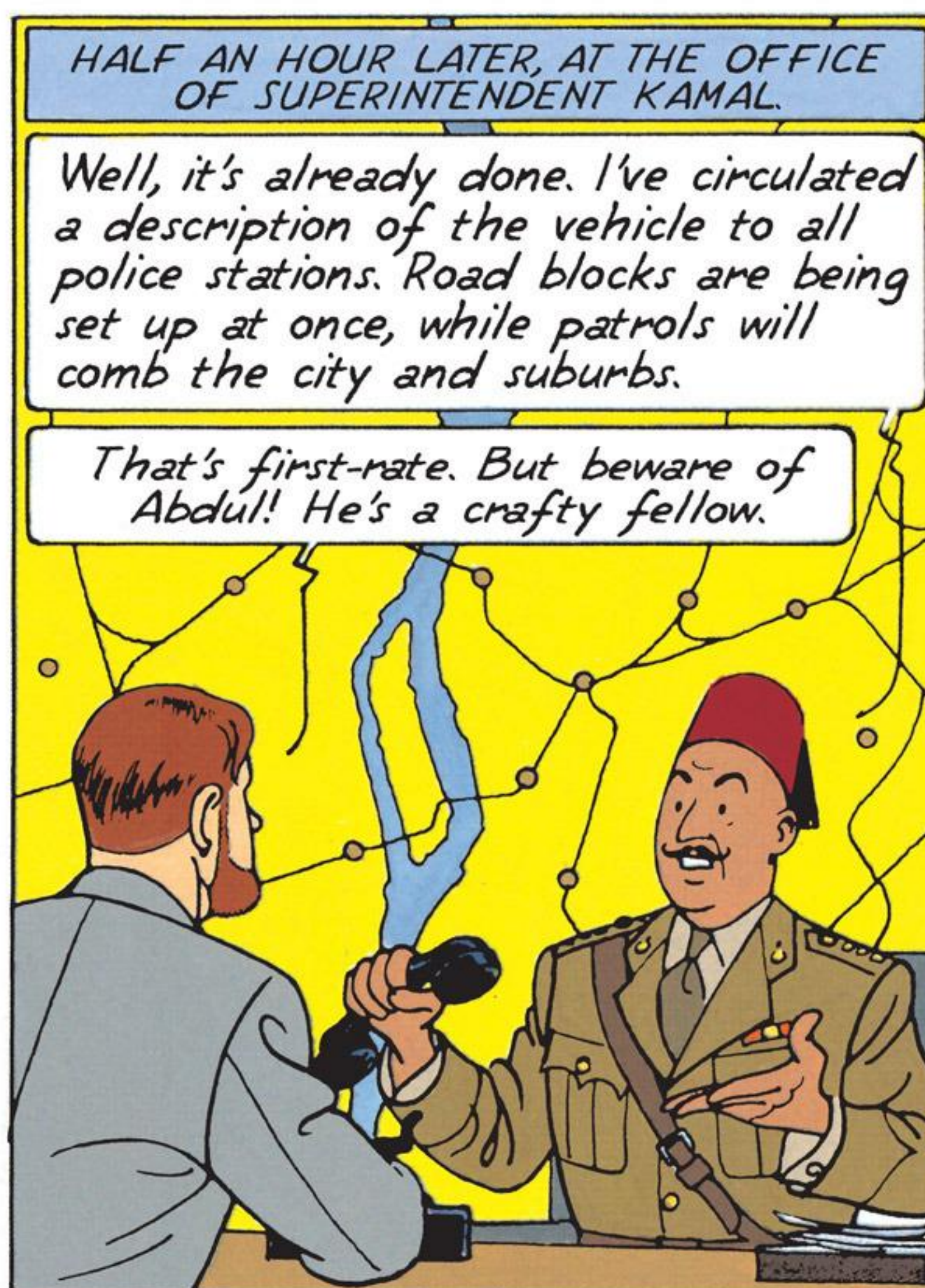
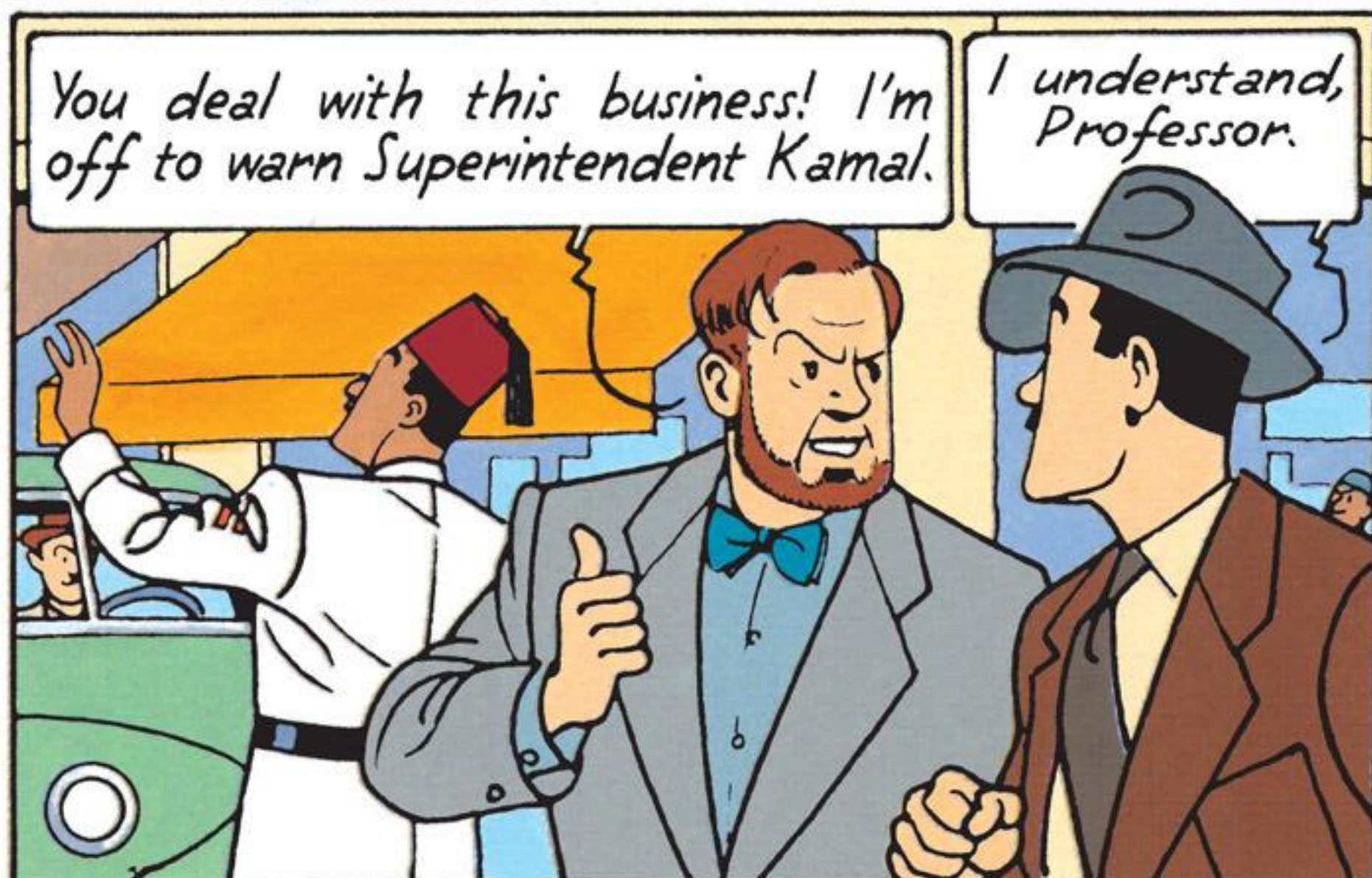
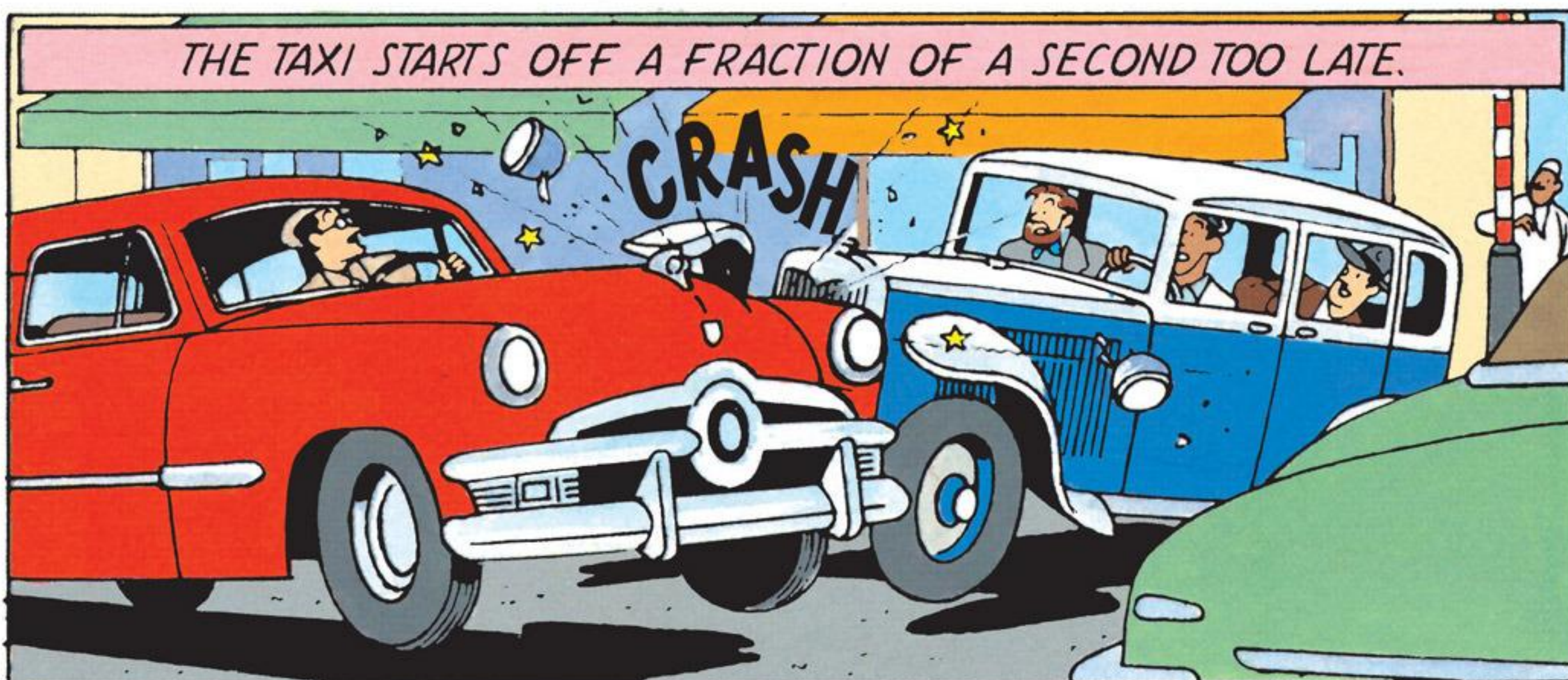
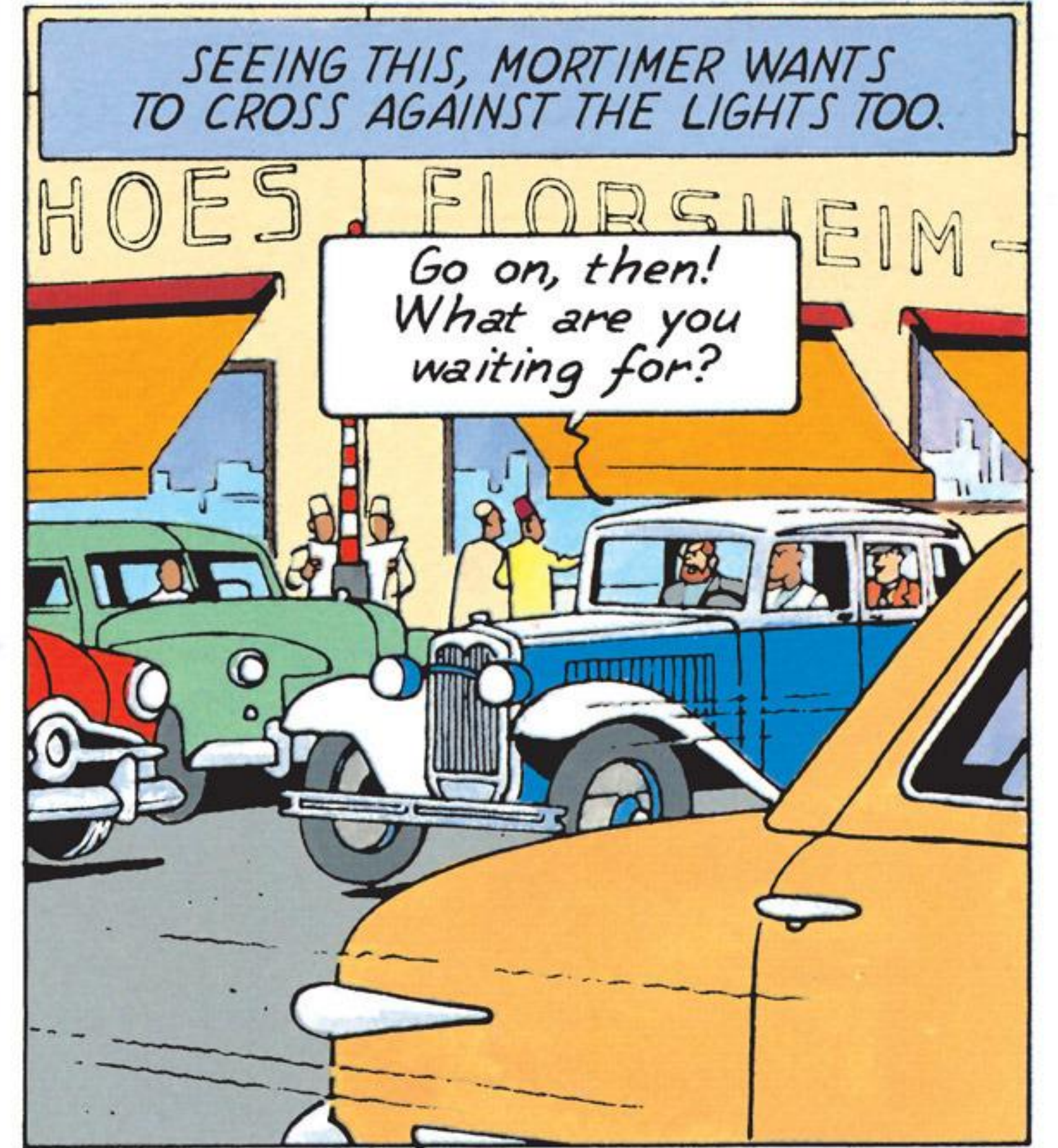
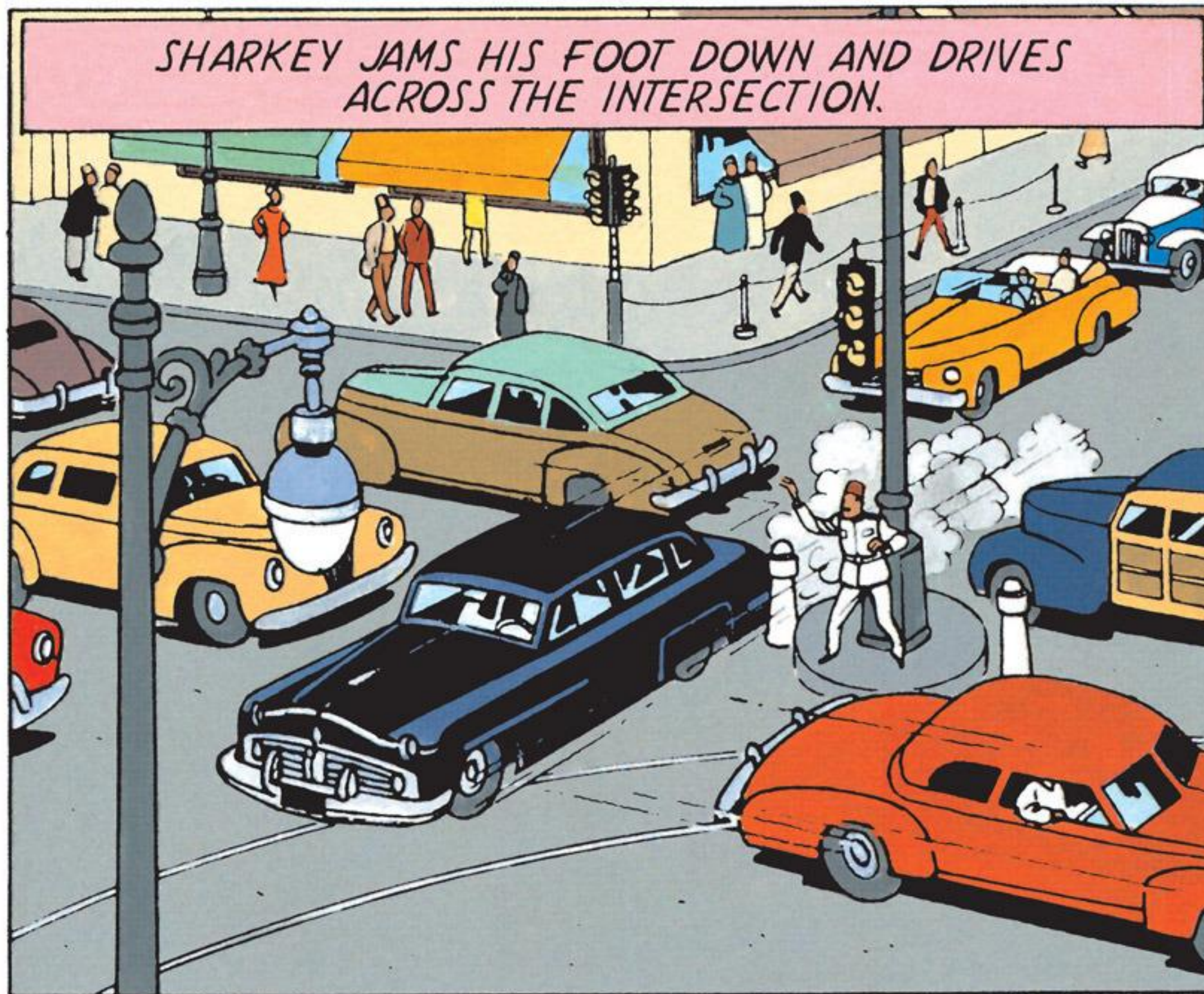
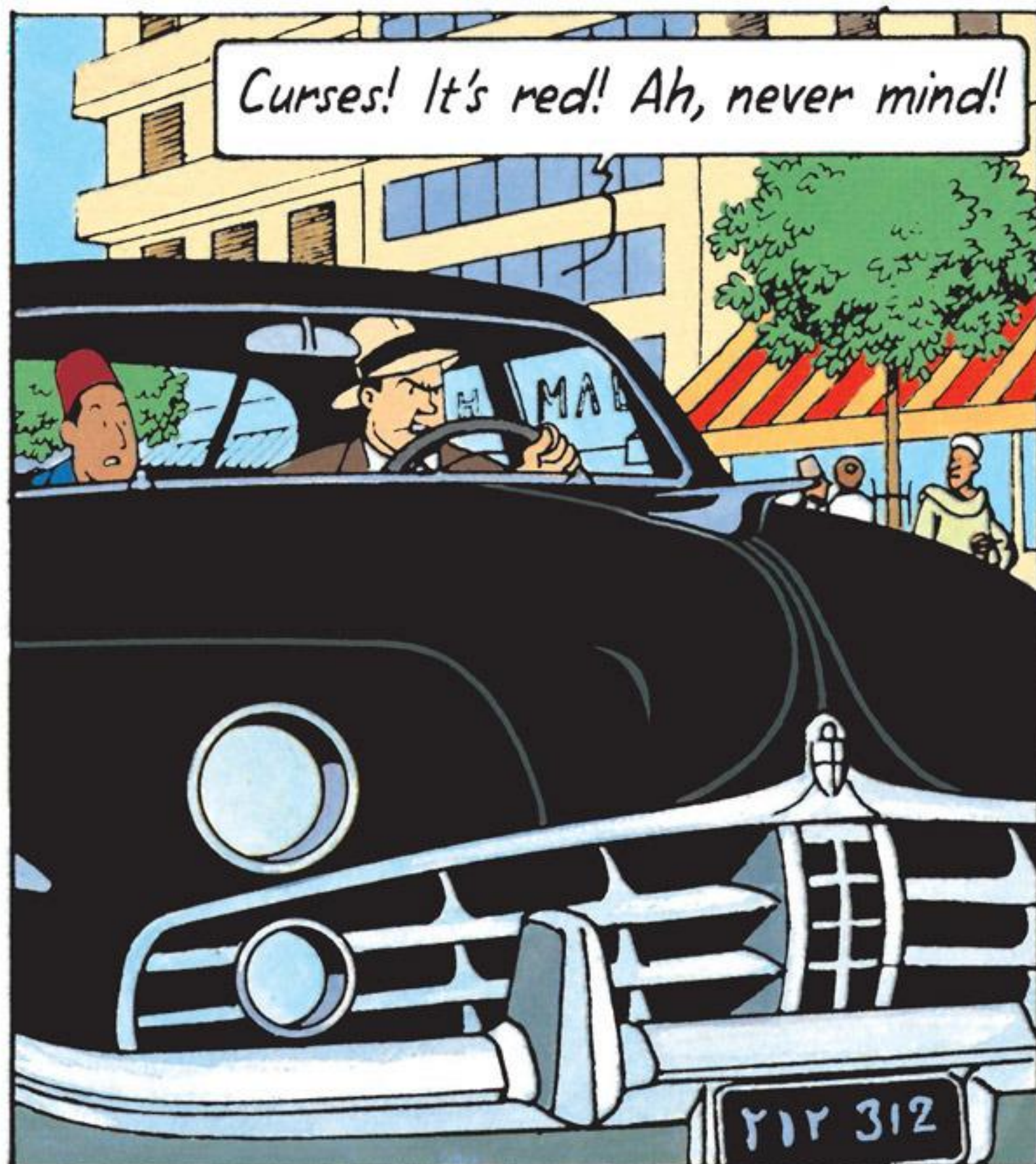


BUT AT THE INTERSECTION, THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY CHANGE TO RED ...

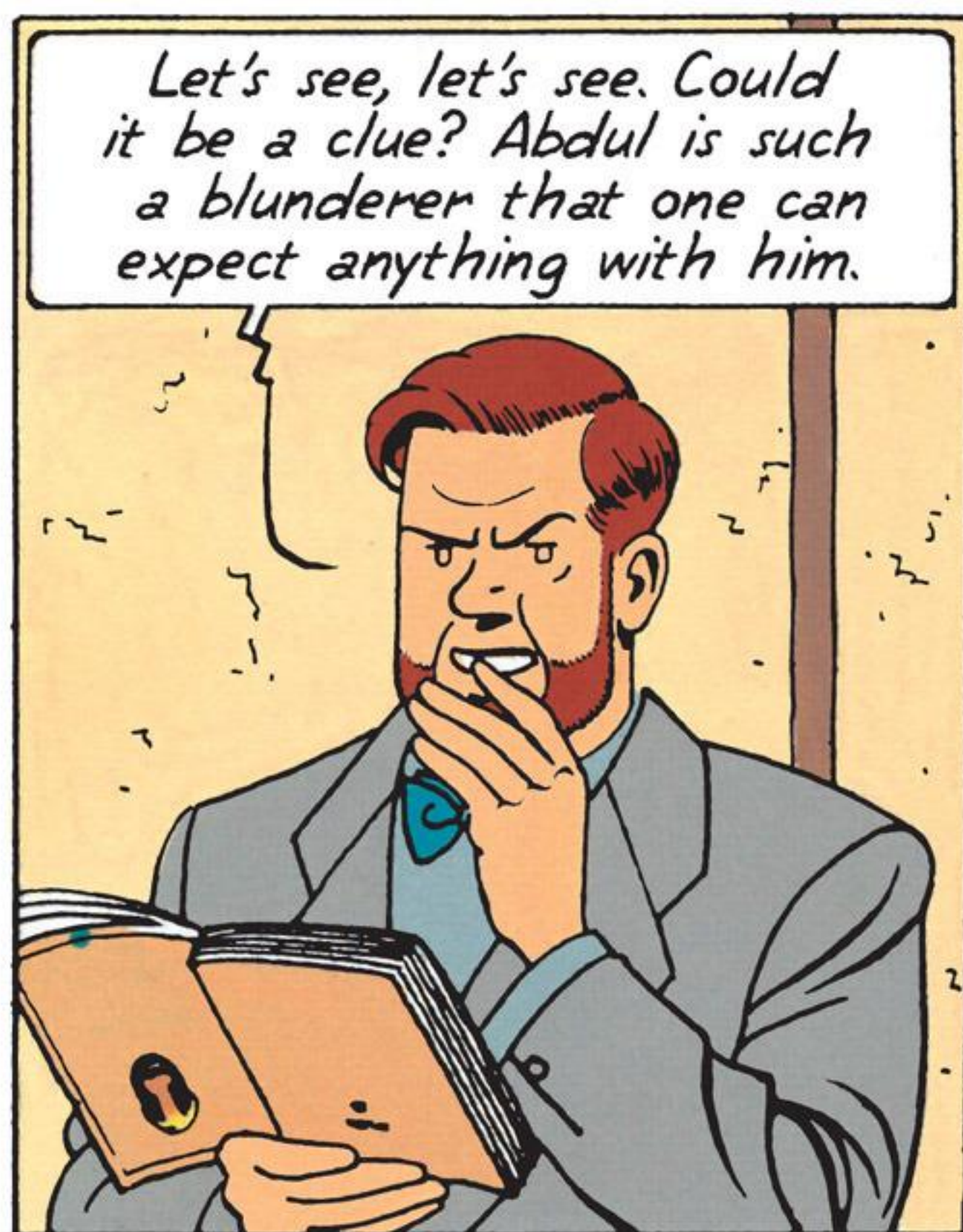


It's red! We'll get them!

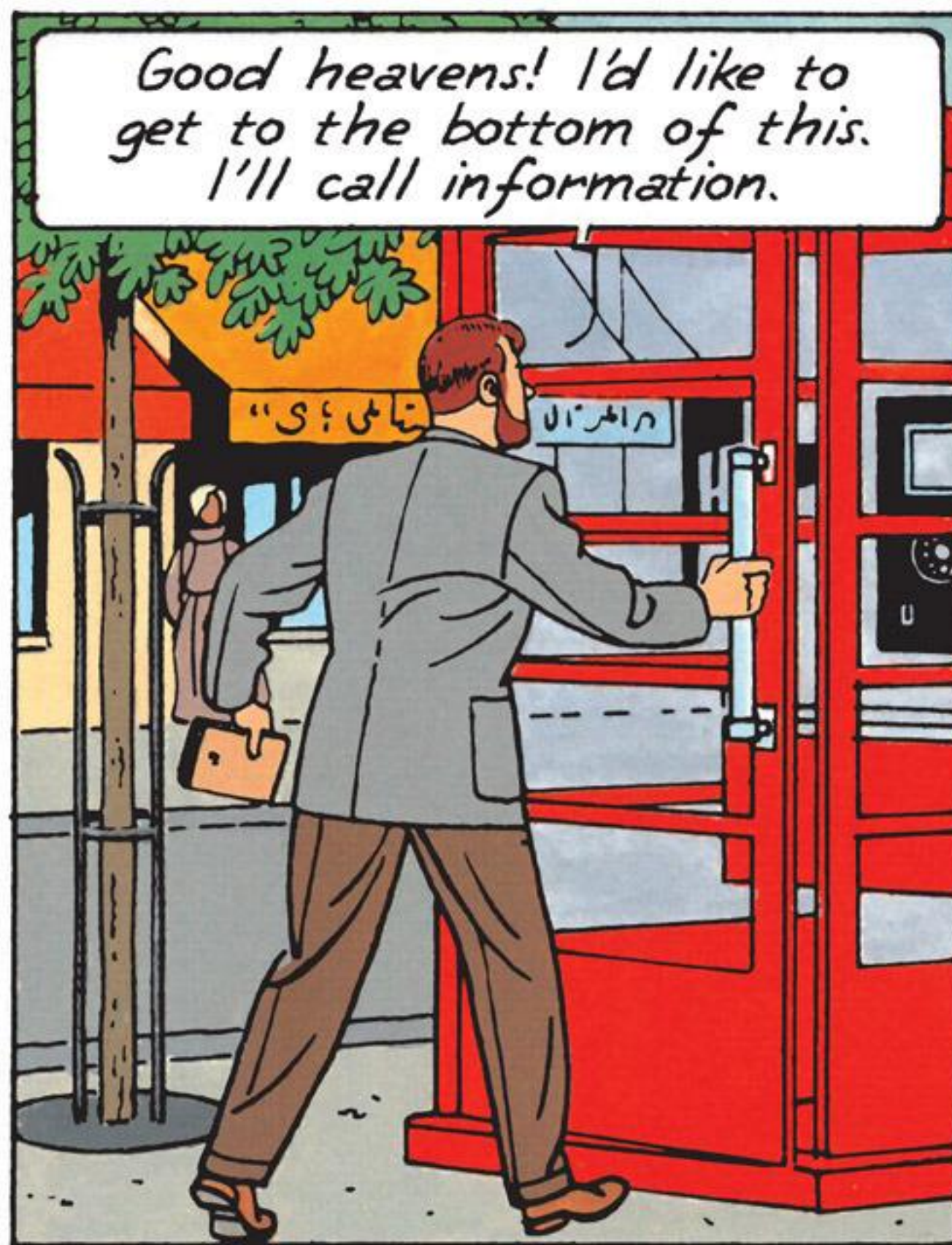




(1) "FOR ABDUL BEN ZAIM, SOME ADVICE FOR A NOVICE EGYPTOLOGIST WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF DOCTOR GROSSGRABENSTEIN"



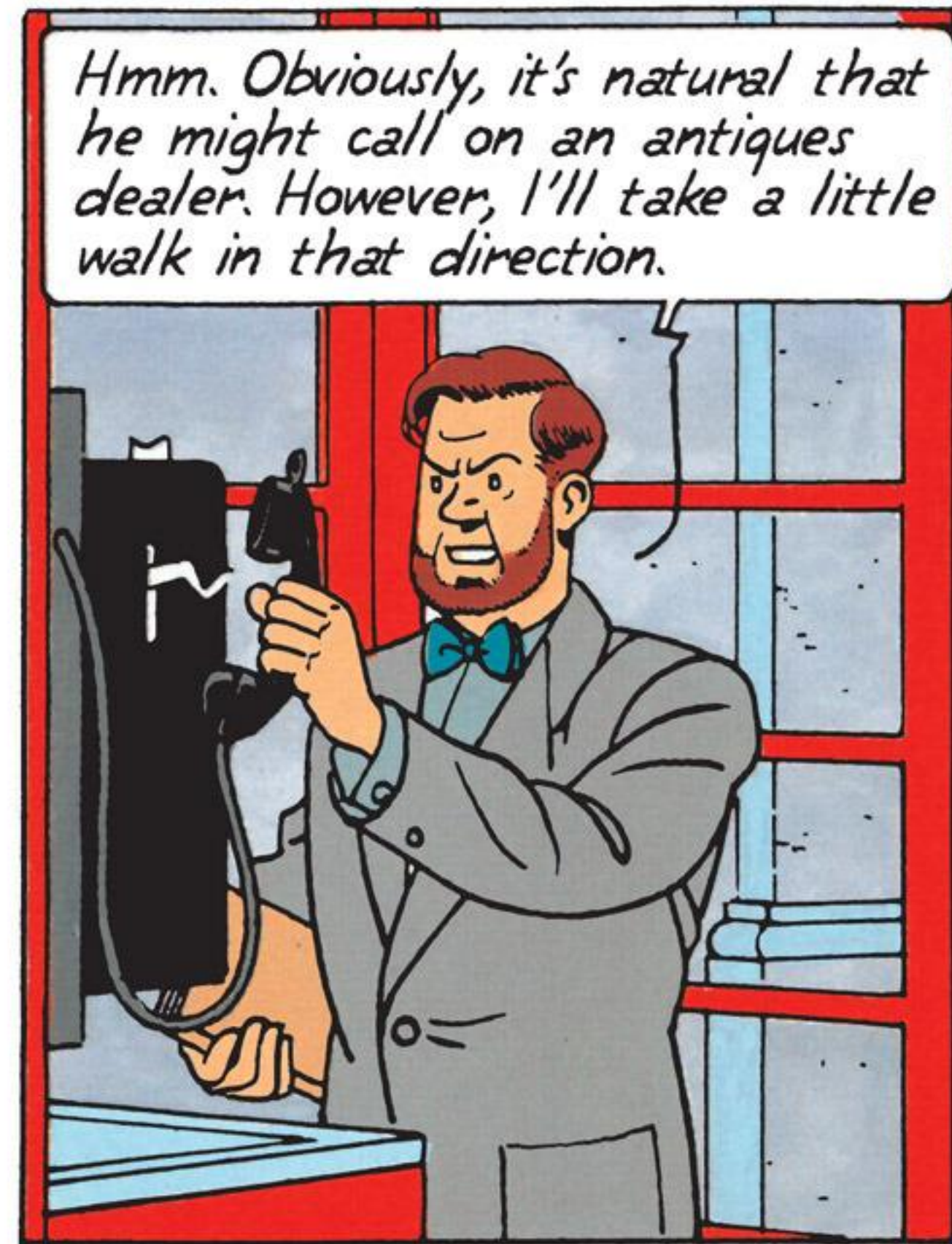
Let's see, let's see. Could it be a clue? Abdul is such a blunderer that one can expect anything with him.



Good heavens! I'd like to get to the bottom of this. I'll call information.



Yes, I'm listening. The number belongs to an antiques business? Sharia el Khomar? Thanks.



Hmm. Obviously, it's natural that he might call on an antiques dealer. However, I'll take a little walk in that direction.



A LITTLE LATER, IN SHARIA EL KHOMAR, AT THE END OF THE OLD QUARTER.

Oh! Here I am!



"Youssef Khadem Antiques." Hmm. They don't spend much on lighting here.

I'll go in.



Nobody! My word! It's like the palace of Sleeping Beauty! ... Hello! ... Hello! ...



HOWEVER, UNKNOWN TO HIM, SOMEONE IS WATCHING HIM THROUGH A SPYHOLE.



SUDDENLY, A VOICE BEHIND HIM MAKES HIM START.

Ya saat-le-bey.

What's that? Good day! ...



Does your excellency wish to see any relics from our glorious past?

Well, yes. Show me what you have.



What would you say to these marvellous enamels from the Fourth Dynasty, or this breastplate?

Say, friend, do you take me for a novice? That's absolute junk for the tourists.



And that disappoints me, because your firm was recommended to me by one of your clients, Doctor Abdul Ben Zaim ...

Abdul Ben Zaim? I do not know anybody by that name. But it's a fact that many experts come here.

But your excellency has no need of recommendation. I know a real connoisseur, and I'll take the liberty of showing you something superior.

Now that's what I like.



If you will be good enough to come this way ... along here ...

AFTER A BRIEF MOMENT'S HESITATION, MORTIMER ENTERS THE BACK OF THE SHOP.

Come in, Khawaga, come in.

BUT MORTIMER HAS HARDLY TAKEN A STEP FORWARD WHEN HE RECEIVES A VIOLENT BLOW ON THE HEAD FROM THE BUTT OF A GUN.

Well done, Bezendjas!

Yes, but it's pure luck that I am here tonight.

Don't take your eyes off of him! I'm going to phone the chief.

Don't worry!

Mortimer? It's not possible! Good job! Yes, yes, I'm coming. I've got one or two questions for him about the treasure.

He's coming. Let's go down to the cellar.

Wait 'til I get the lantern.

Let's put him on that bed...

Well, that's done. Now let's bind him securely. Where are the ropes?

In the corner down there...

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, MORTIMER, WHO HAS PRETENDED TO BE UNCONSCIOUS...

Yes, there, in front of you.

SUDDENLY GIVES THE LANTERN A MIGHTY KICK, WHICH SENDS IT CRASHING TO THE FLOOR...

CLANG

THE CELLAR IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS. YOUSSEF IMMEDIATELY DRAWS HIS DAGGER AND RUSHES TOWARDS THE BED.

Dog!

BUT QUICK AS LIGHTNING, MORTIMER THROWS HIMSELF TO THE GROUND, AND THE DAGGER PIERCES THE WOOD.

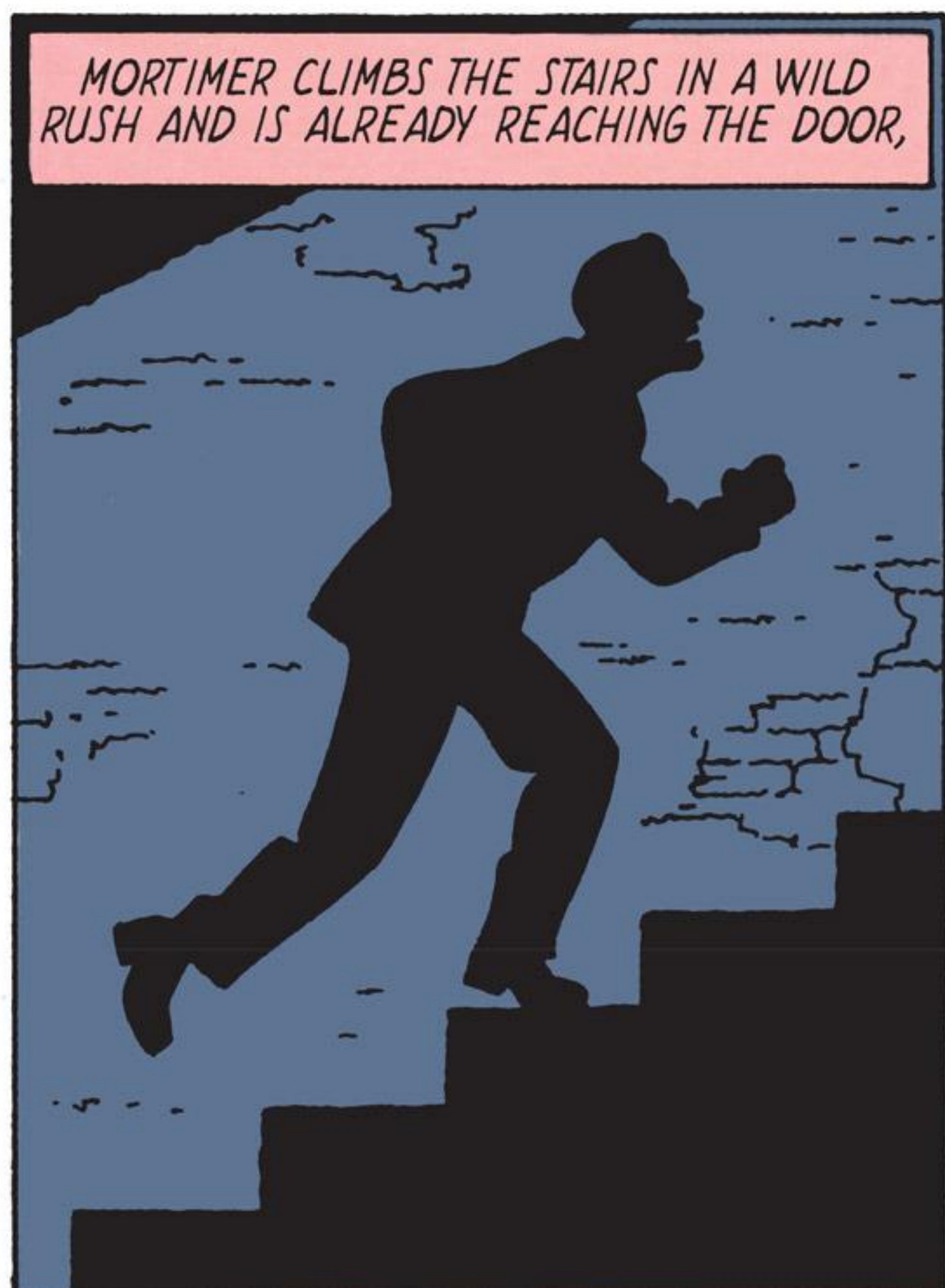
CHUNG

Ya Salam! What's happening?

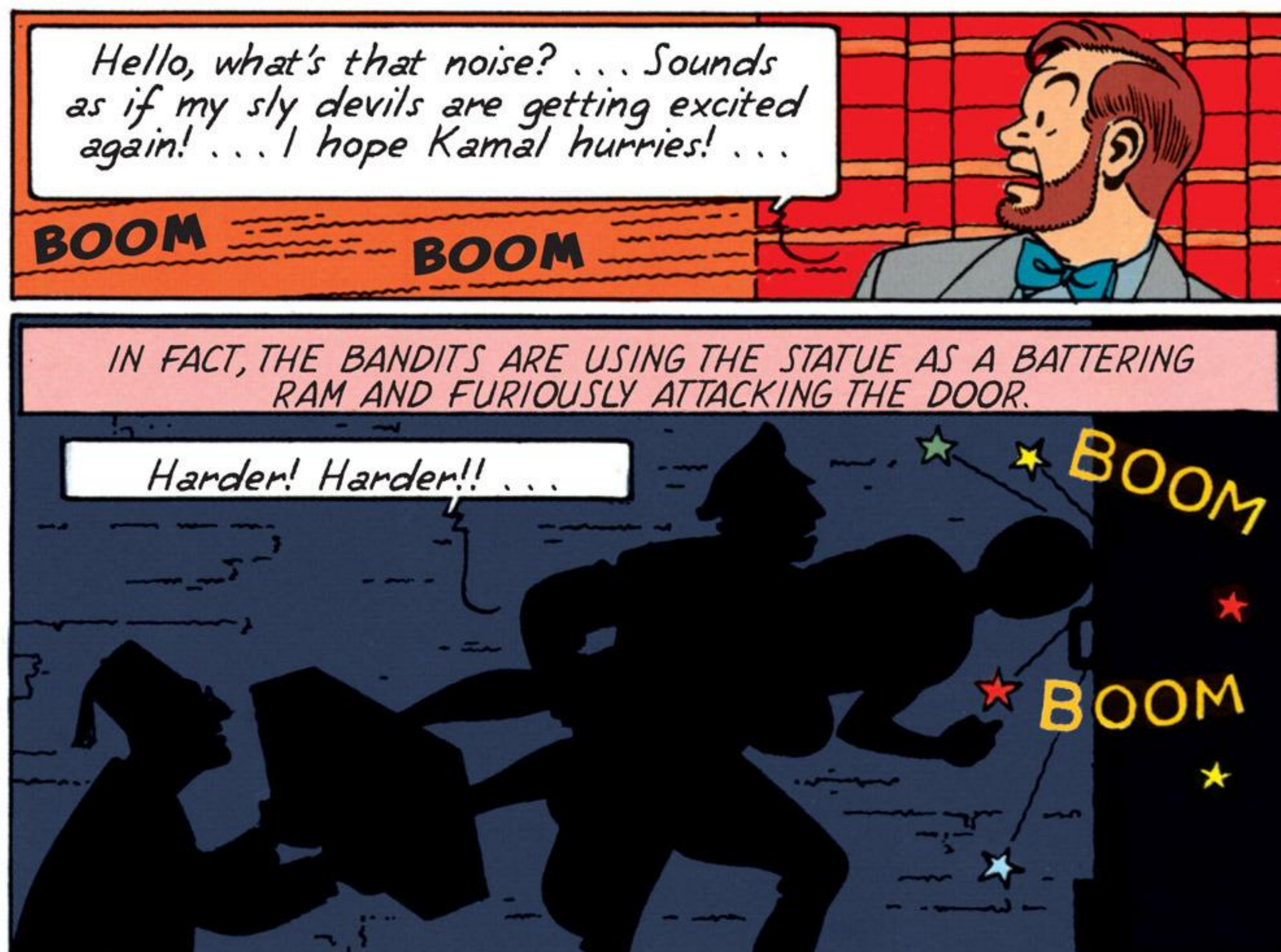
The devil has escaped! Watch out! He's there near the bales!

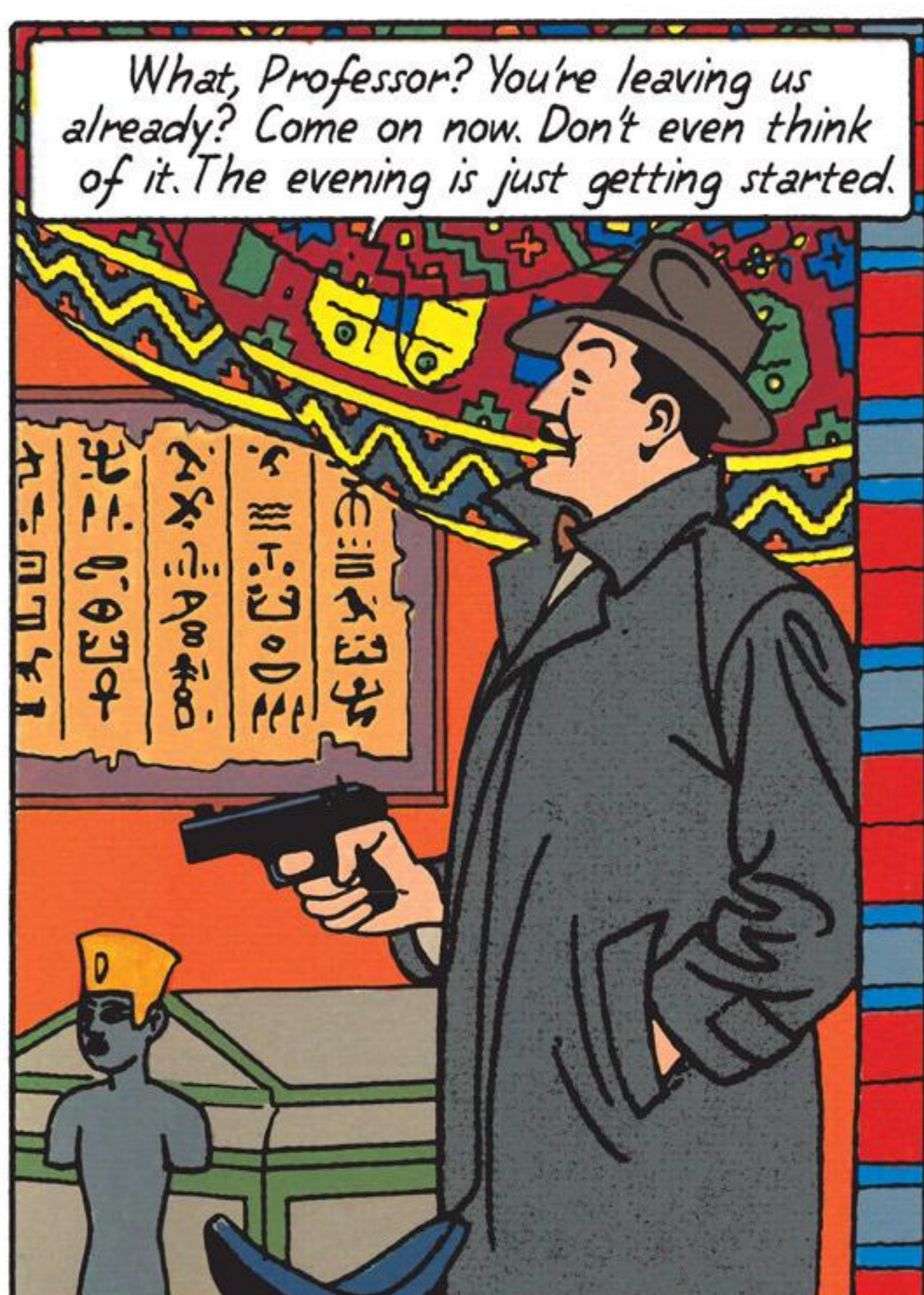
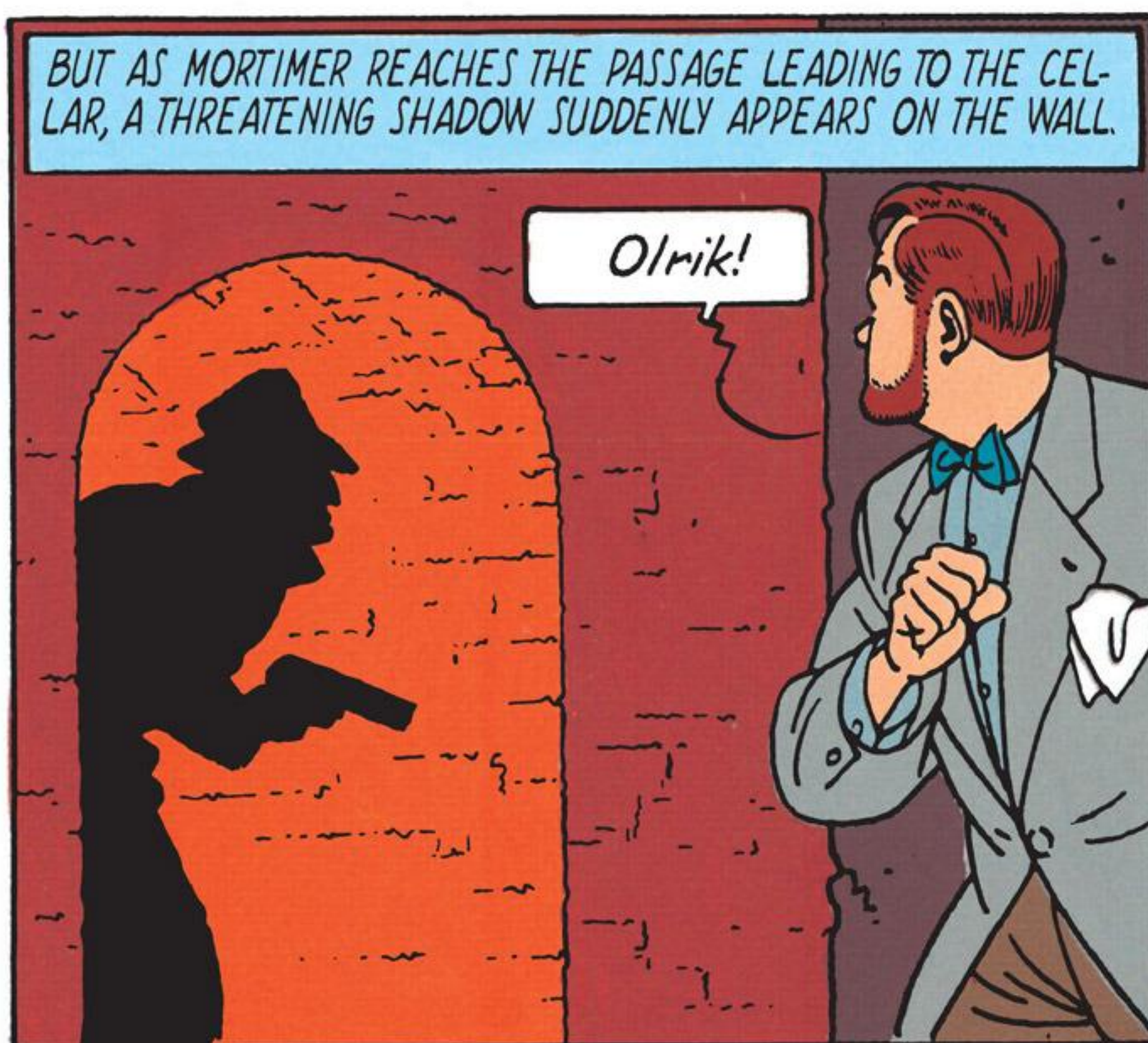
COMPLETELY CONFUSED BY THE SUDDEN ATTACK, THE BEZENDJAS WILDLY OPENS FIRE IN MORTIMER'S DIRECTION.

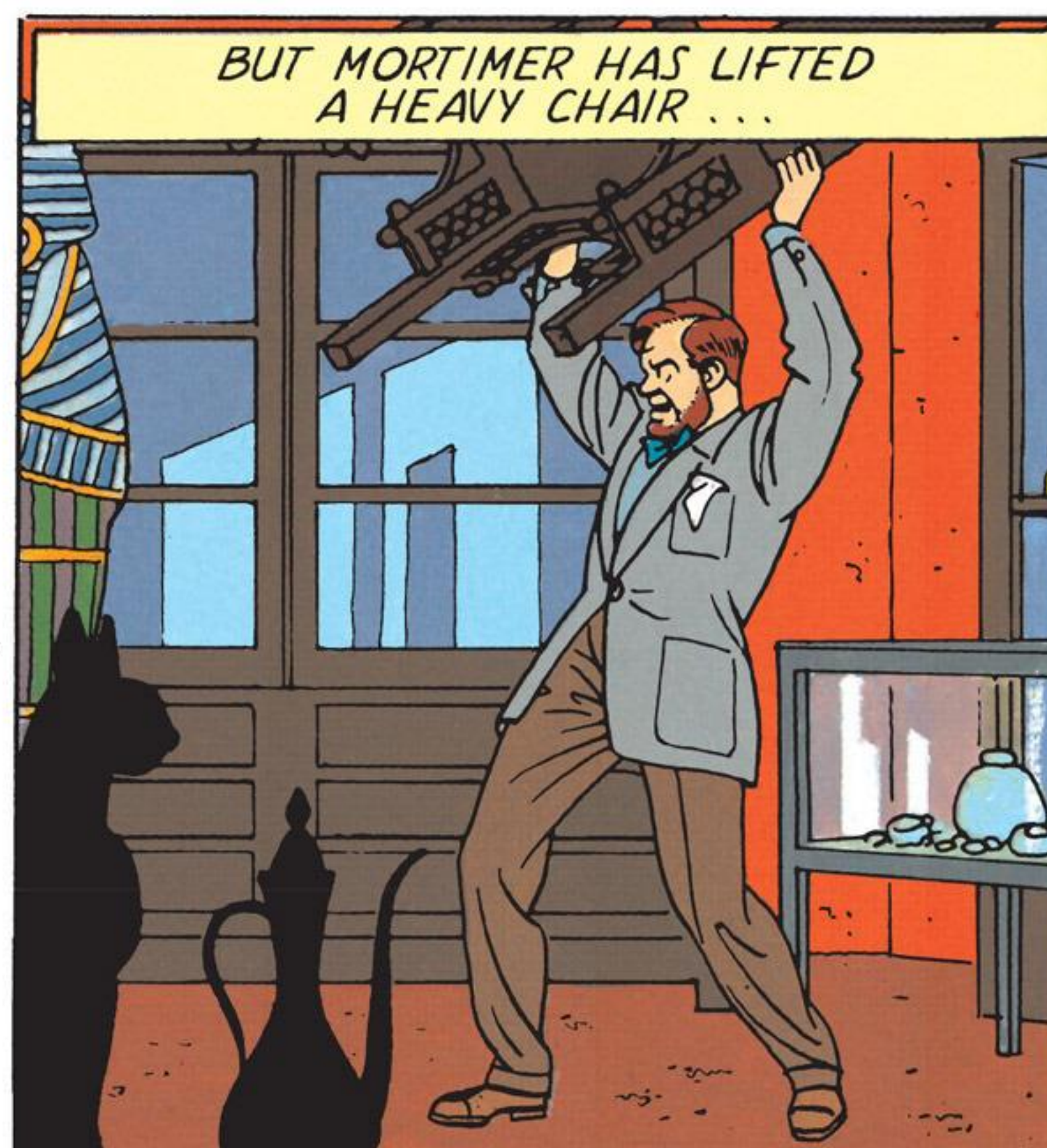
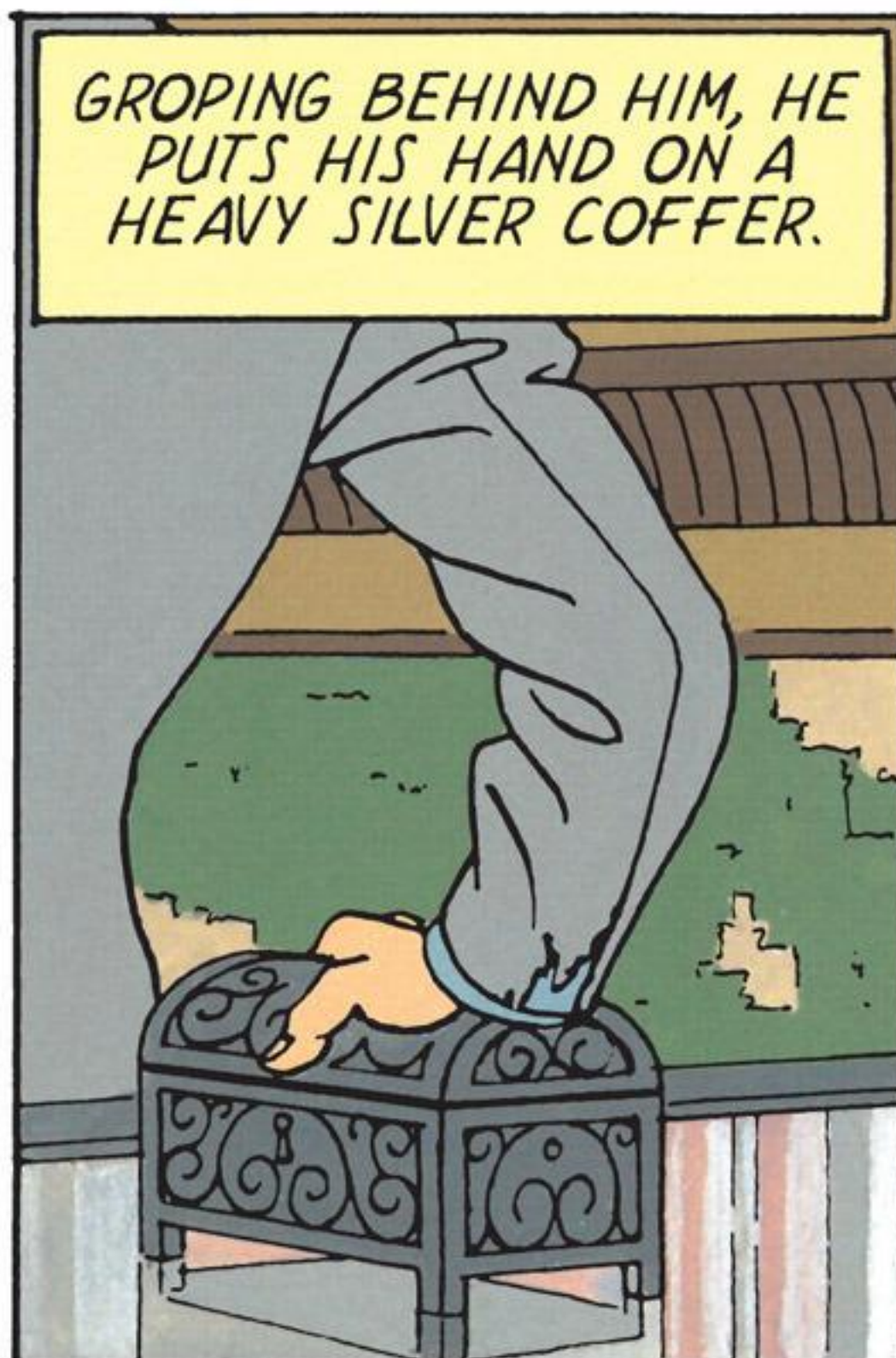
BANG BANG BANG

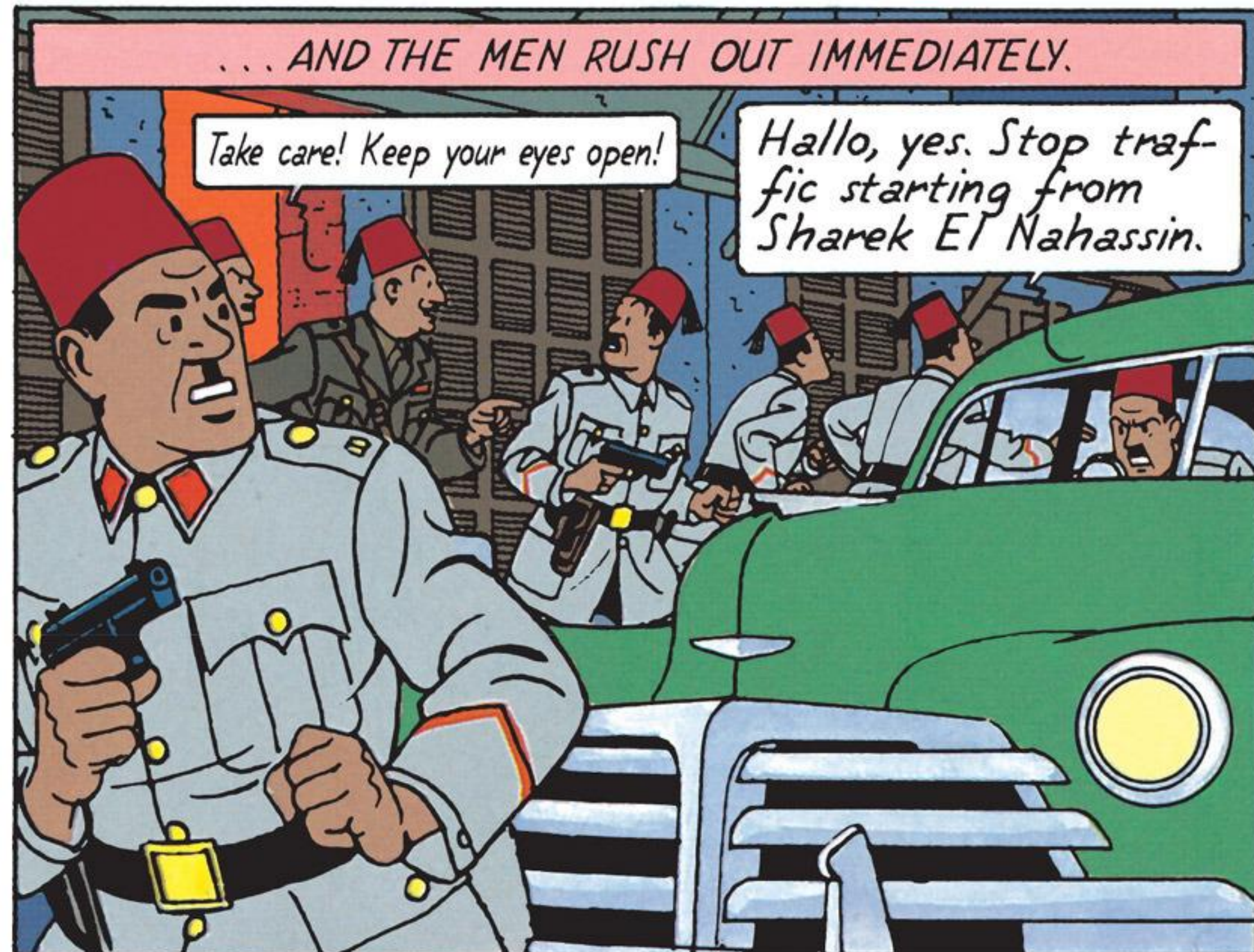
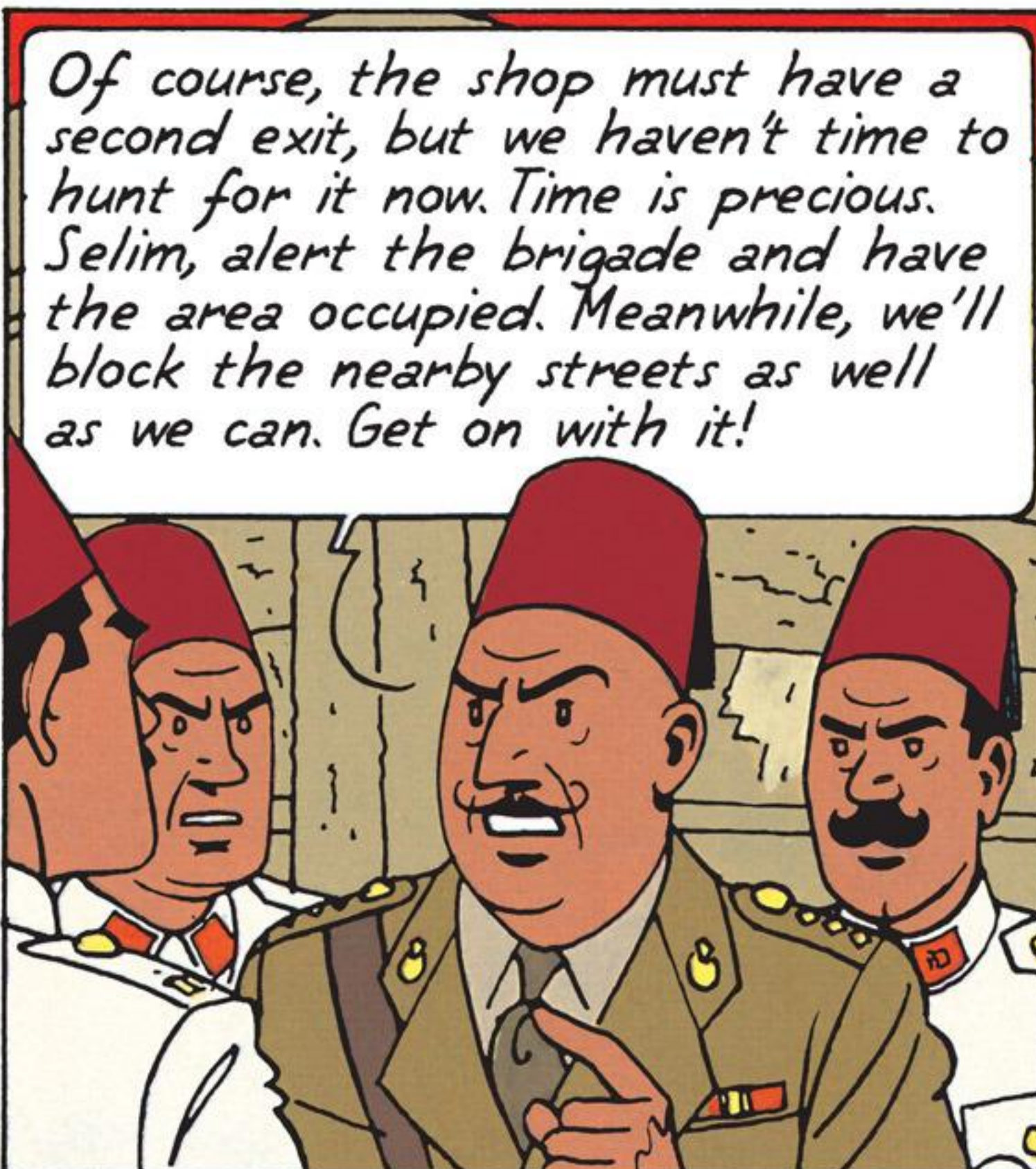
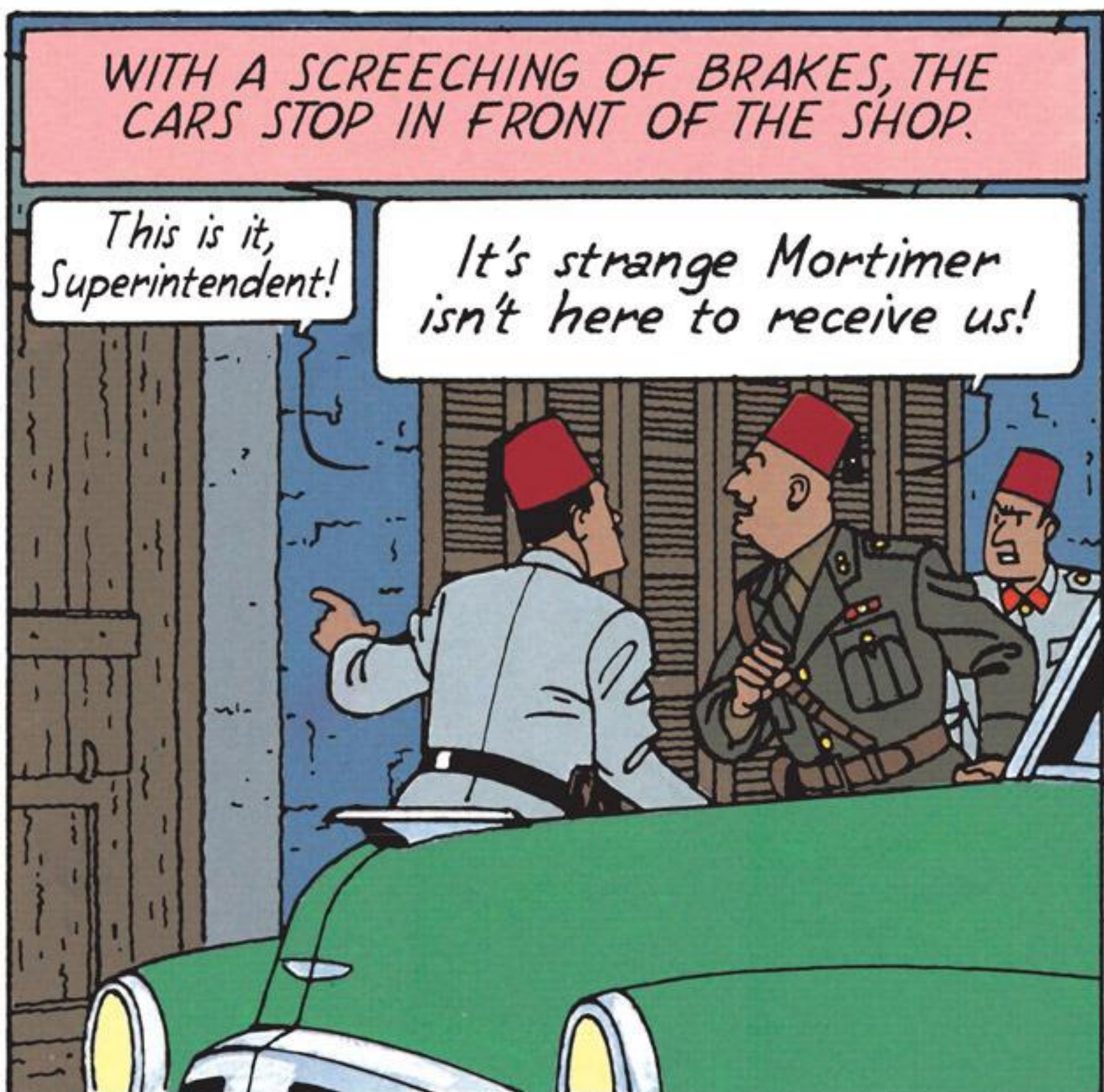


* A FUNERARY STATUE REPRESENTING THE "DOUBLE" OF THE DECEASED









OLRIK AND HIS MEN SOON REACH THE HOUSE IN THE OLD QUARTER THAT SERVES AS A SECOND EXIT.

Hold on. I'll see whether the coast is clear.

He's still there. Perfect.

It's all right. The taxi is waiting at the corner of the side street. Support Mortimer under the arms as though he's drunk. Above all, keep quiet.

Understood, Chief.

Ah, there you are, Khawaga. I was just wondering...

Yes, I was held up by a friend who's had one glass too many. He's coming now.

Say, your friend has really overdone it...

He's hopeless... He's in for another row when he gets home!

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, KAMAL AND TWO OF HIS MEN ARE RUSHING UP.

Now, look down there. That group looks very suspicious to me.

Stop!

Quick! Shove him in the car! I'll take care of them.

?

Hey, what's the matter with you? I don't want any trouble with the...

Mind your own business, you!

OLRIK OPENS FIRE ON THE NEWCOMERS.

BANG BANG

THE POLICE RETURN FIRE IMMEDIATELY, AND BULLETS START TO RICOCHET AROUND THE VEHICLE. SUDDENLY...

BANG BANG

RAT TAT TAT

... ONE OF THEM FATALLY STRIKES YOUSSEF ...

Ah!

Chief, what do I do with Mortimer?

Too bad! Leave him there and let's get away.

UNDER A HAIL OF BULLETS, THE TAXI SPEEDS TOWARDS THE END OF THE STREET NOT BLOCKED BY THE POLICE.

WHILE THESE EXCITING EVENTS TAKE PLACE AT YOUSSEF KHADEM'S ANTIQUES SHOP, THE BLACK LINCOLN IS TRAVELLING AT HIGH SPEED ON GIZA ROAD ...



... WITH THE BUILDING MANAGER SHARKEY AND ABDUL THE ASSISTANT.

So, it's well understood: As soon as point Gamma is reached, the location of the gallery will be S.S.W.

No problem, Sonny. Rely on me. But here's the bus stop. I'll put you down here. It's wiser.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, SHARKEY STARTS OFF IN THE DIRECTION ...

Ah, here's my bus.



... OF THE KHIDEIWI ISMAIL BRIDGE, AT THE ENTRANCE TO WHICH TWO STREET POLICEMEN ARE ON WATCH.



We've been on duty since 8 o'clock and we've already checked 17 black Lincolns. By Allah, I wouldn't have thought there were so many.

Yes, it's fortunate that the Inspector was able to get the number of the car during the pursuit, without which ...



Hey, here's yet another one.

Yes, indeed.



Stop!



Your papers, please.

Here you are.



BUT WHILE THE POLICE ARE CHECKING THE DOCUMENTS, THE GIZA-CAIRO BUS COMES UP ...



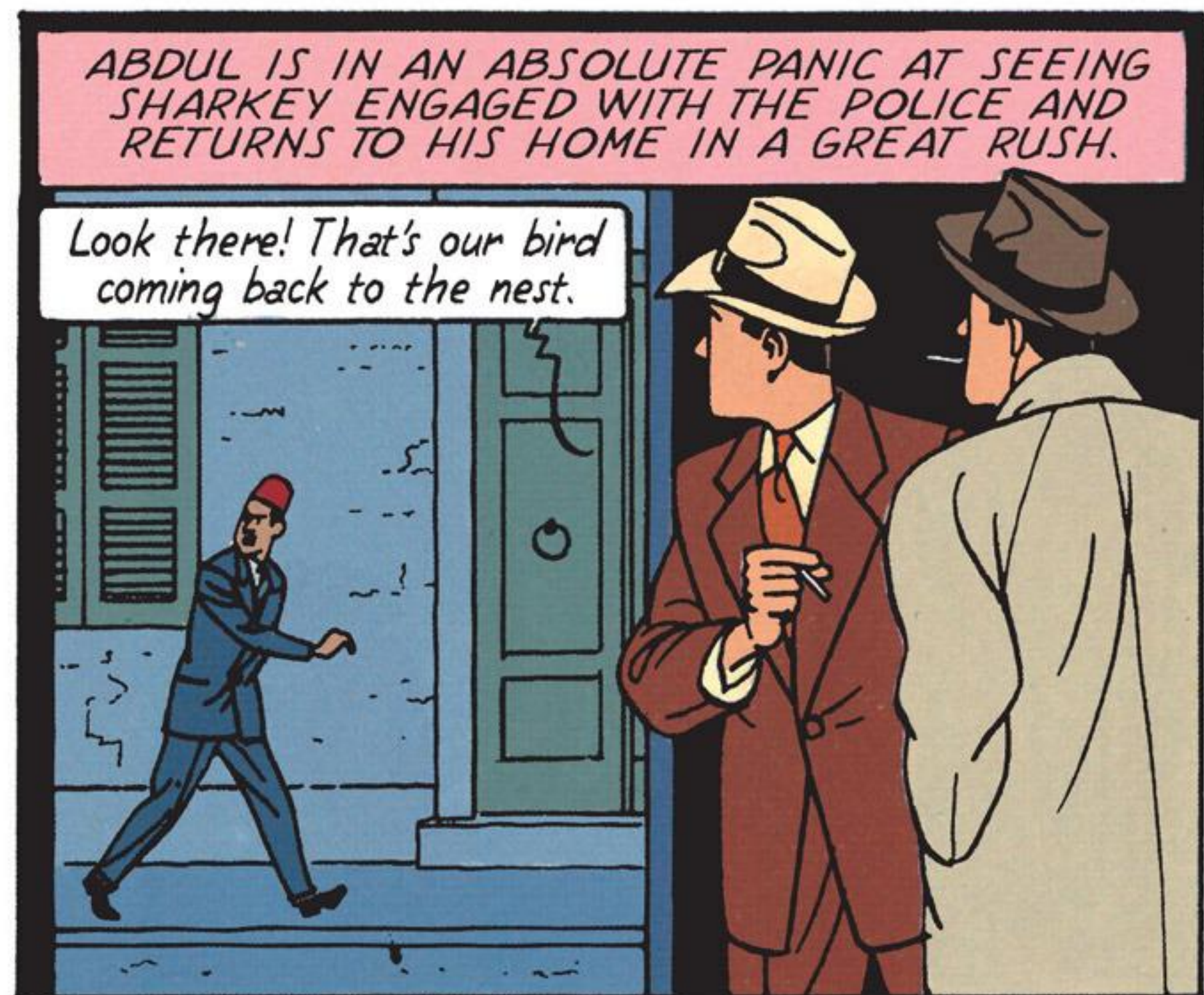
... IN WHICH ABDUL IS SEATED.

Ha, ha! Another driver being stopped.



ABDUL IS IN AN ABSOLUTE PANIC AT SEEING SHARKEY ENGAGED WITH THE POLICE AND RETURNS TO HIS HOME IN A GREAT RUSH.

Look there! That's our bird coming back to the nest.



There's not a moment to lose! I must alert the Chief by method "K."



MEANWHILE, IN YOUSSEF KHADEM'S SHOP, WHERE THE POLICE ARE MAKING A ROUTINE SEARCH, MORTIMER FINISHES RECITING HIS EXPERIENCES.

In short, without your energetic and speedy action, I daren't imagine where I would be at this moment.

The fact is that ...



BUT THE RINGING OF THE TELEPHONE SUDDENLY INTERRUPTS THE SUPERINTENDENT.

DRING
DRING
DRING





Hallo!



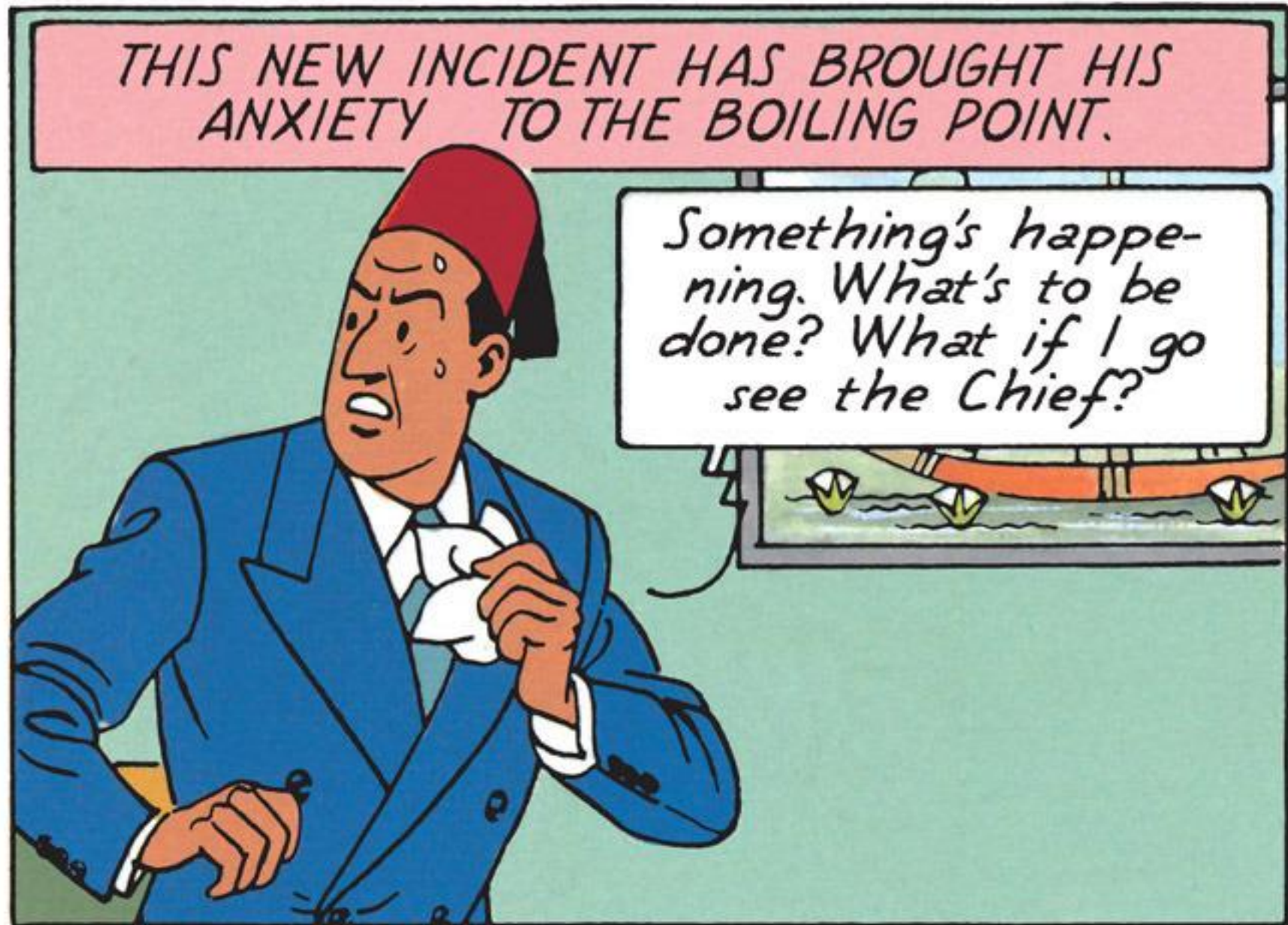
Hallo! That you, Youssef?



Er, yes ...

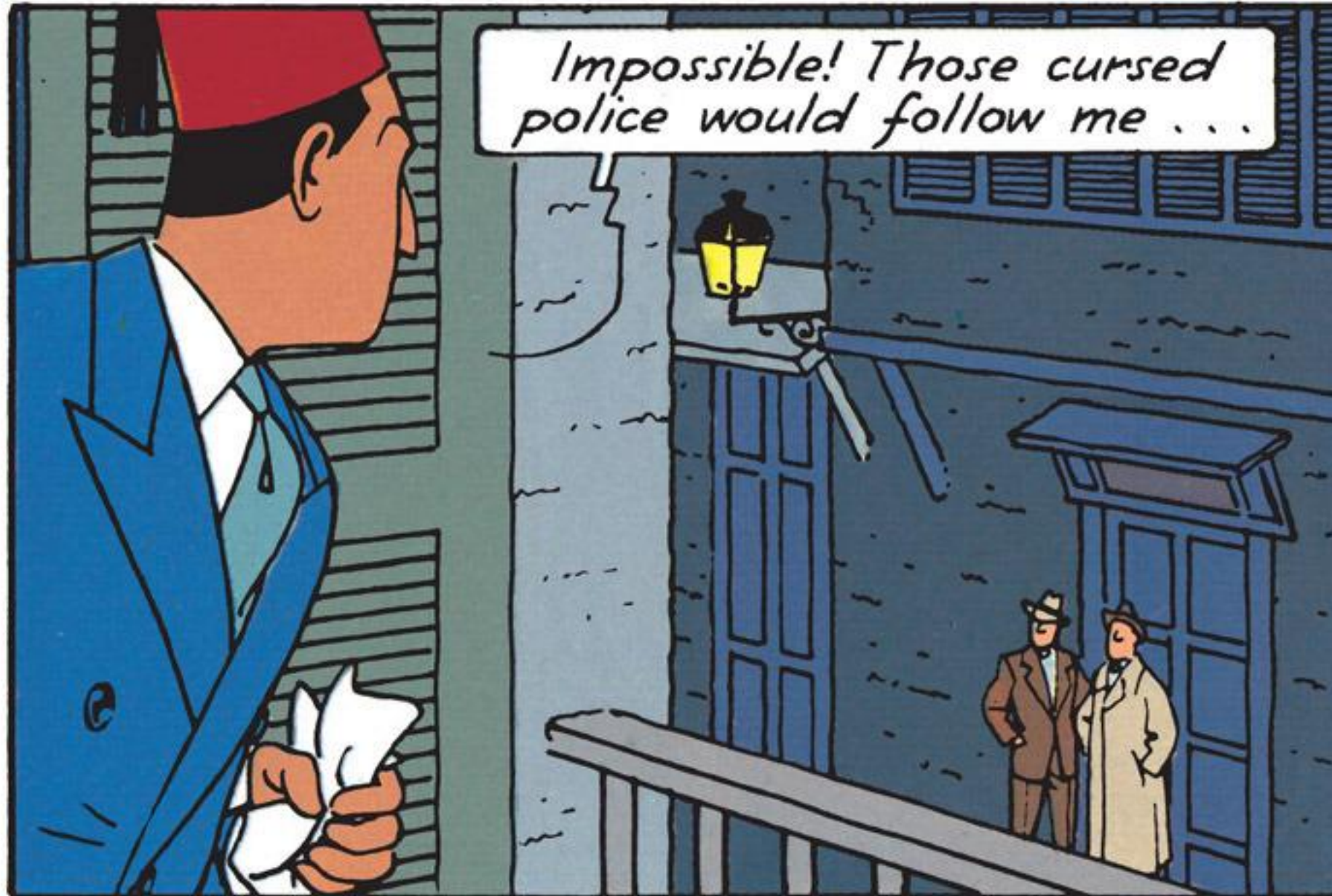


Ya Salam! That's not Youssef's voice! ...



THIS NEW INCIDENT HAS BROUGHT HIS ANXIETY TO THE BOILING POINT.

Something's happening. What's to be done? What if I go see the Chief?

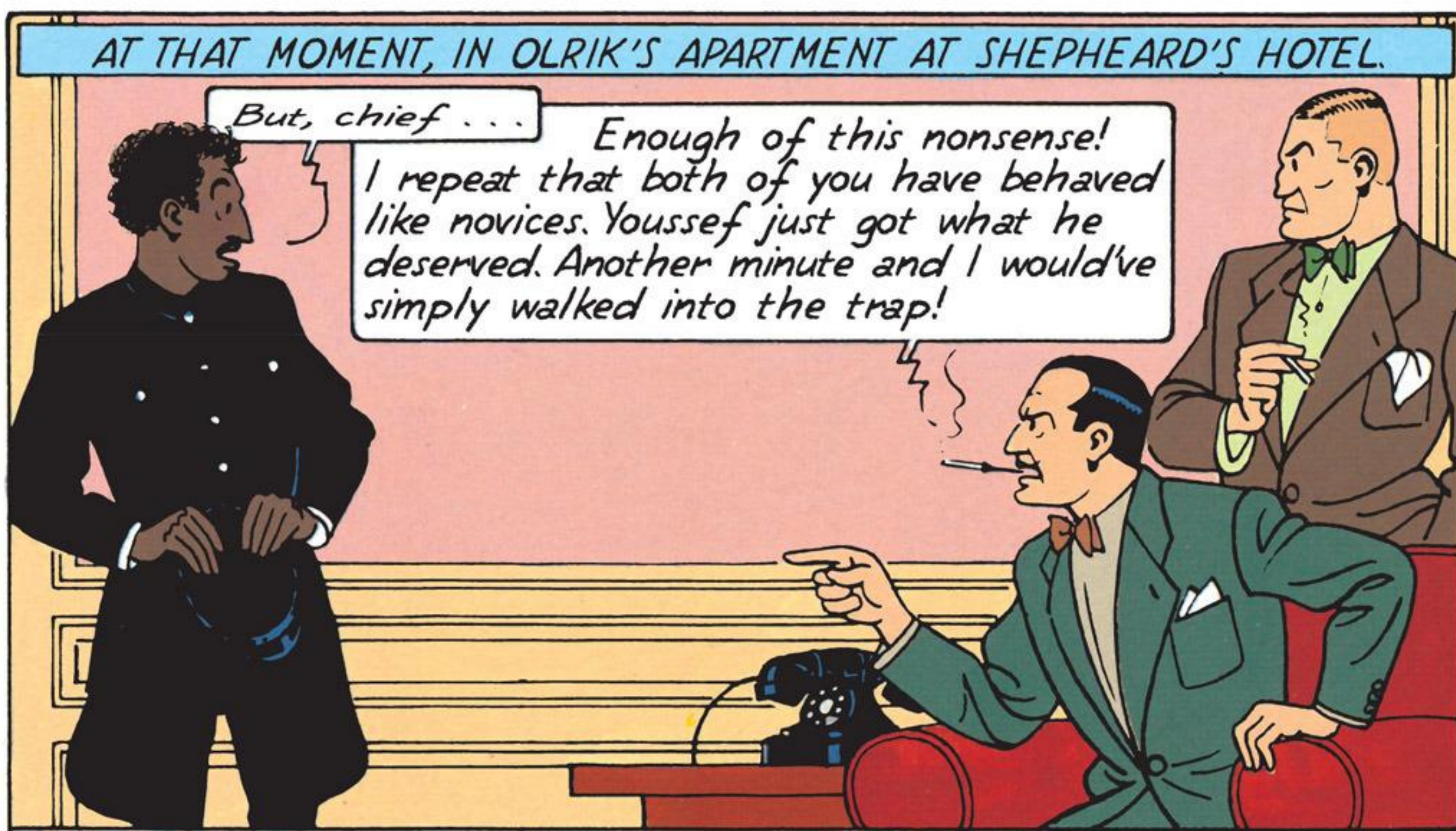


Impossible! Those cursed police would follow me ...



AFTER A BRIEF HESITATION, ABDUL TAKES A SUDDEN DECISION AND RUSHES TO THE TELEPHONE.

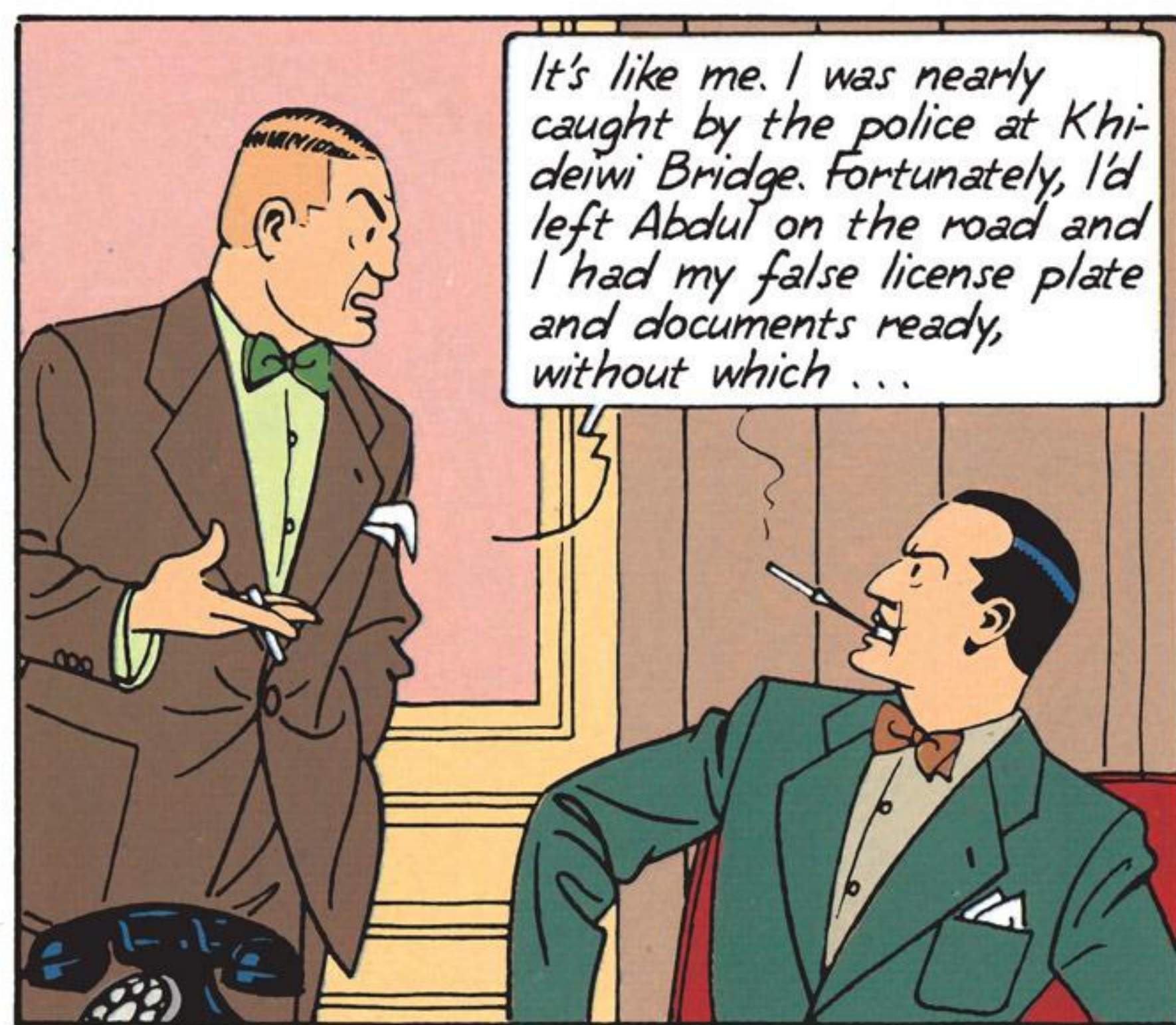
Oh, I can't stand it any longer! Too bad about the orders! I'll phone him!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN OLRİK'S APARTMENT AT SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL.

But, chief ...

Enough of this nonsense! I repeat that both of you have behaved like novices. Youssef just got what he deserved. Another minute and I would've simply walked into the trap!



It's like me. I was nearly caught by the police at Khidiwi Bridge. Fortunately, I'd left Abdul on the road and I had my false license plate and documents ready, without which ...



BUT ALL AT ONCE, THE TELEPHONE RINGS ...

DRRRING
DRRRING
DRRRING



Hallo! What? Who?!



It's Abdul!!!



Pass it to me ... quick!



No! ... Mister, there's some mistake! A mistake, do you understand!?!



What now! ...

The dog. Phoning here against my orders when the line is tapped! He must have gone completely mad!



All that's left for us is to clear out fast. Razul, go and look for the car! Park it nearby and let me know immediately! In the meantime, Sharkey and I have work to do. We mustn't leave anything behind.

Very well, Chief.



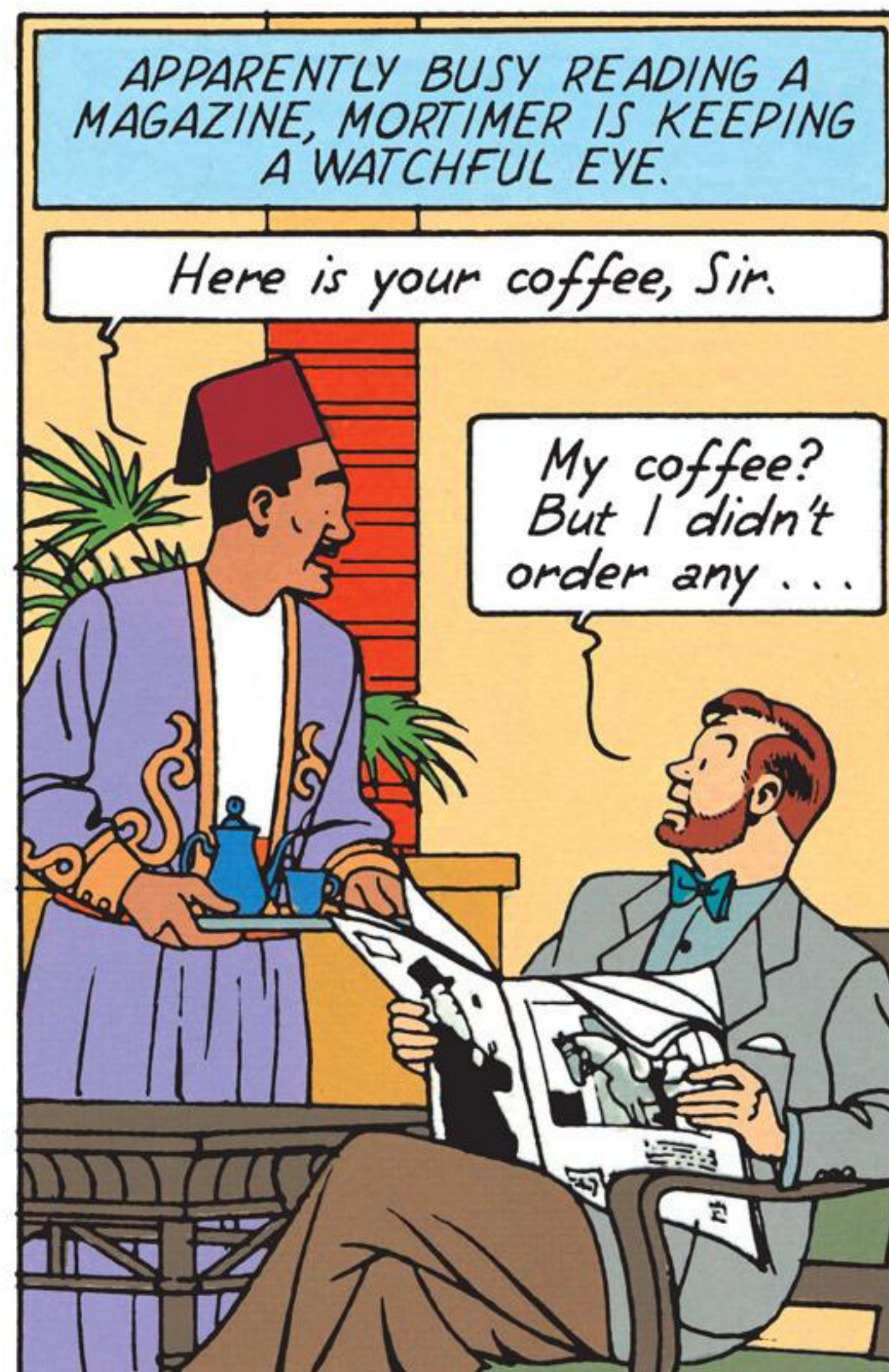
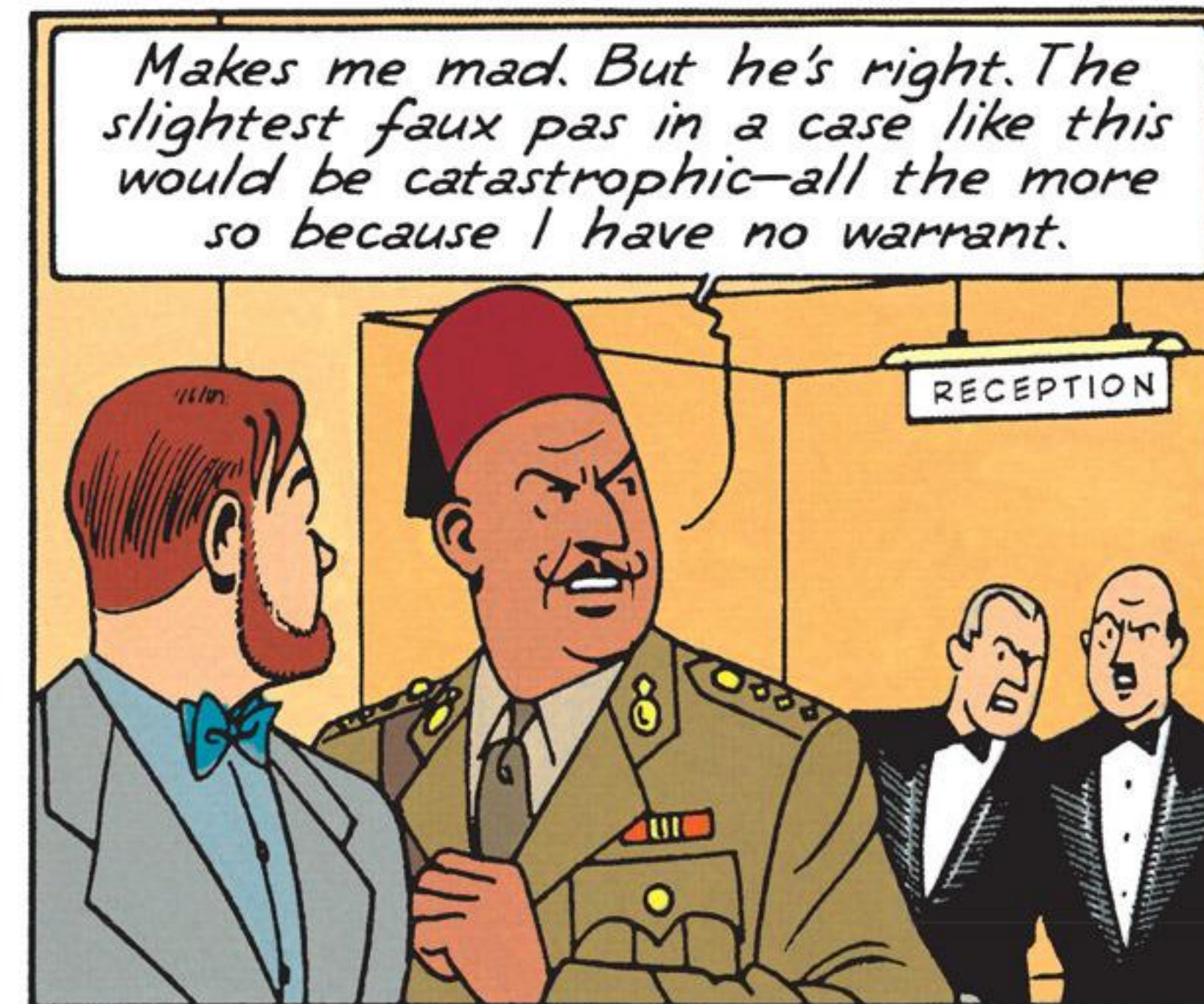
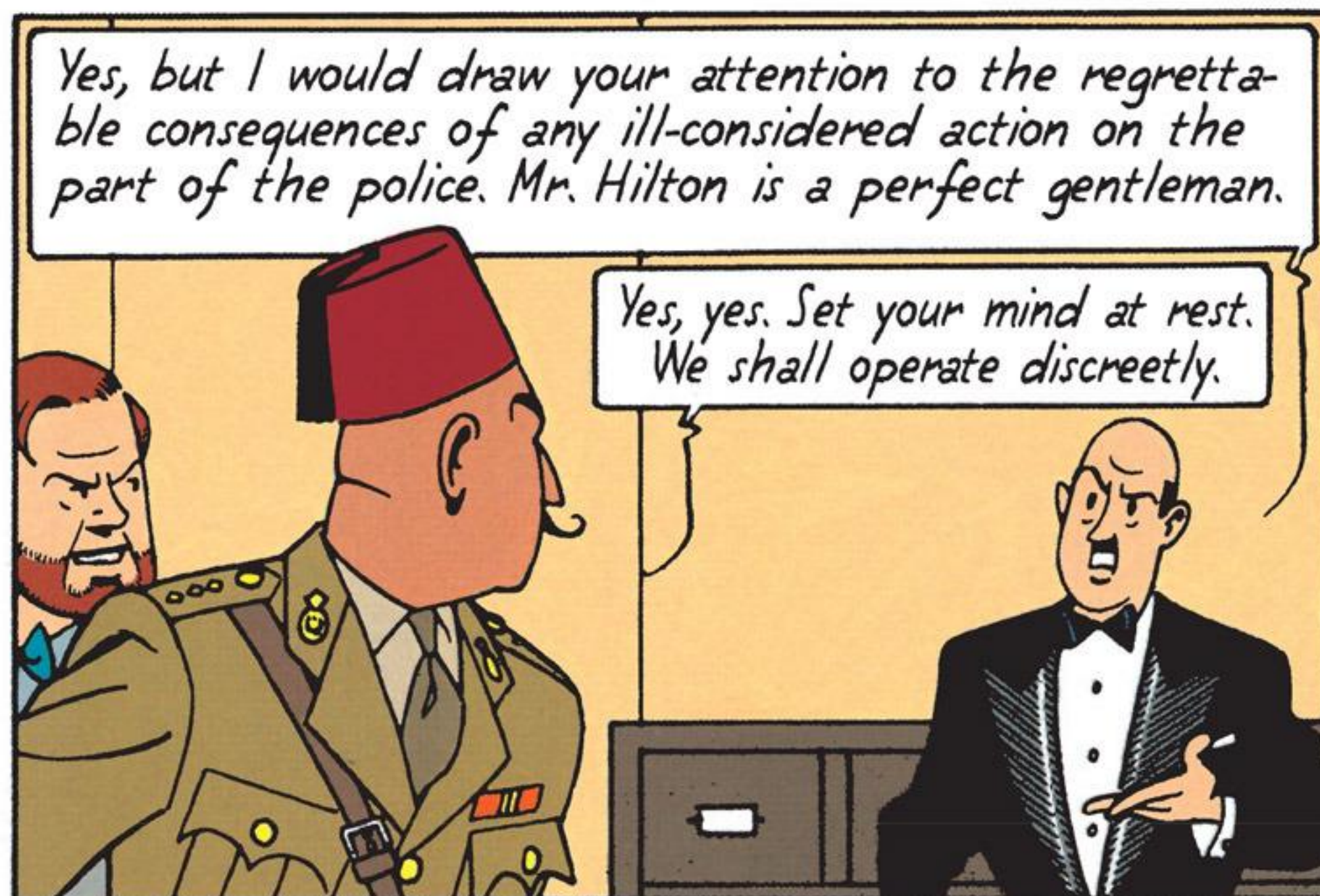
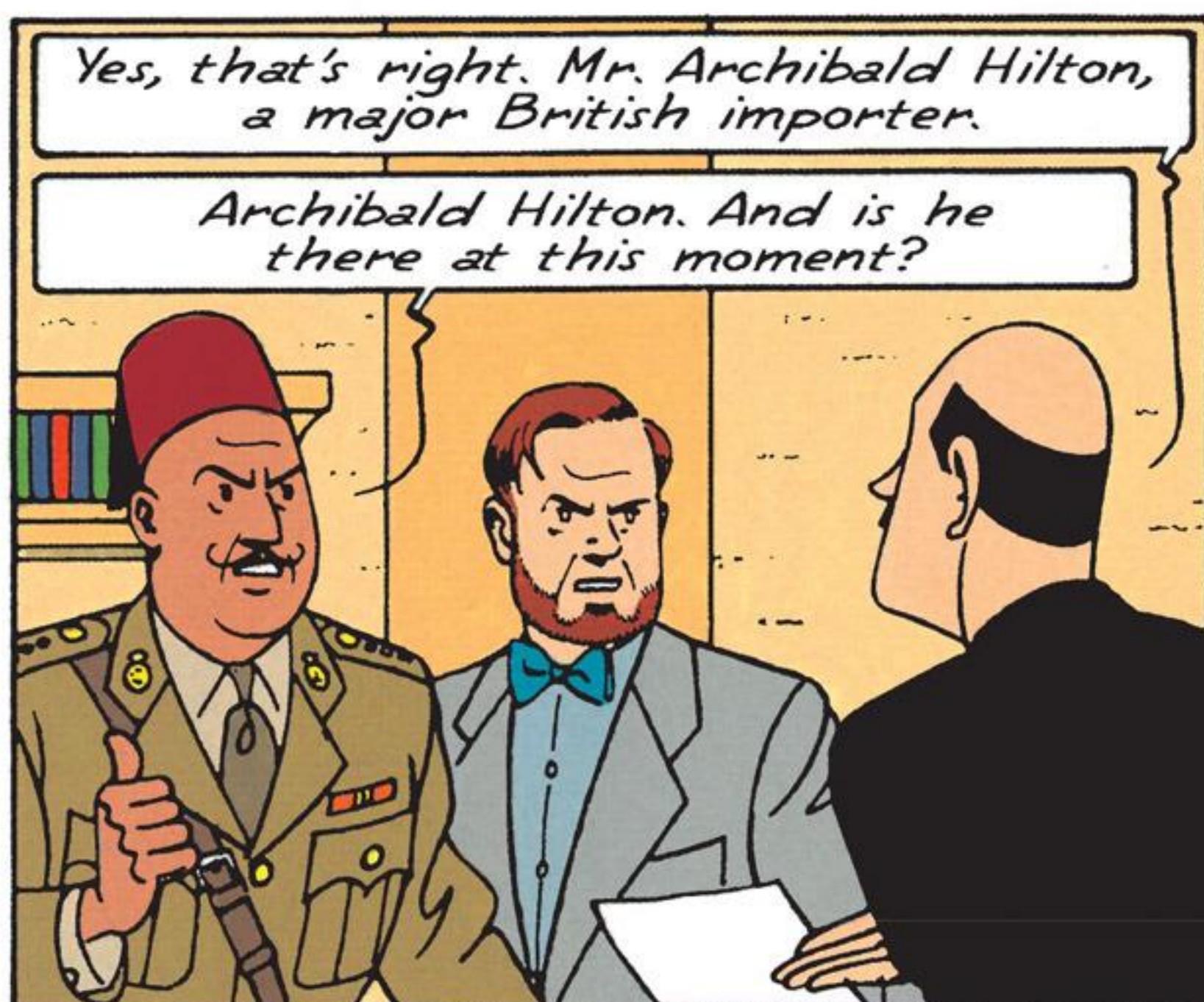
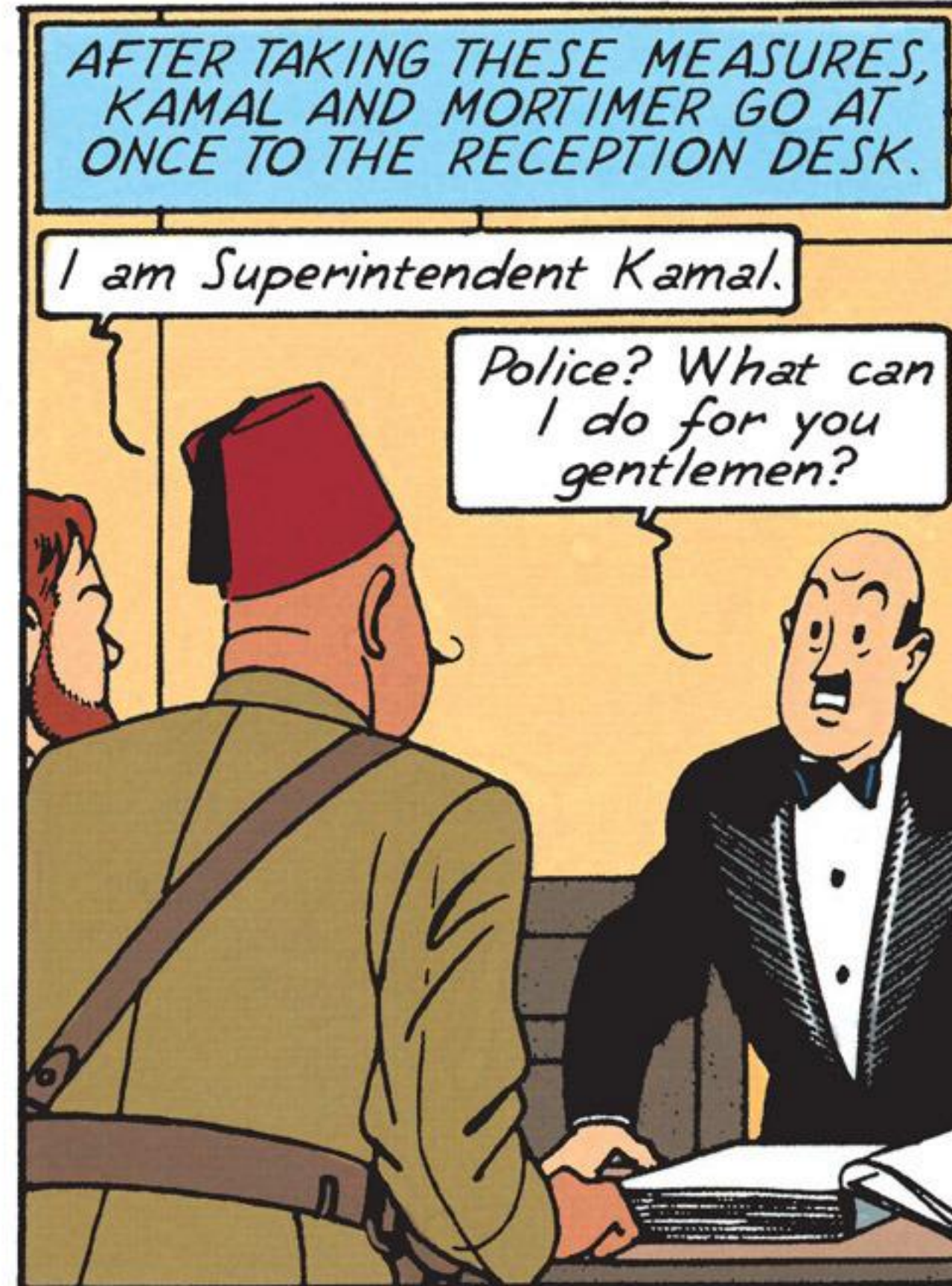
MEANWHILE, AT THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

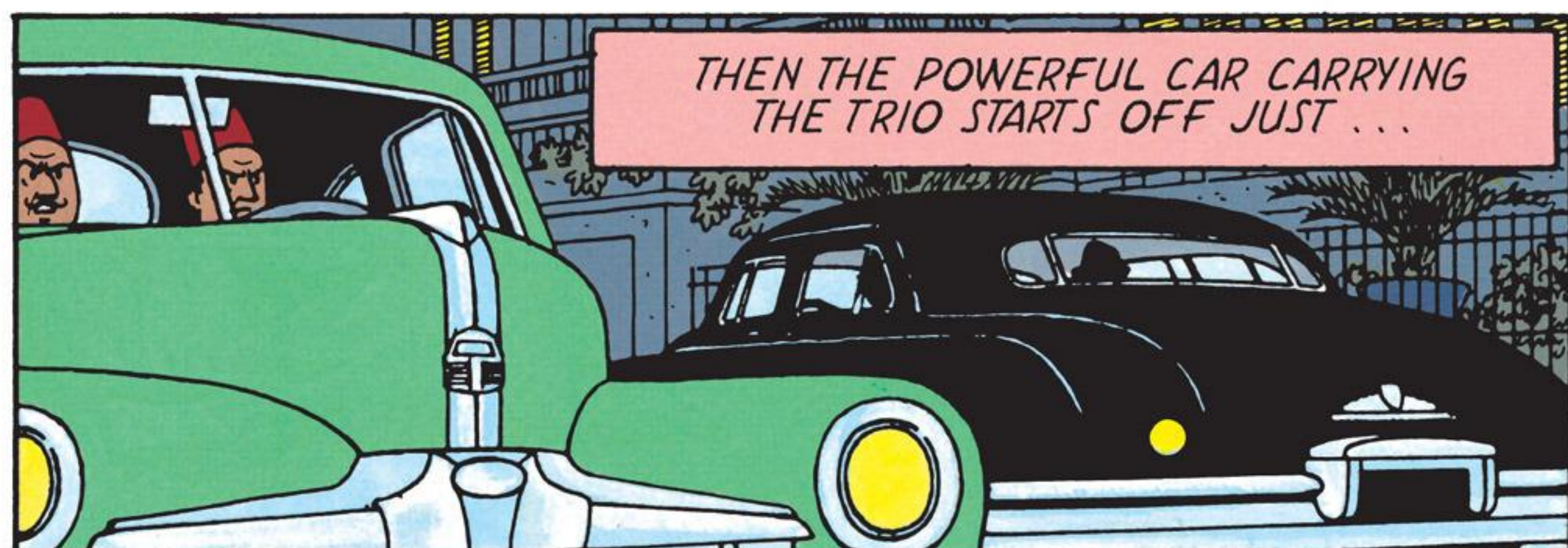
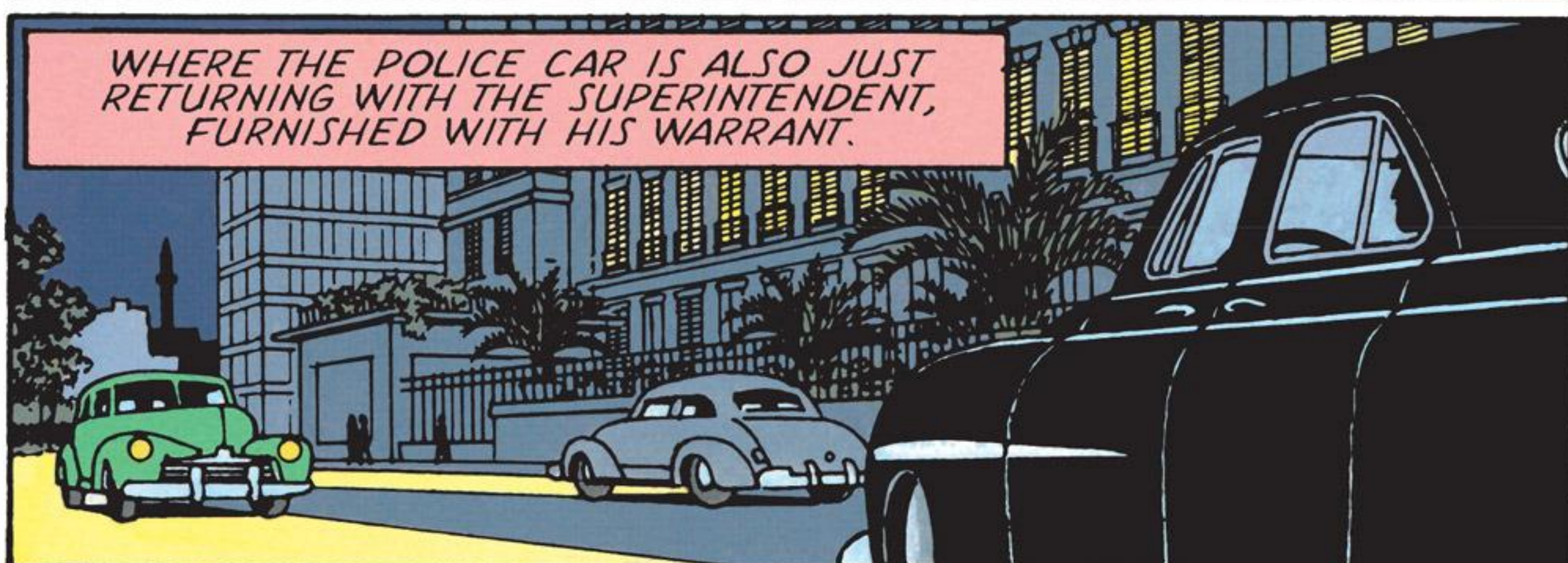
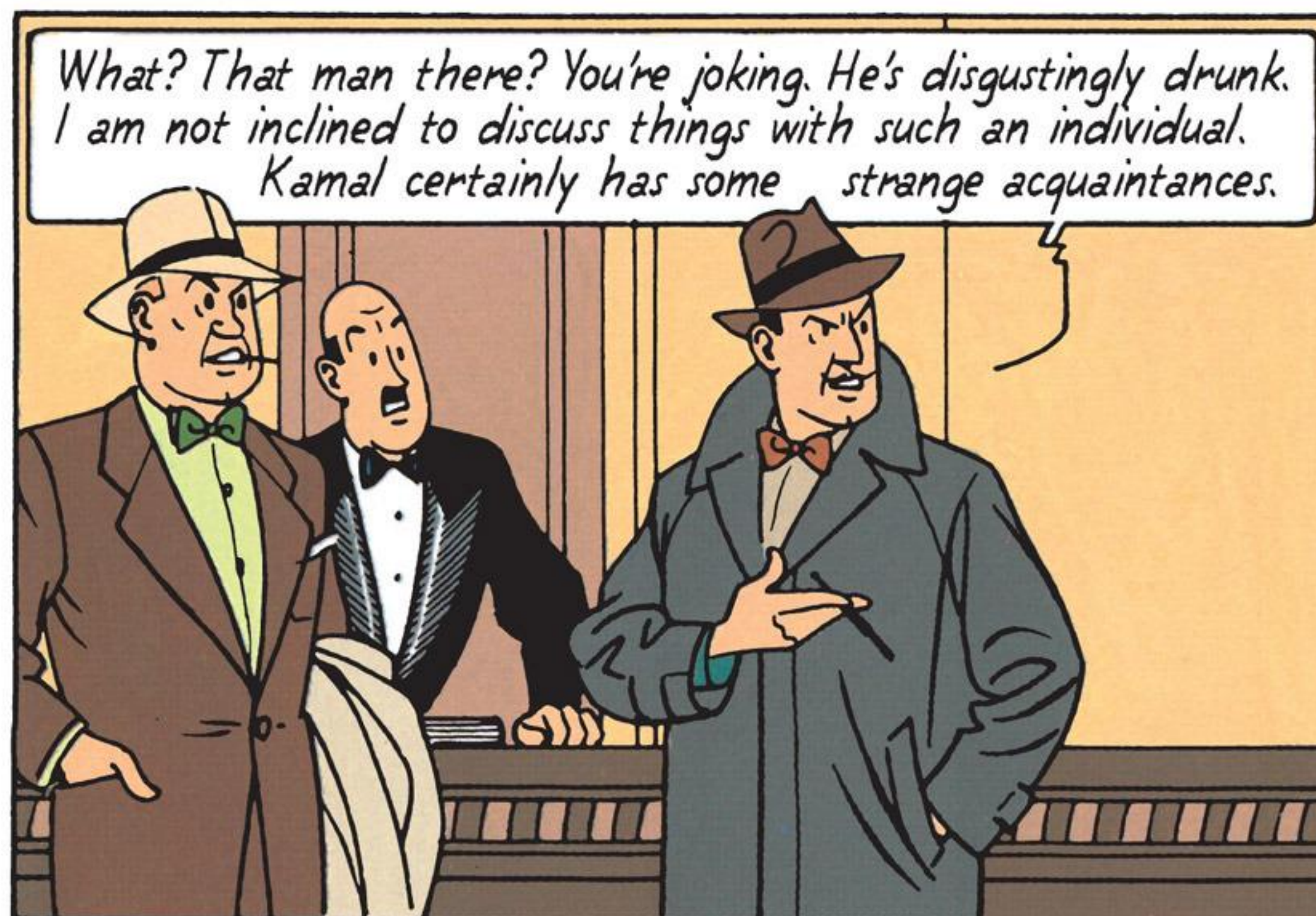
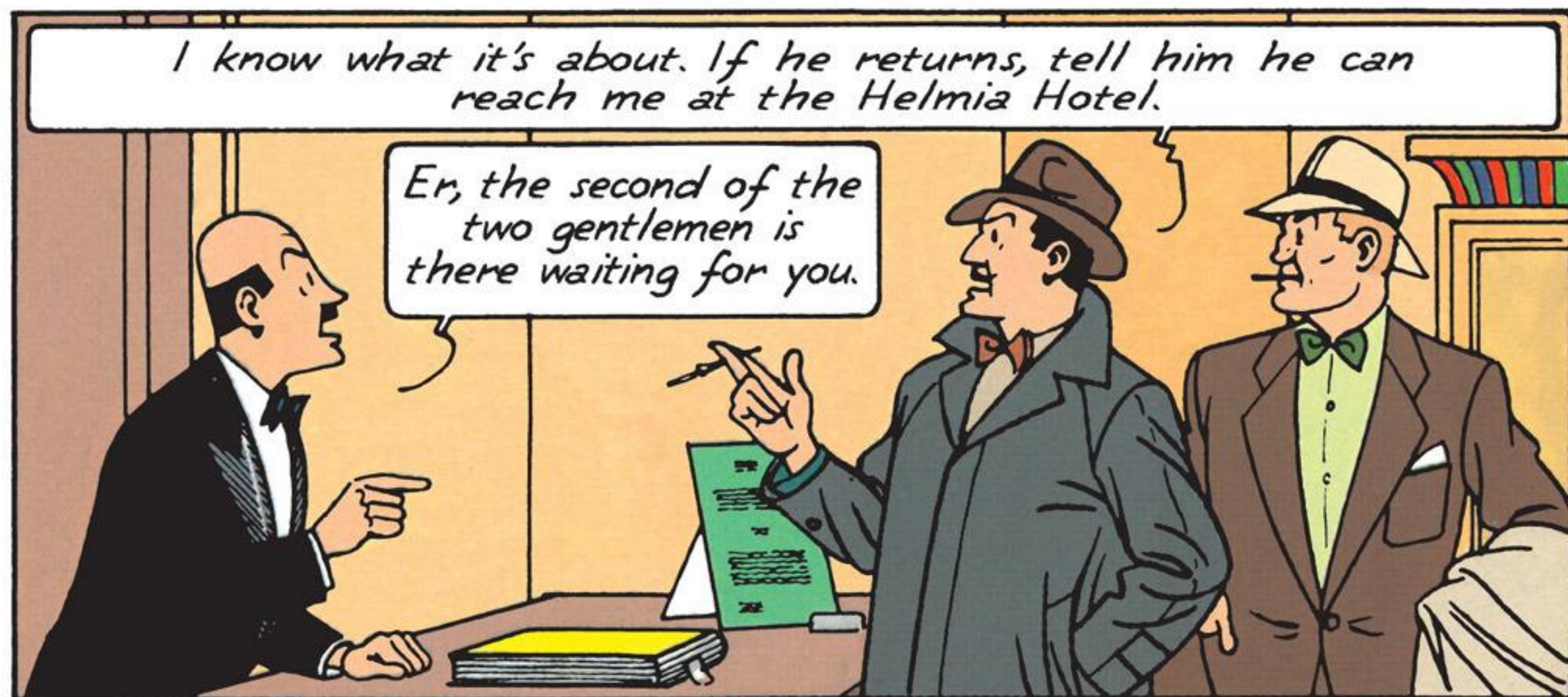
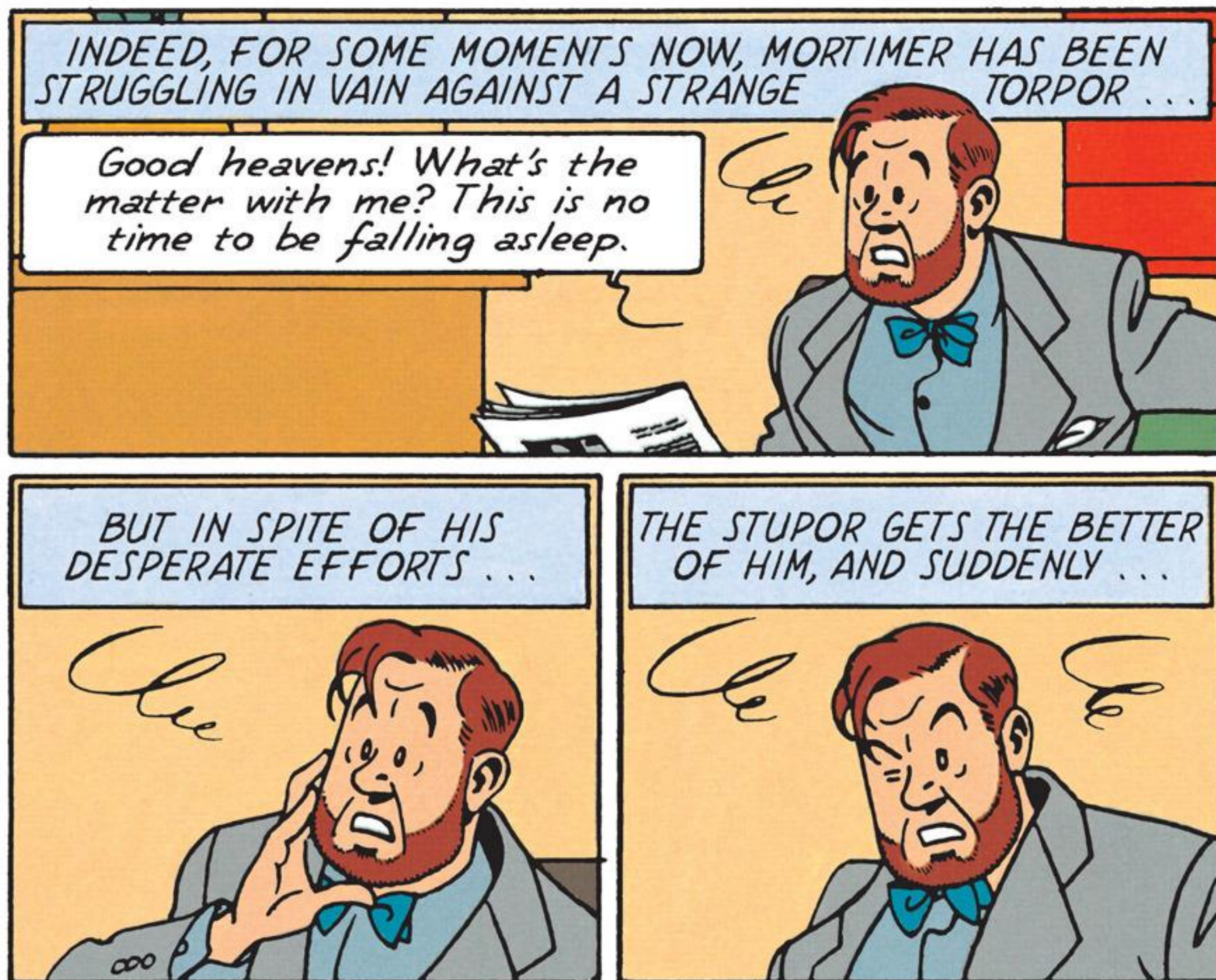
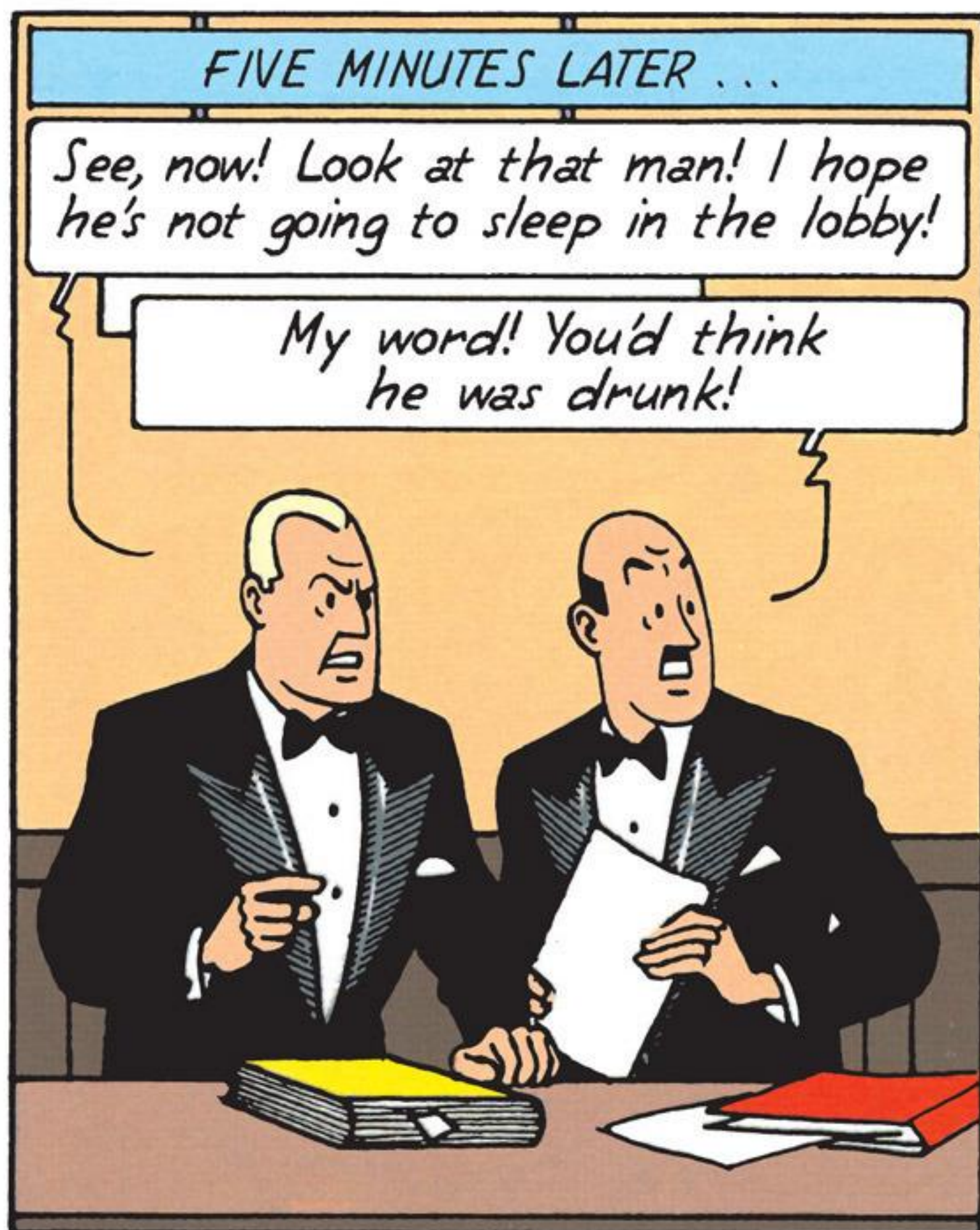
Hallo, Superintendent! The phone call that was received at Youssef Khadem's, the antiques dealer, came from the apartment of Abdul Ben Zaim. And now word has come through of a call by Abdul to apartment 77, Shephard's Hotel, where the reply was given that he had made a mistake.

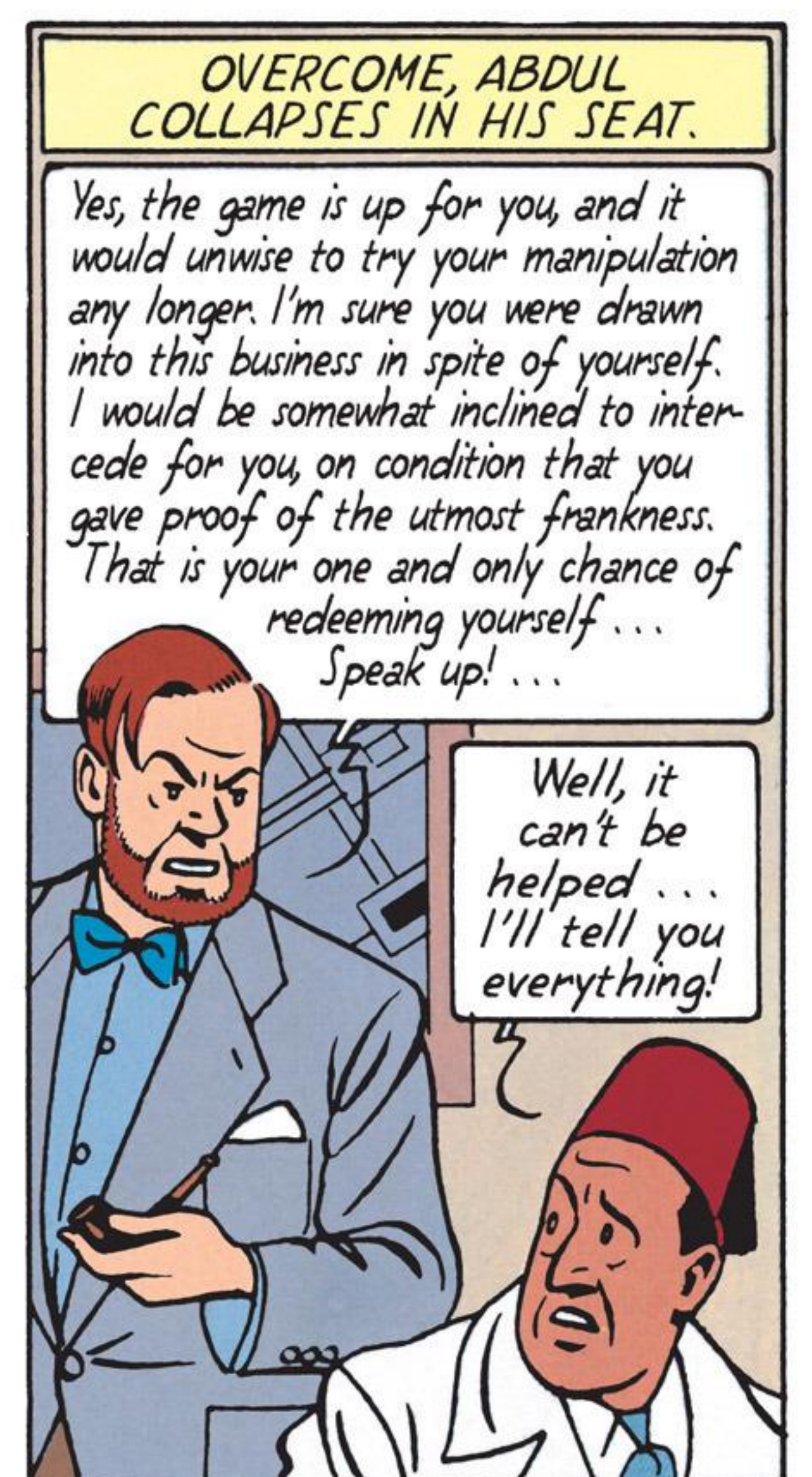
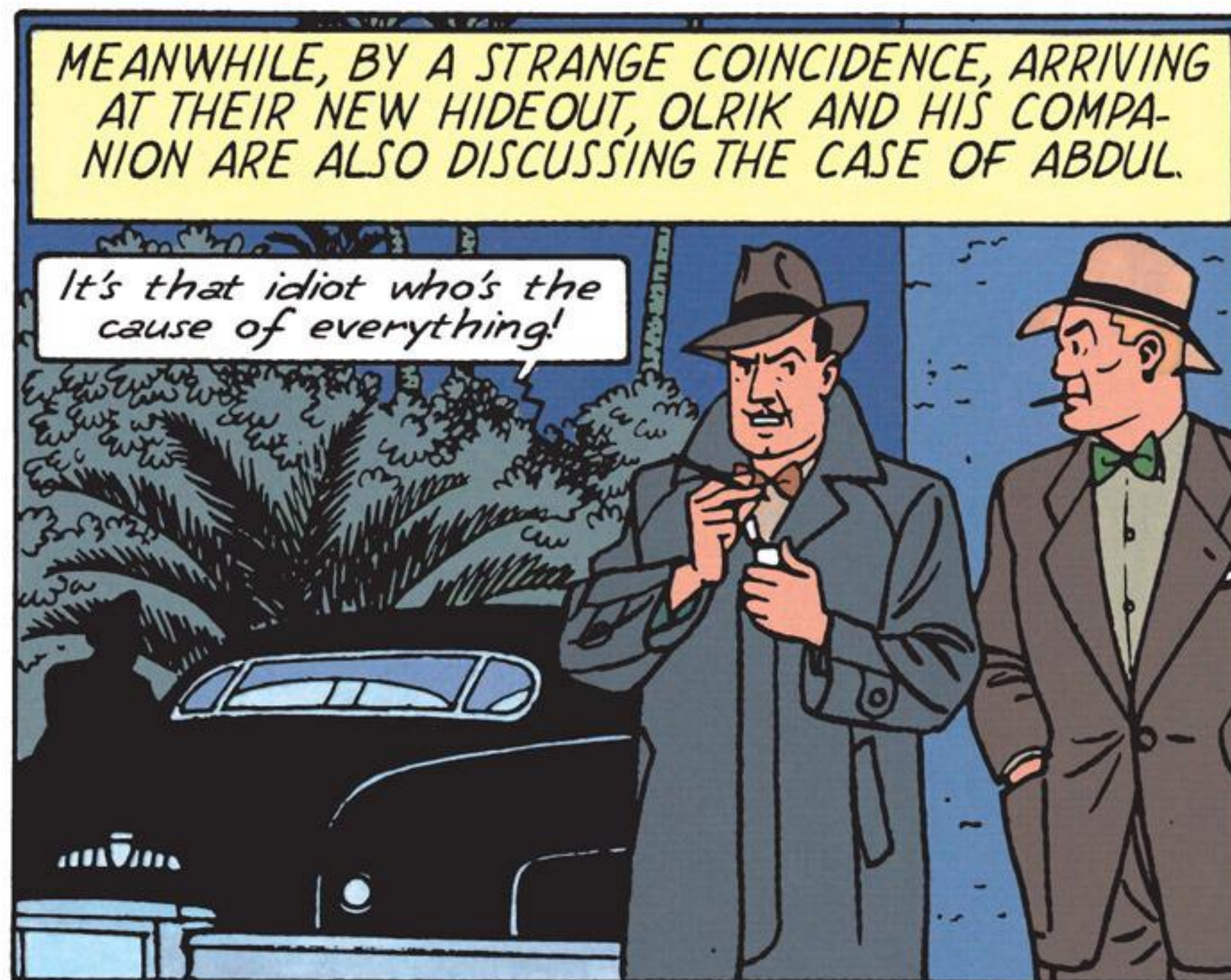
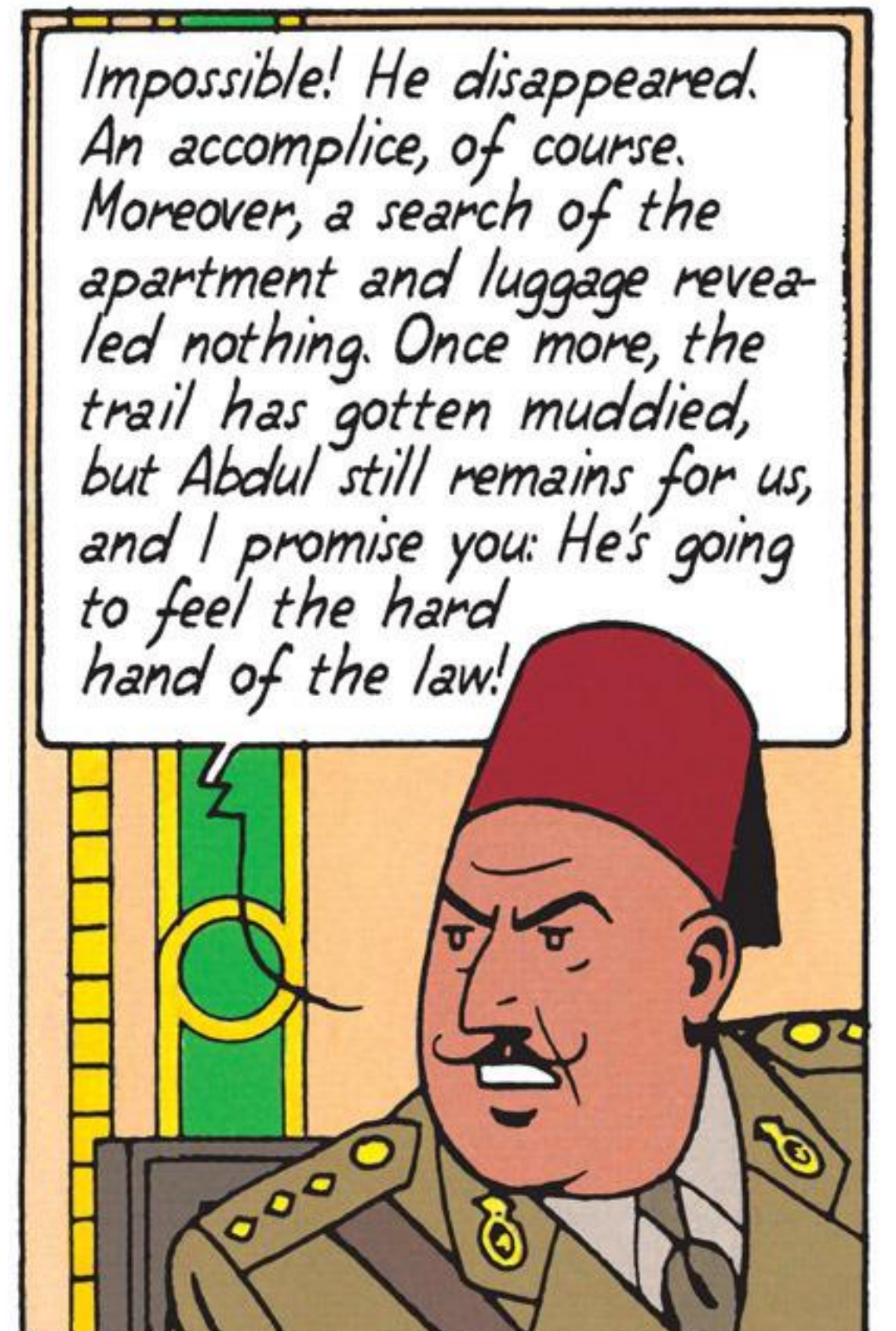
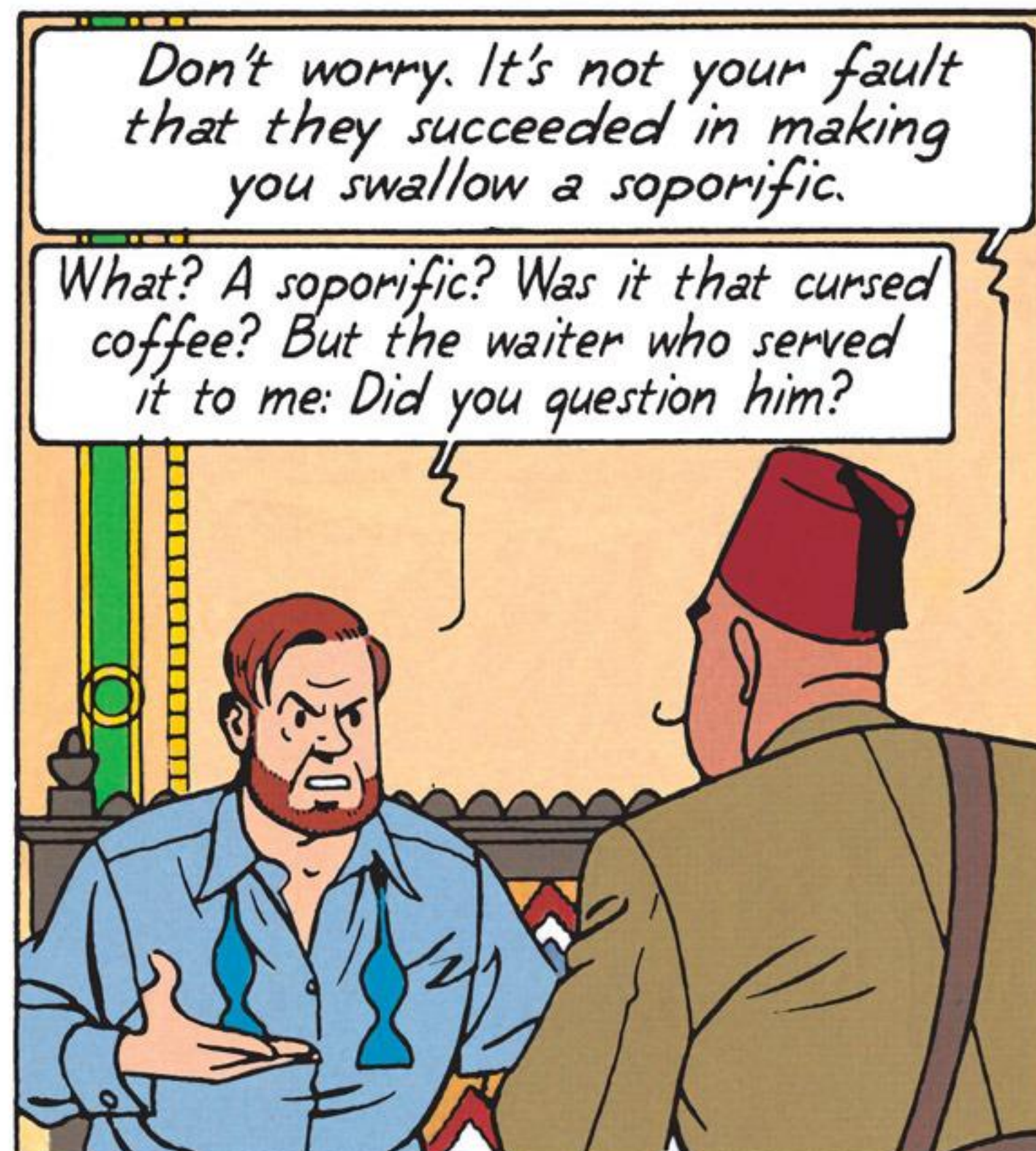
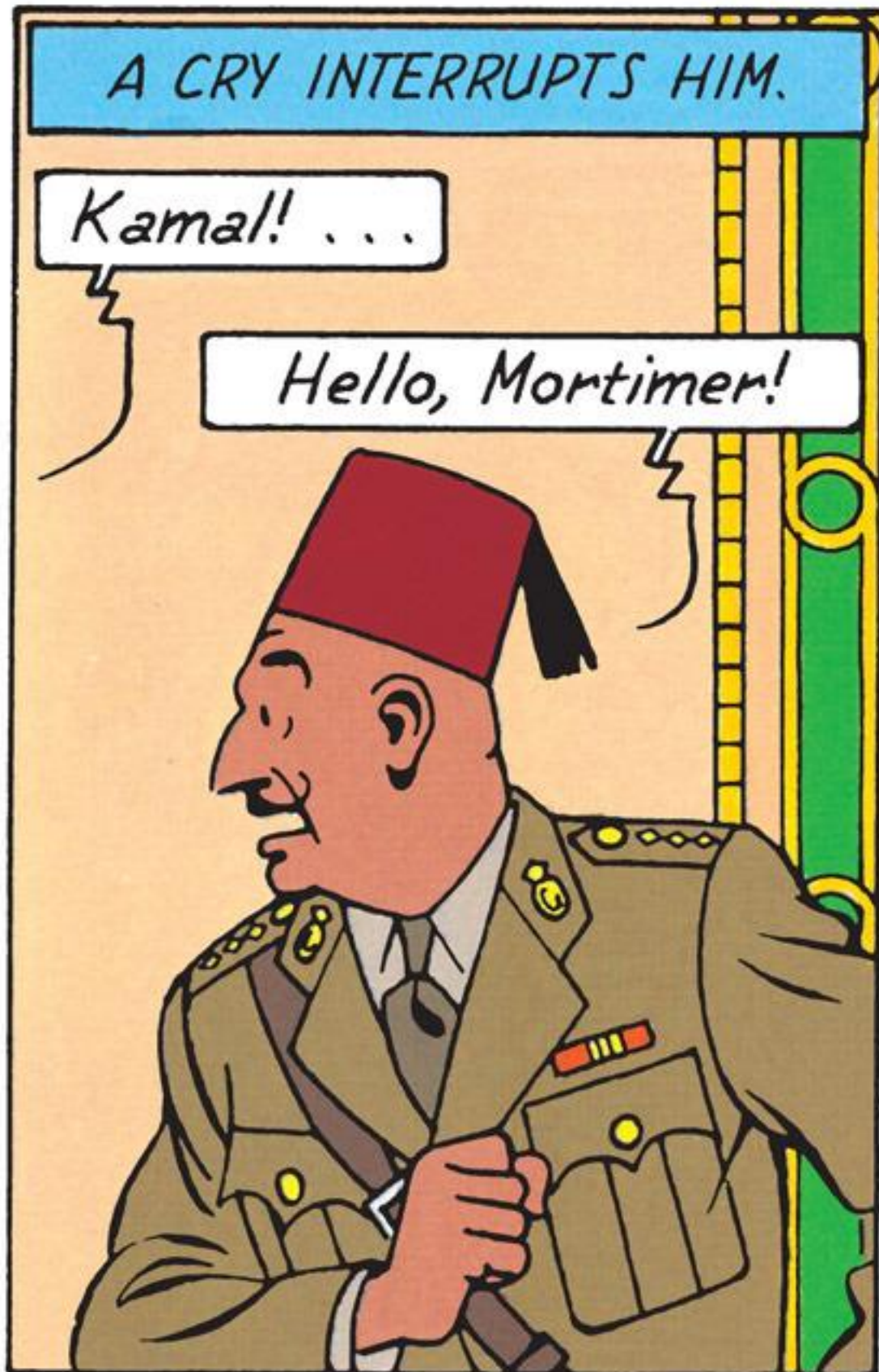
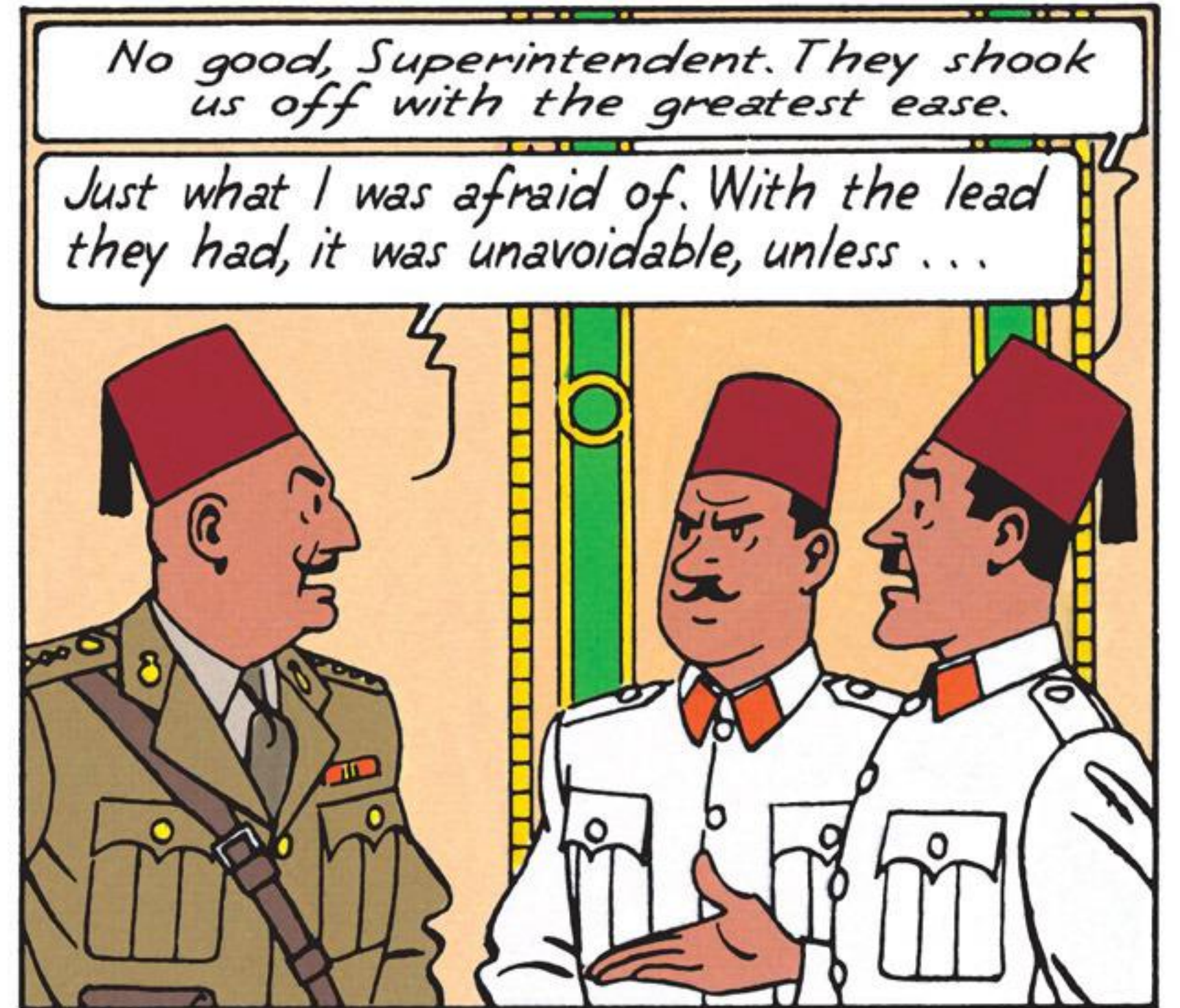
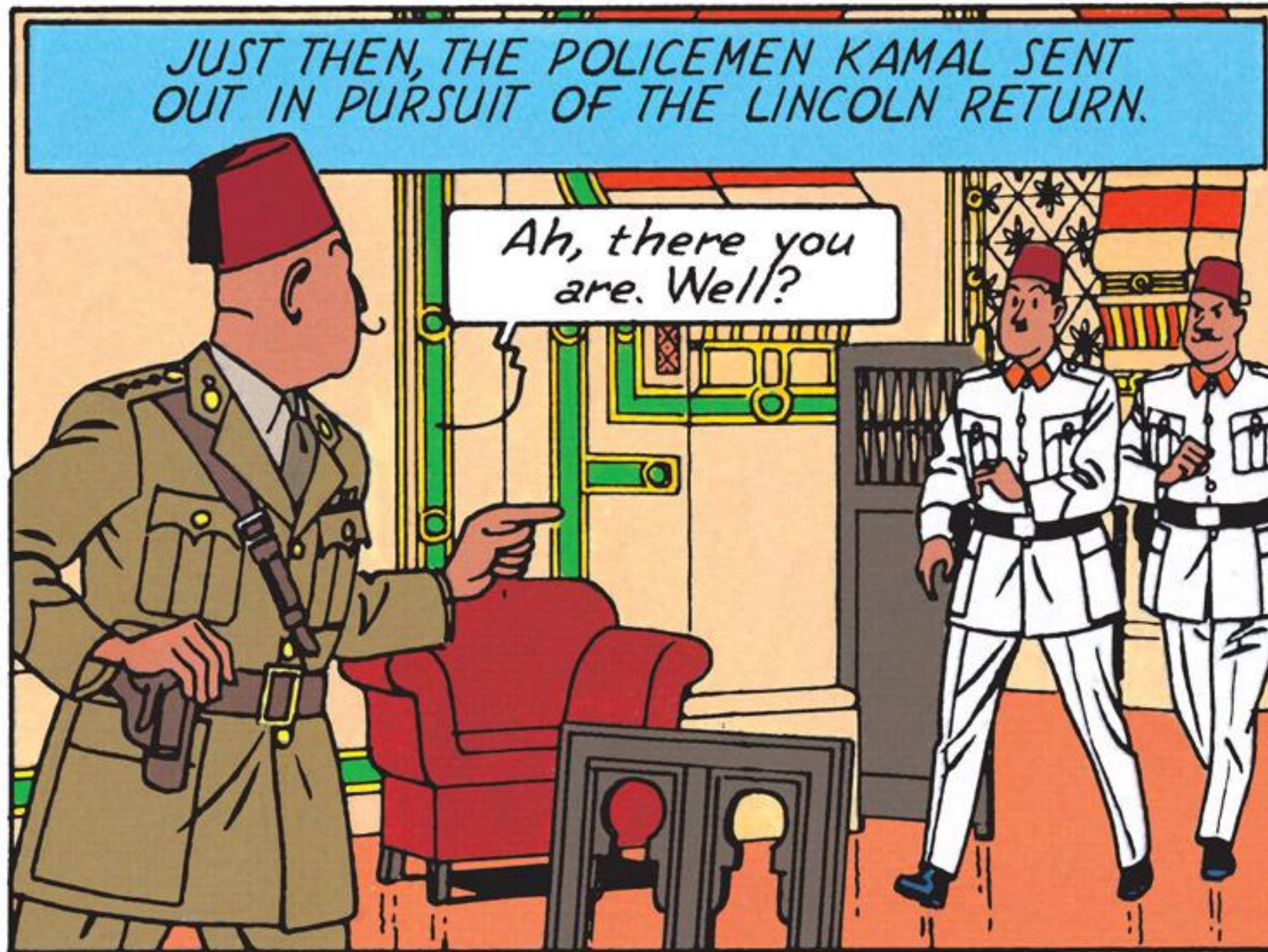
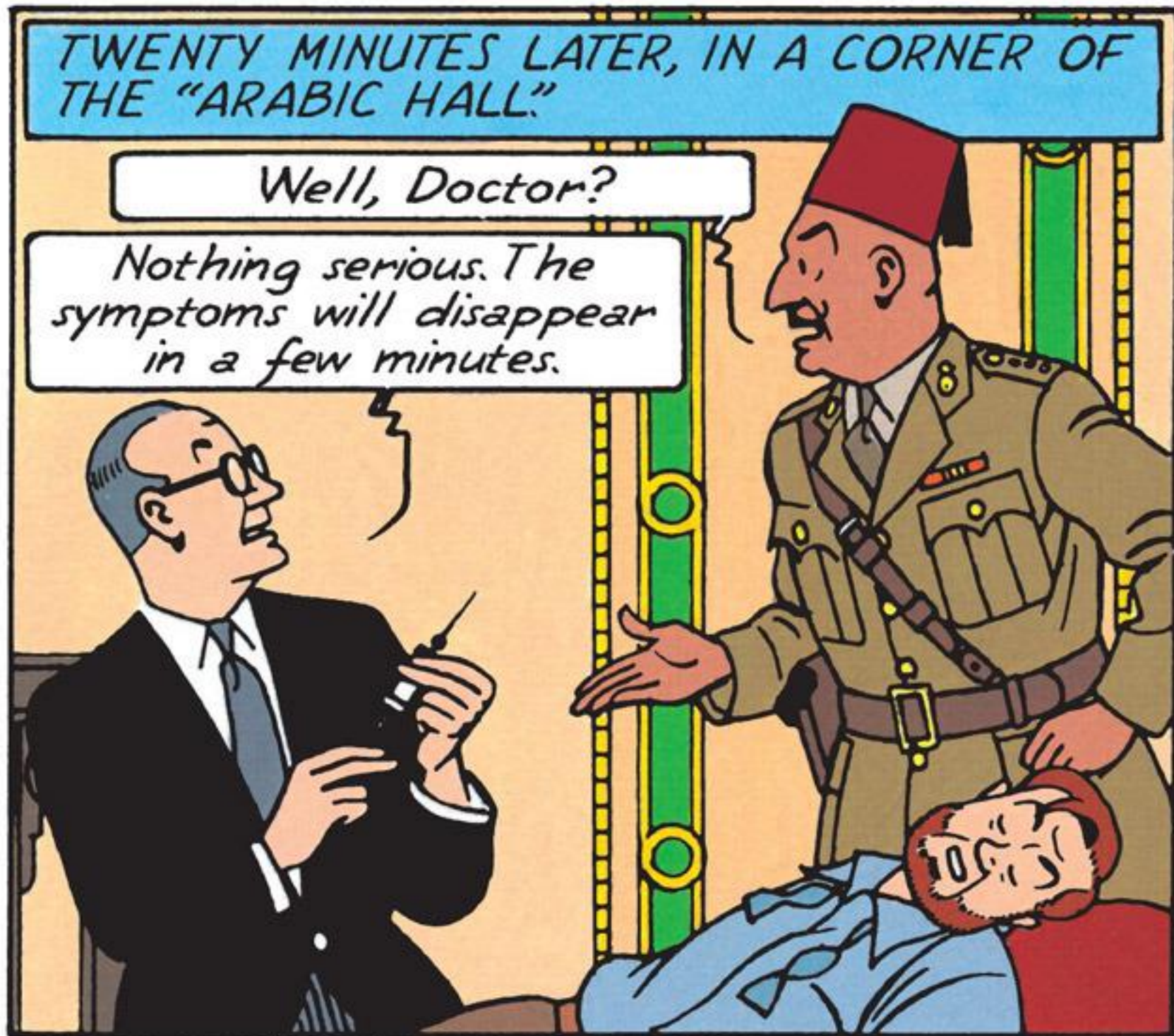


Abdul has telephoned Shephard's Hotel. So, that's where Olrık is. In that case, he cannot escape us. Let's go!

All right! Let's go there! I wouldn't want to miss that!







AT THE VERY MOMENT WHEN ABDUL IS ABOUT TO BEGIN HIS CONFESSION, THE DOOR IS SUDDENLY OPENED FOR DOCTOR GROSSGRABENSTEIN'S ENTRANCE.

Good day, gentlemen! Is Professor Ahmed here?

Ach, du Lieber! What do I see? My famous colleague, Professor Mortimer. Pardon! Excuse me that I did not recognize you. I hope I do not disturb you.

On the contrary!

Well, dear colleague. I have been waiting to see you all day. You promise to come and admire my collection!

Excuse me, but I've been so busy that ...

Now, now. There is no excuse when it is a matter of Egyptology. But, incidentally, do you know of my little treatise, "Autopsy of a Mummy of the 21st Dynasty"? No? Ah, that is unforgivable.

BUT, WHILE THE EXUBERANT DOCTOR MONOPOLISES MORTIMER, ABDUL TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE UNEXPECTED RESPIRE AND SLIPS OUTSIDE.

AND IN THE PASSAGE MEETS PROFESSOR AHMED, WHO IS ARRIVING.

Is Herr Grossgrabenstein there? But what's the matter? You look ill.

I'm ... yes, in fact ... I'm going outside to take a breather!

Good day, gentlemen. Well, Doctor, the chief caretaker tells me you wish to see me.

Ach, dear friend, I have to speak to you about my exploration of the tomb of Tanitkara.

MEANWHILE, ABDUL ABSENTMINDEDLY LEAVES THE MUSEUM AND IS IMMEDIATELY SHADOWED BY A DETECTIVE INSPECTOR.

What? Already?

BUT THE DETECTIVE, BUSY WATCHING, DOES NOT NOTICE THAT A BLACK LINCOLN IS ALSO SHADOWING THEM.

IN THE MEANTIME, GROSSGRABENSTEIN TIRELESSLY PURSUES HIS EXPLANATION.

Ach, my dear man, no one has entered this tomb for 35 centuries while, outside, empires tottered and civilisations disappeared. The ...

MORTIMER CANNOT CONTAIN HIS IMPATIENCE.

Blasted bore! To think that without him the matter of the papyrus would have been elucidated by now.

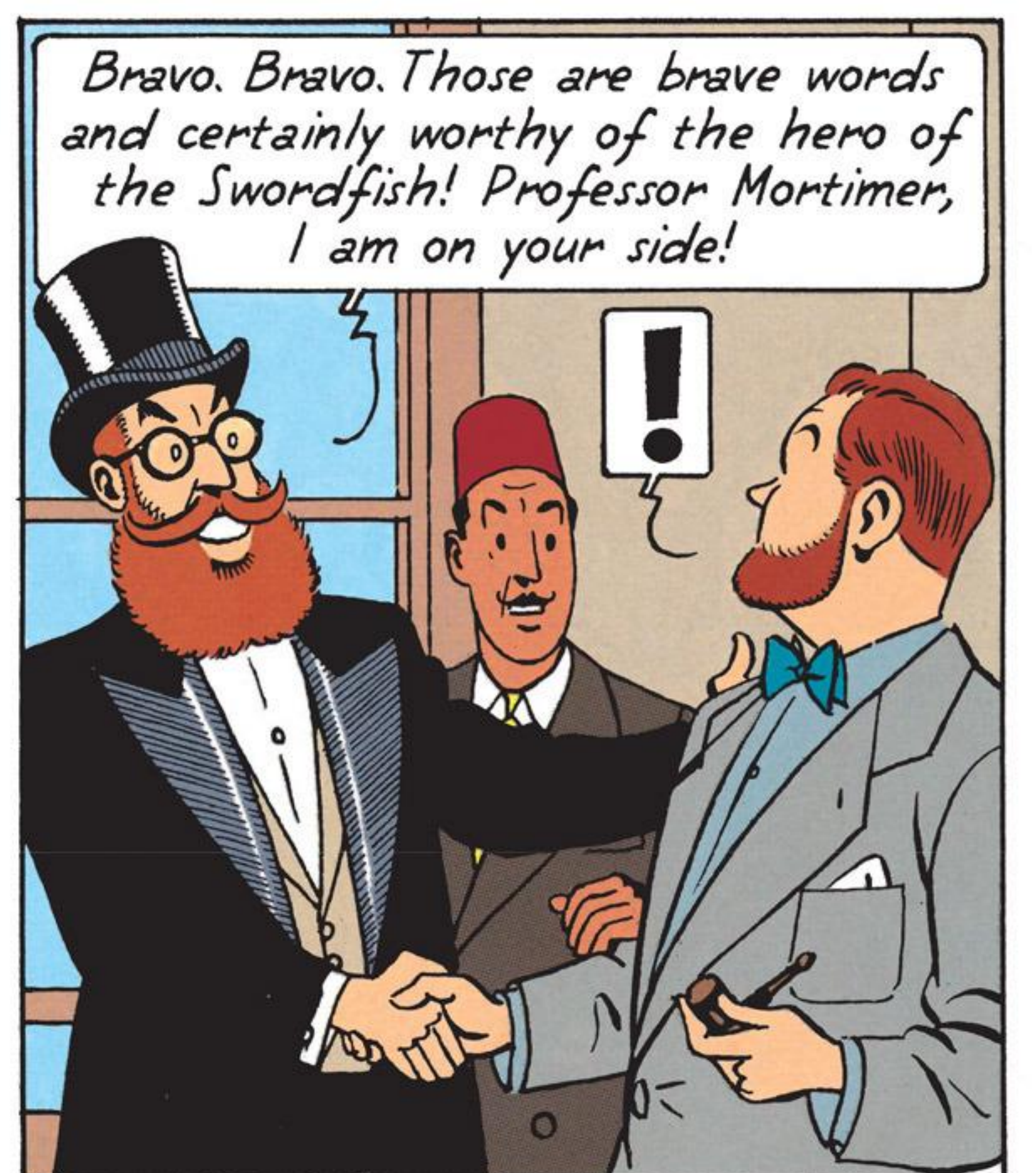
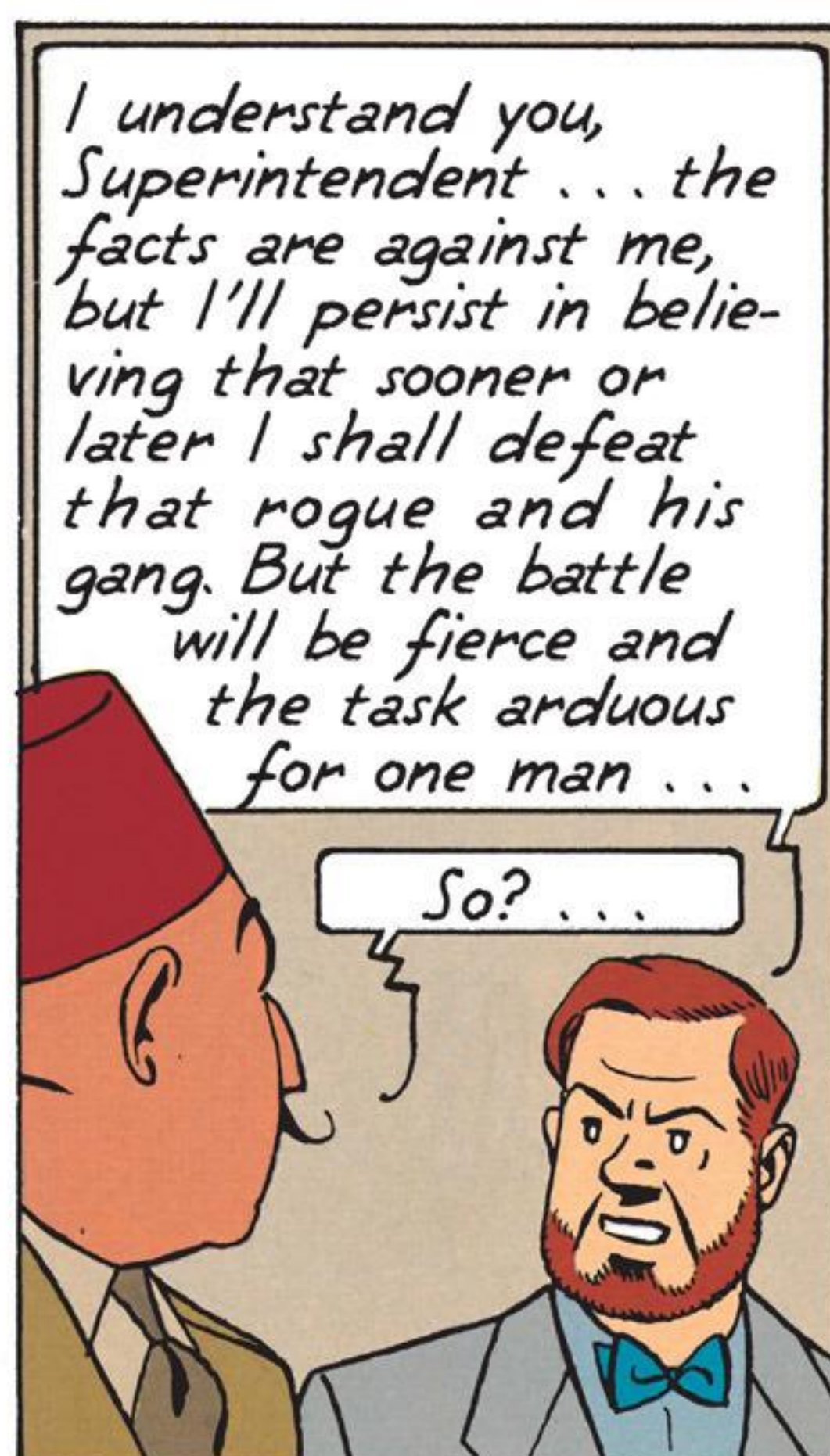
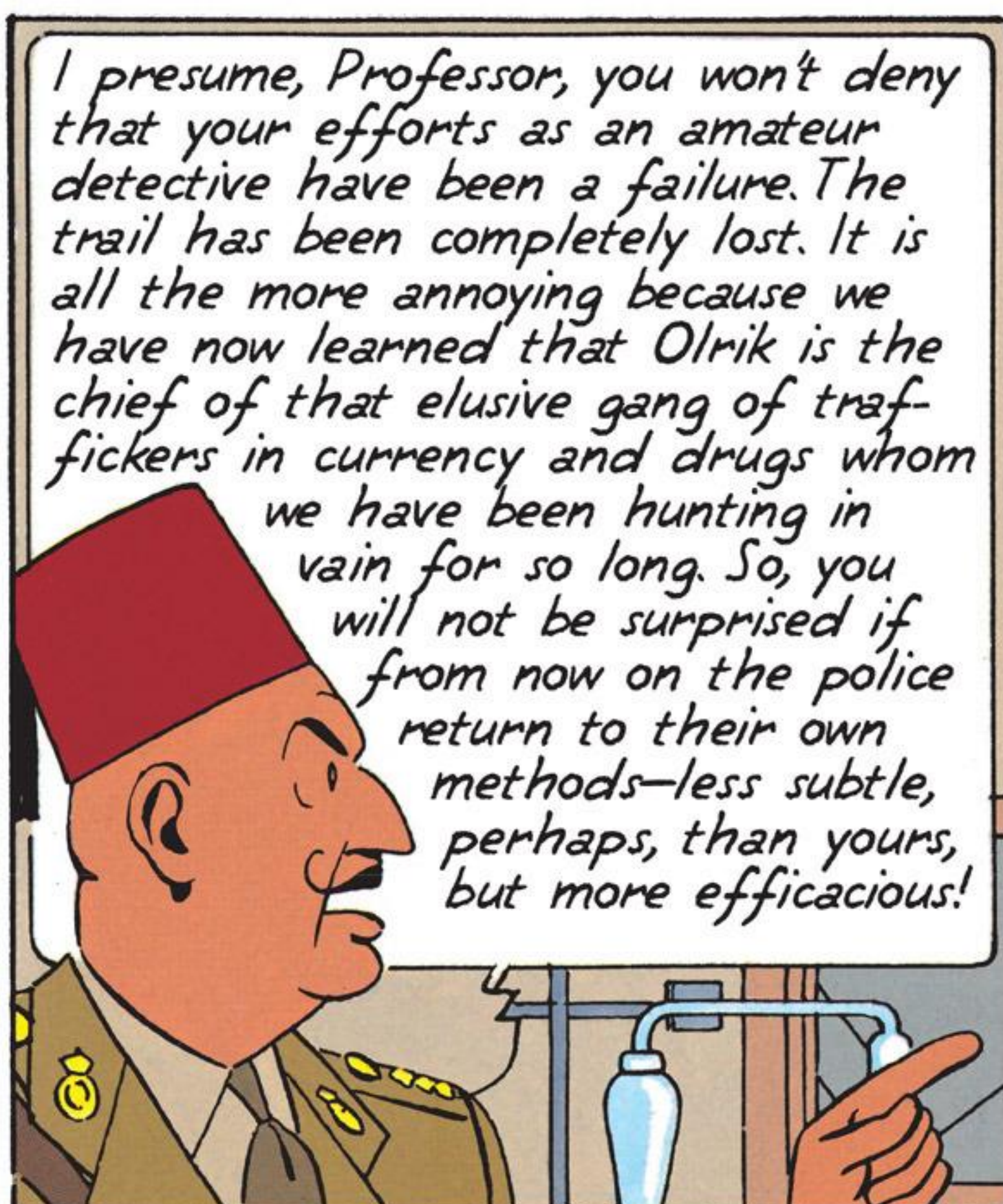
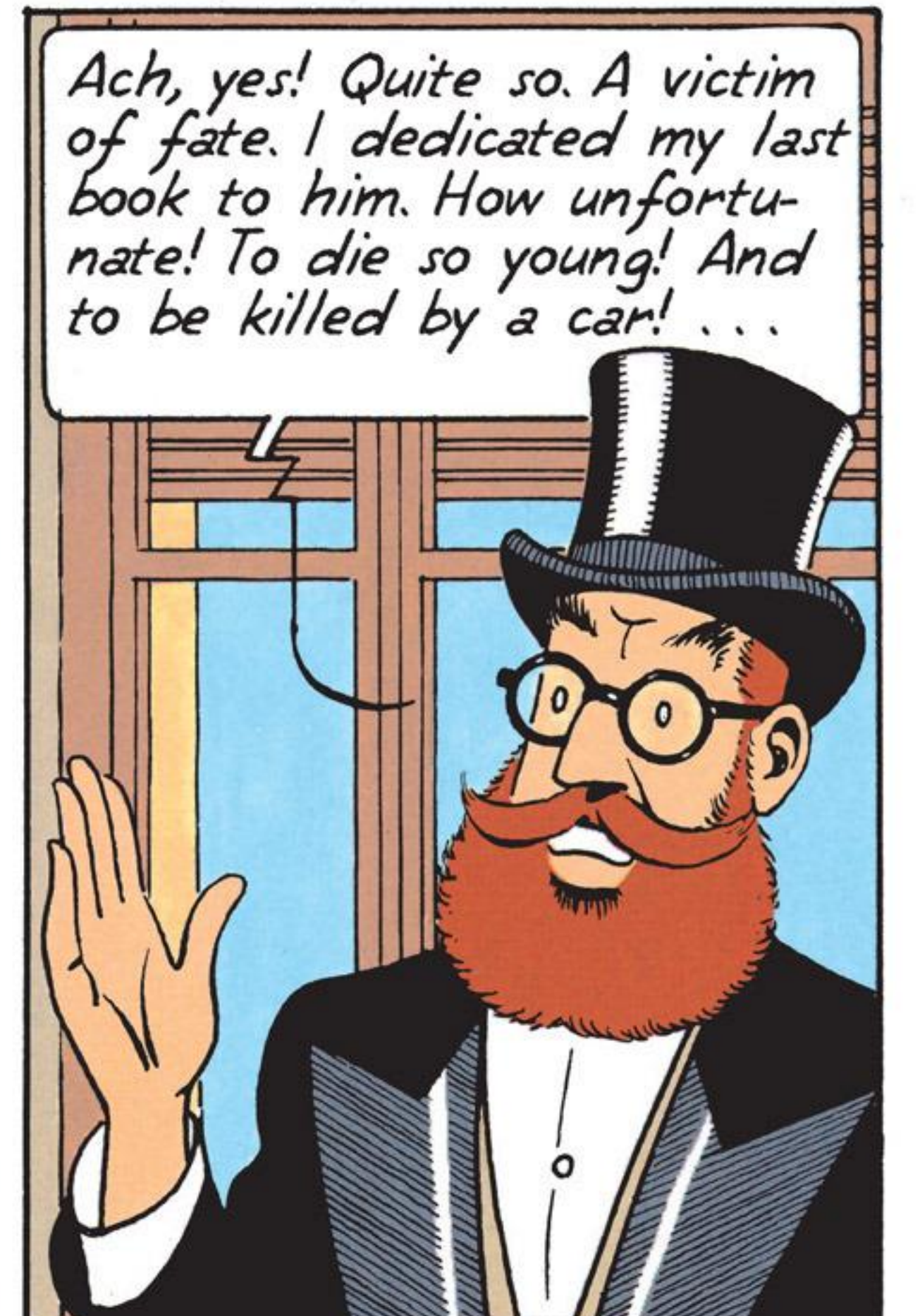
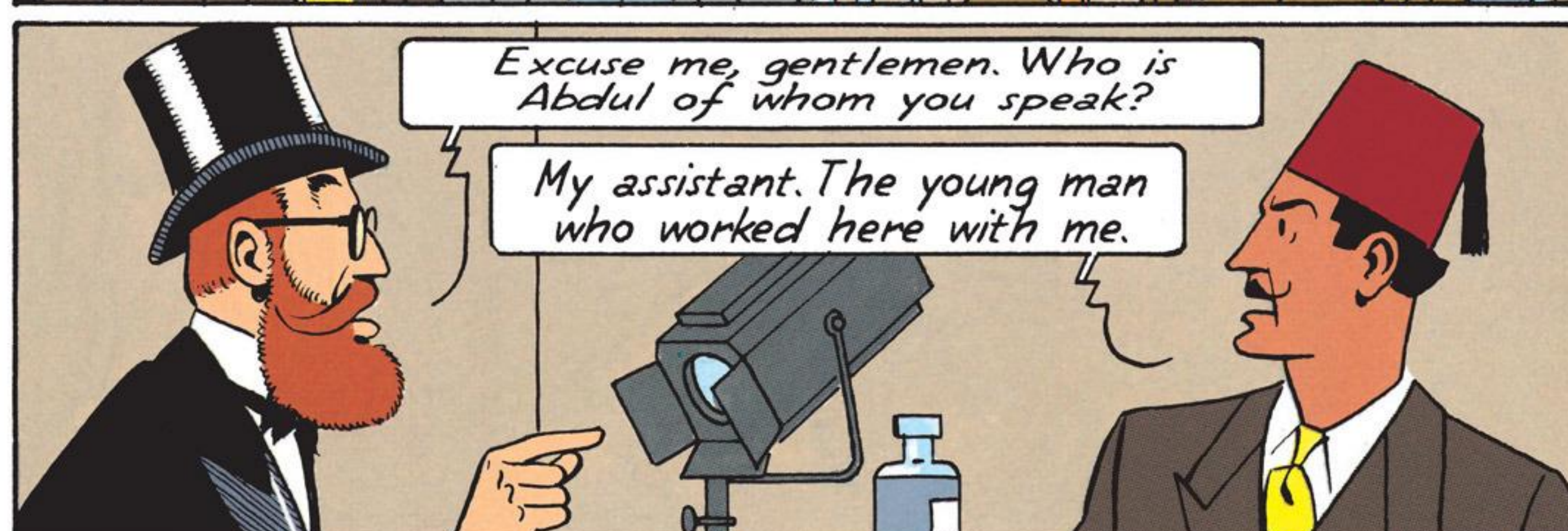
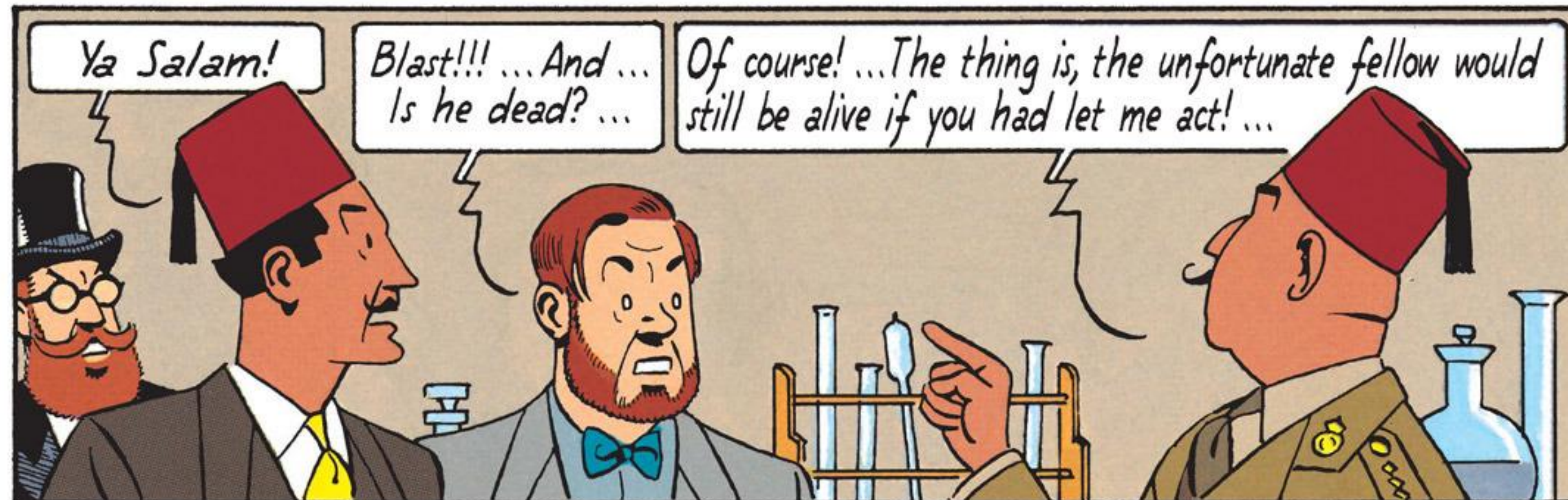
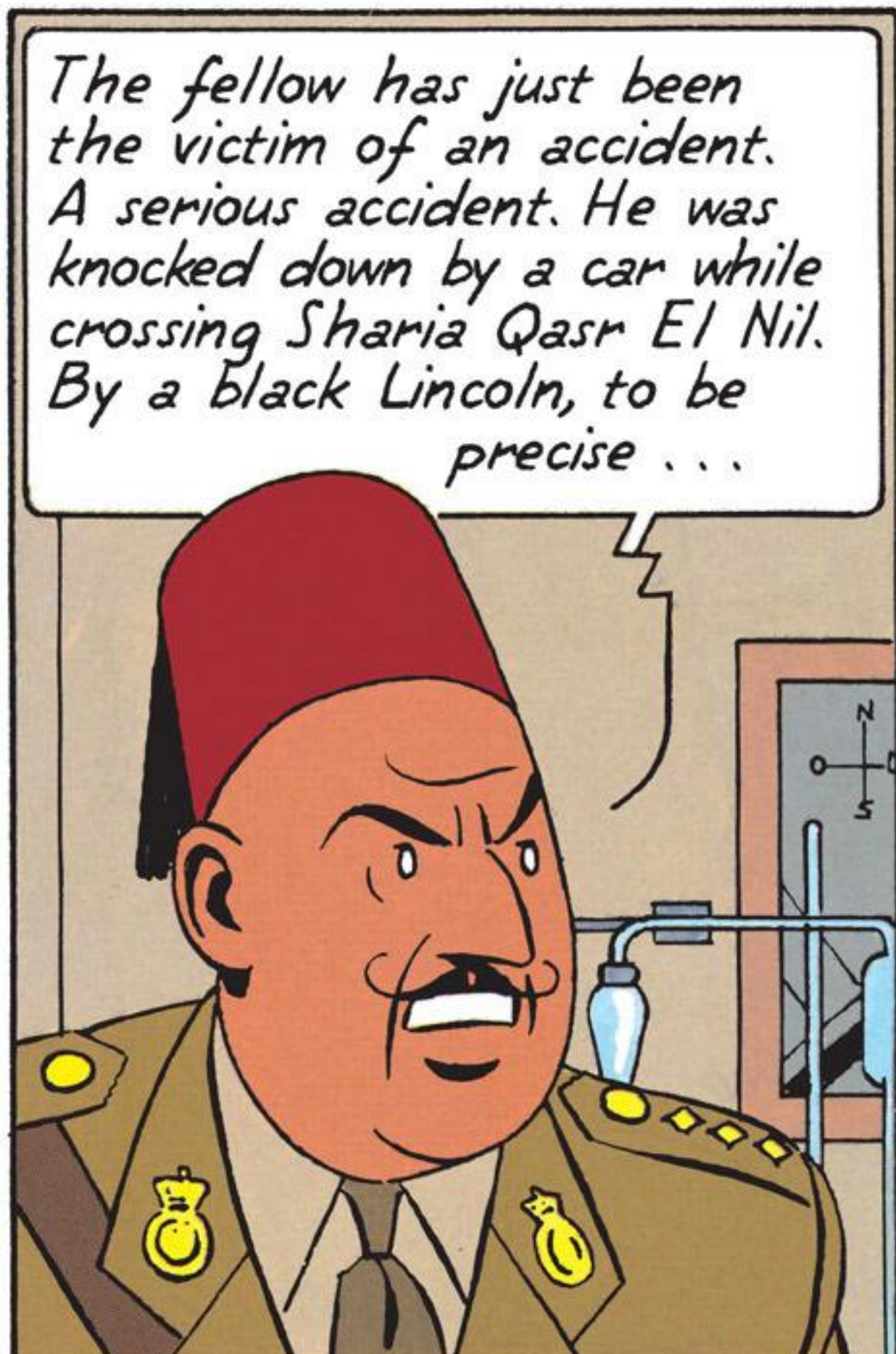
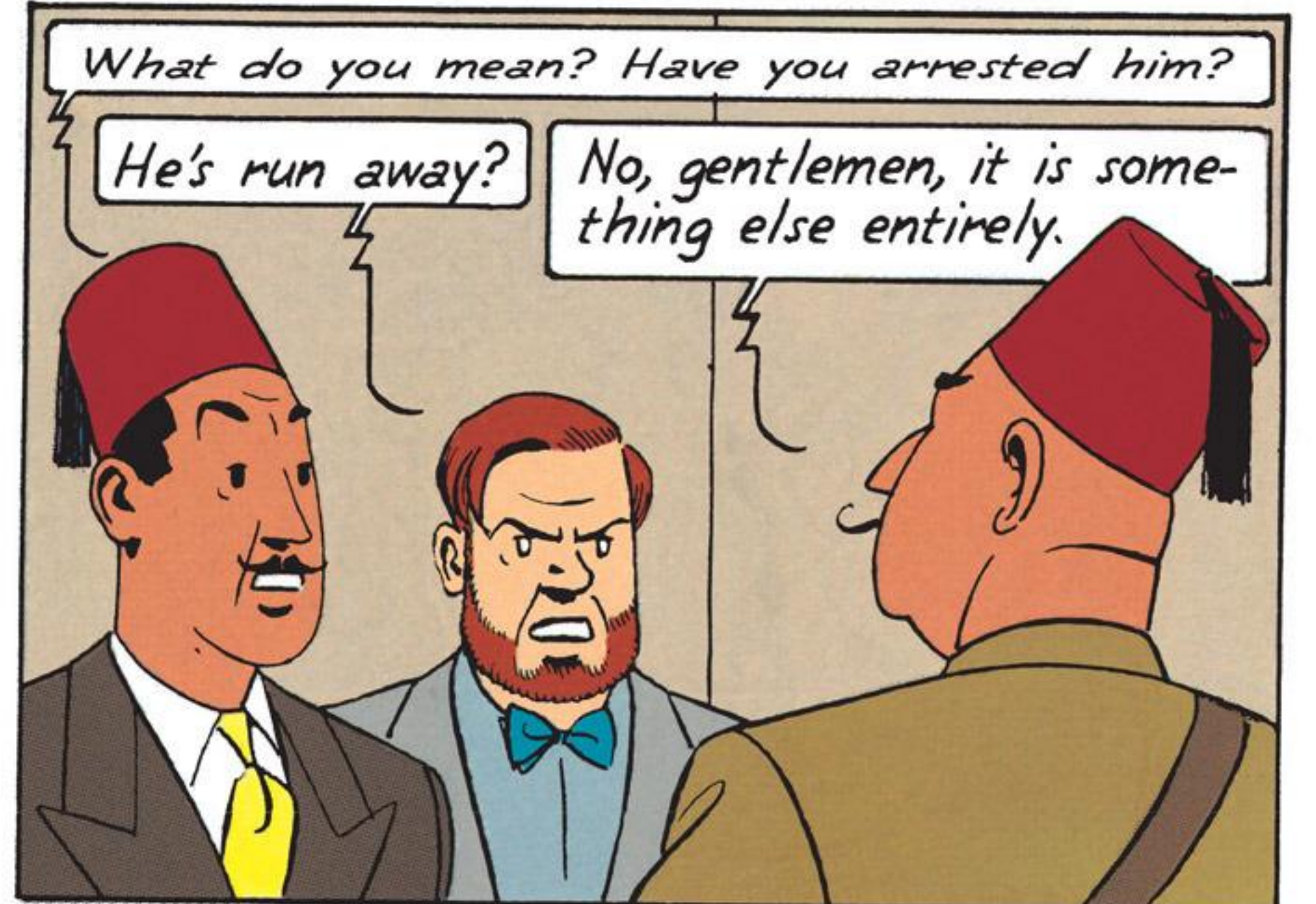
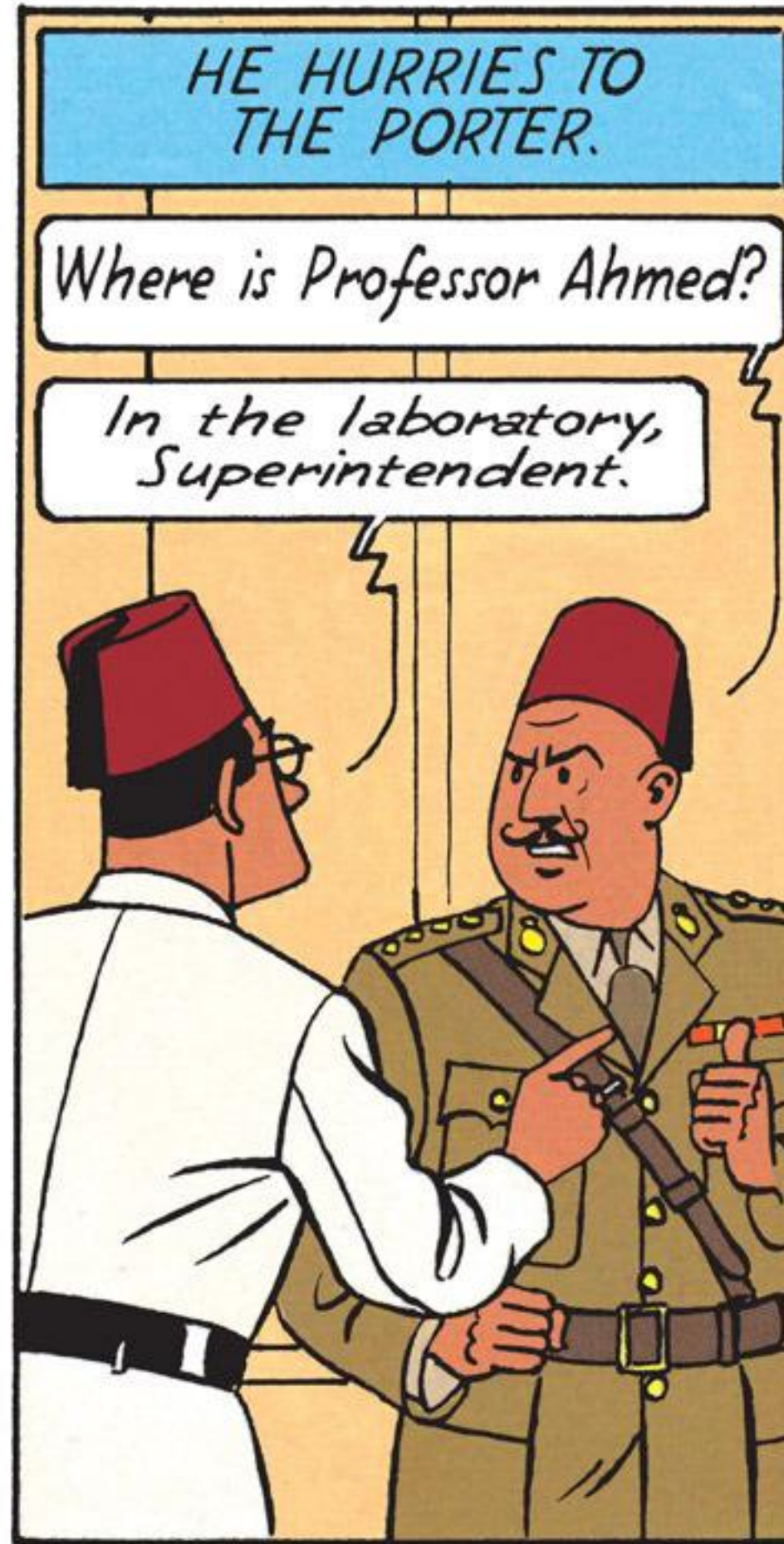
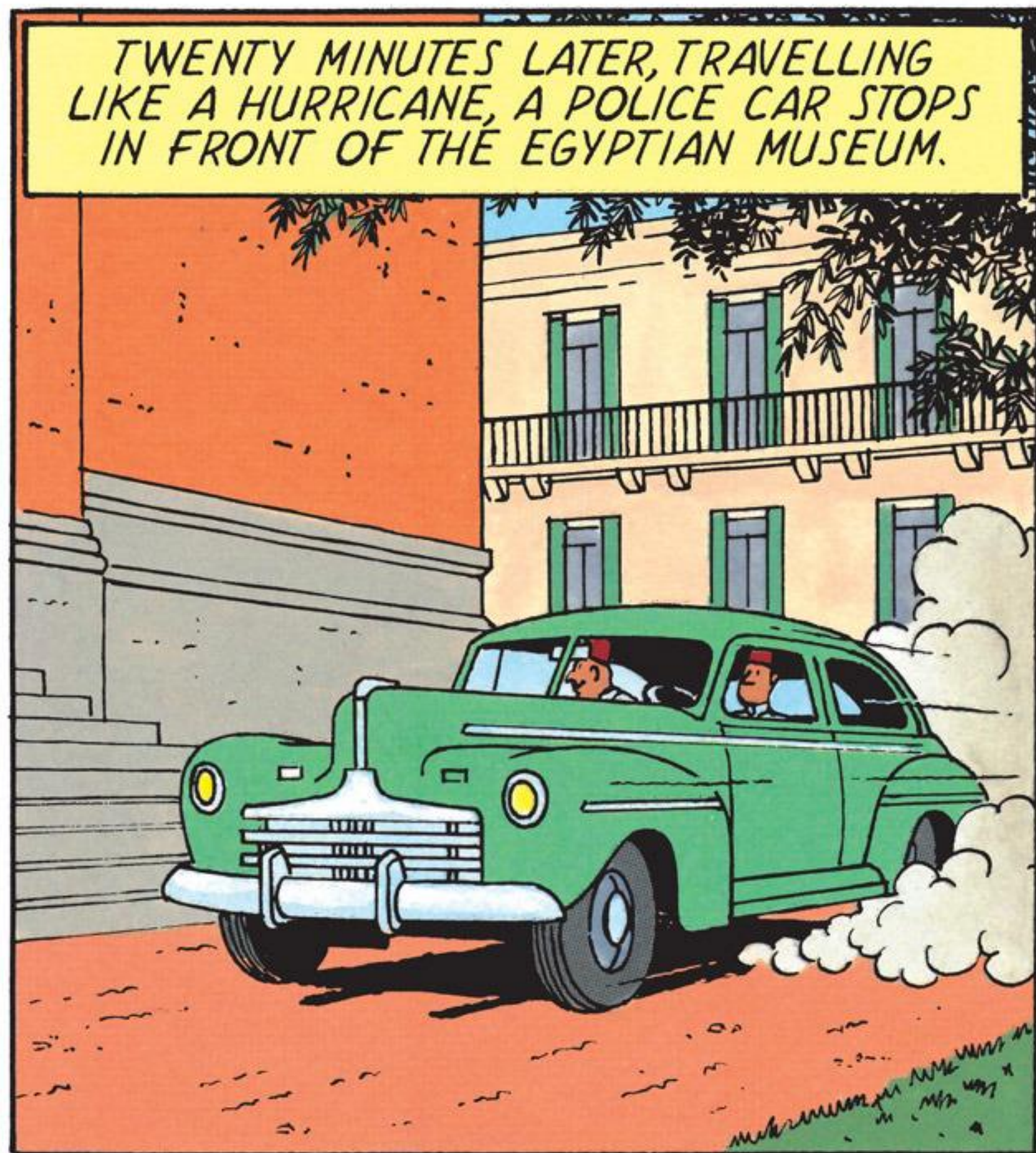
MEANWHILE, ABDUL, LOST IN THOUGHT ...

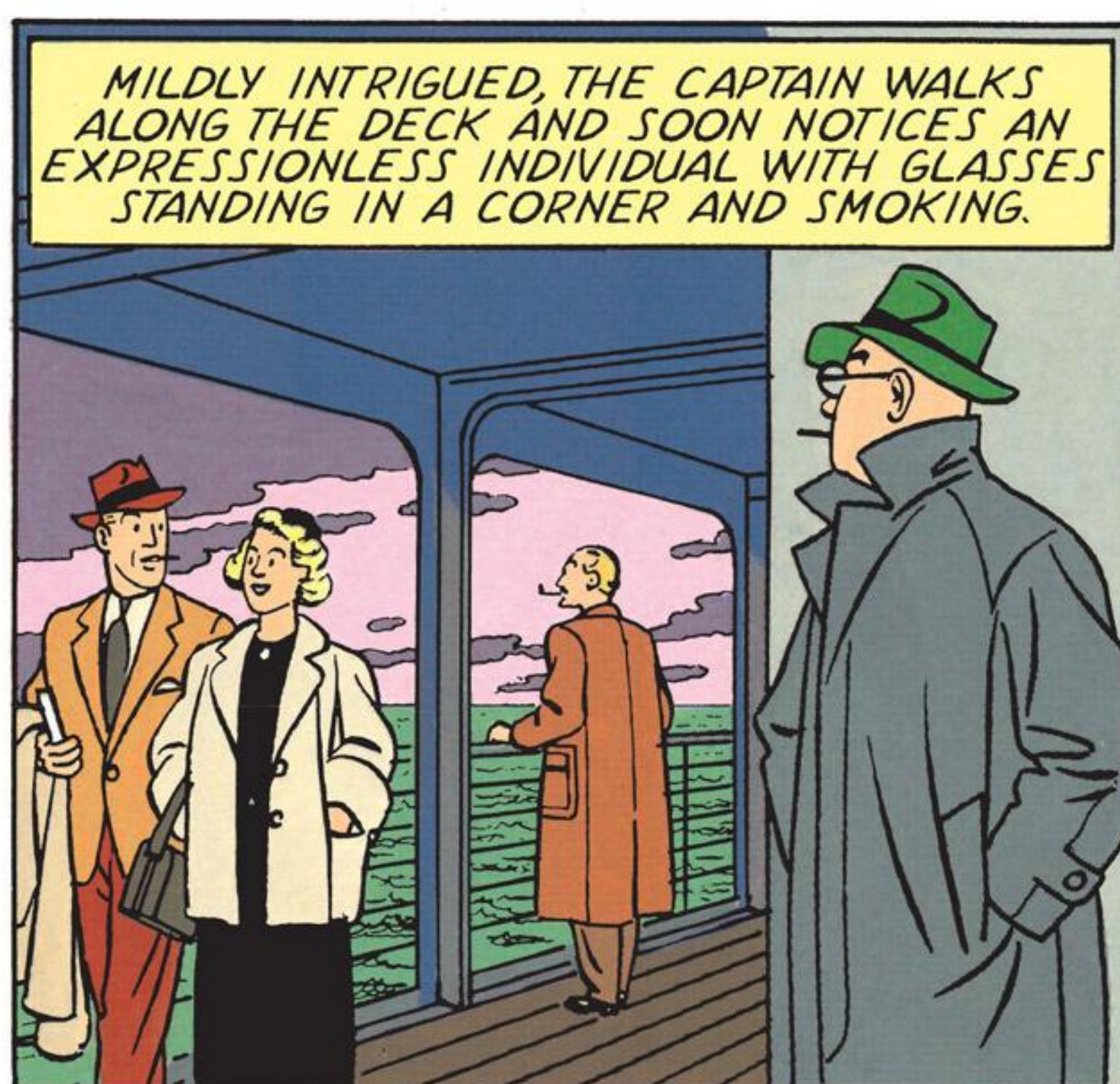
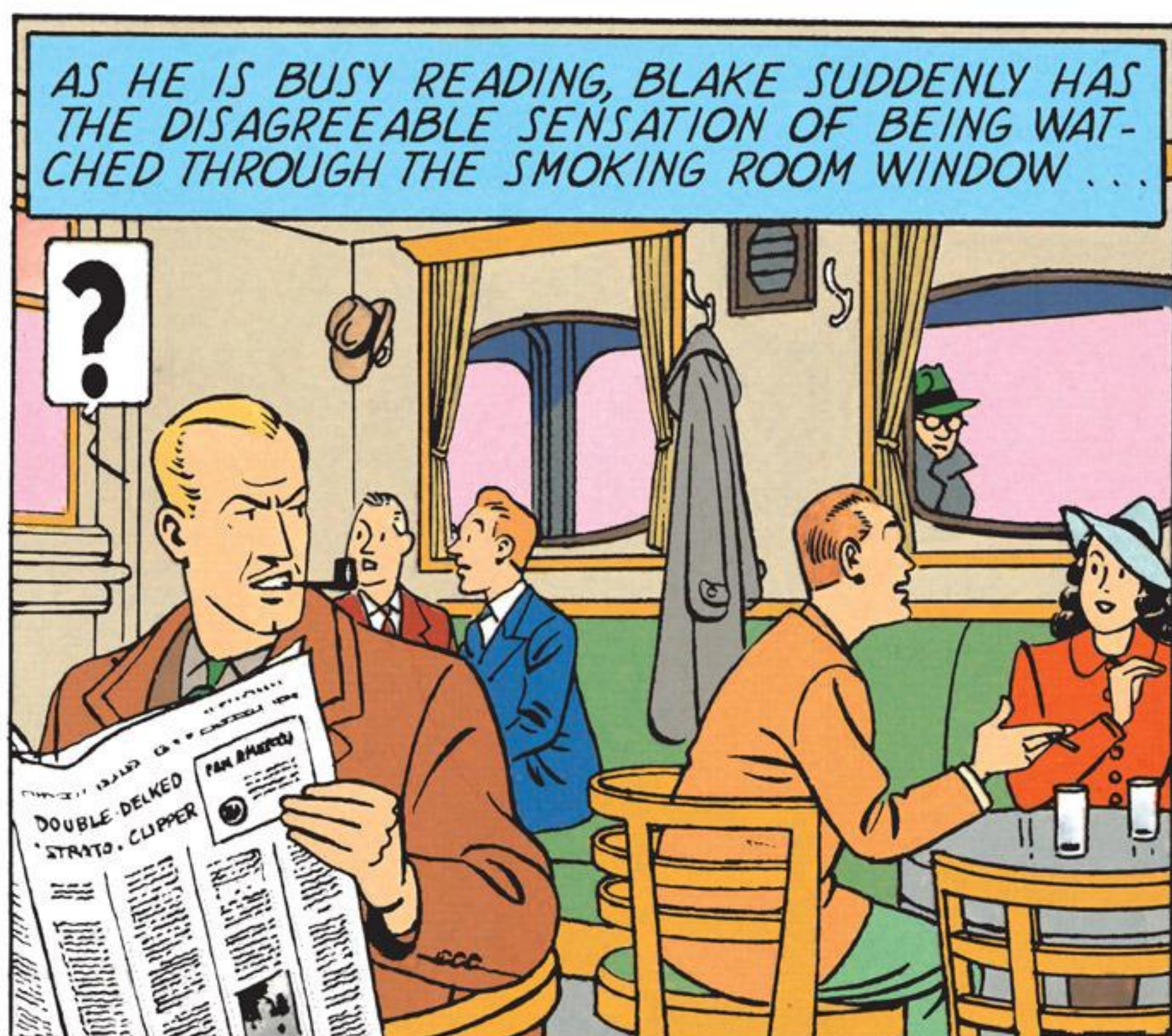
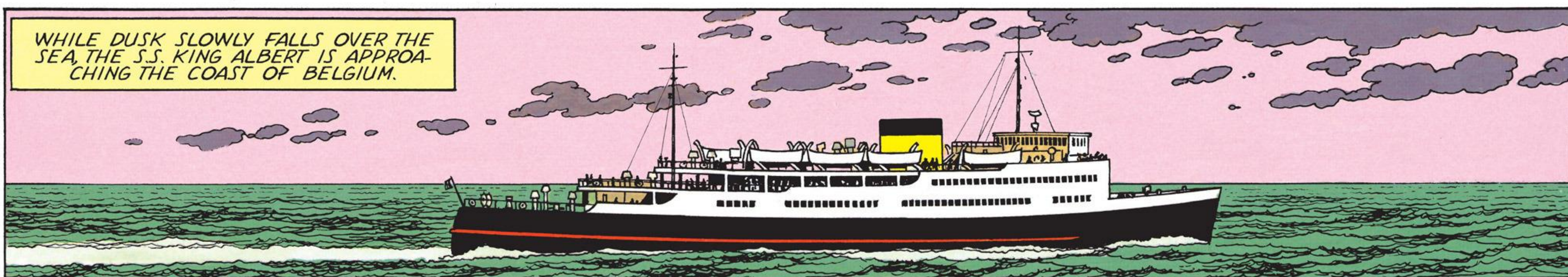
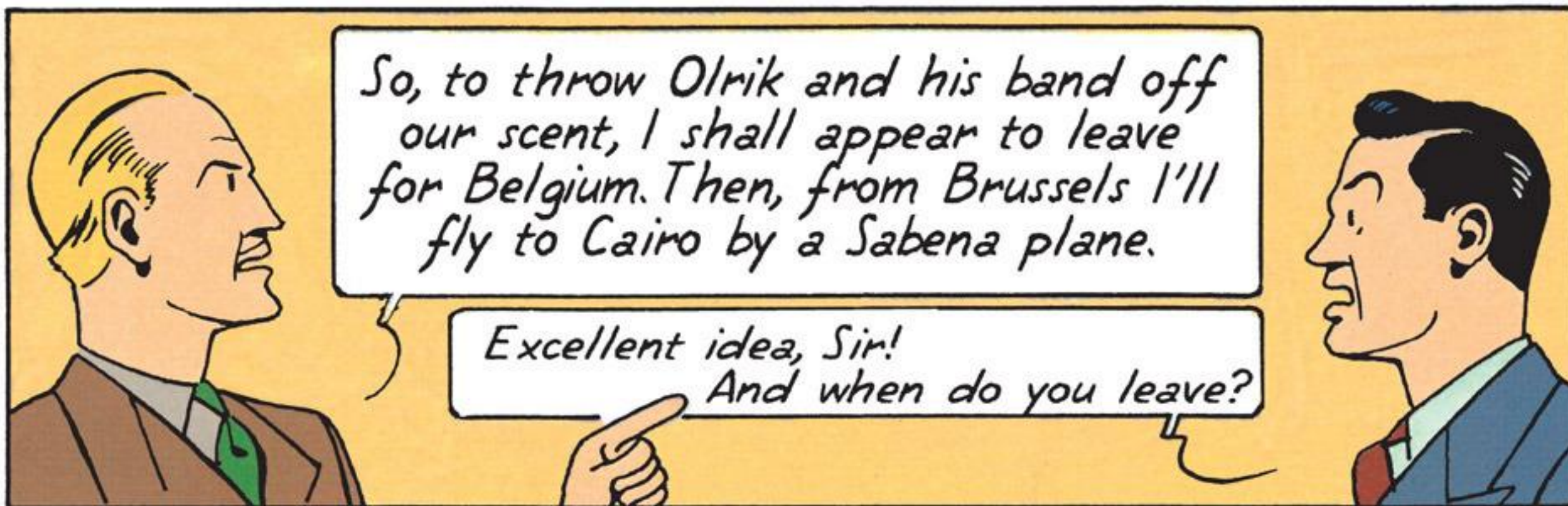
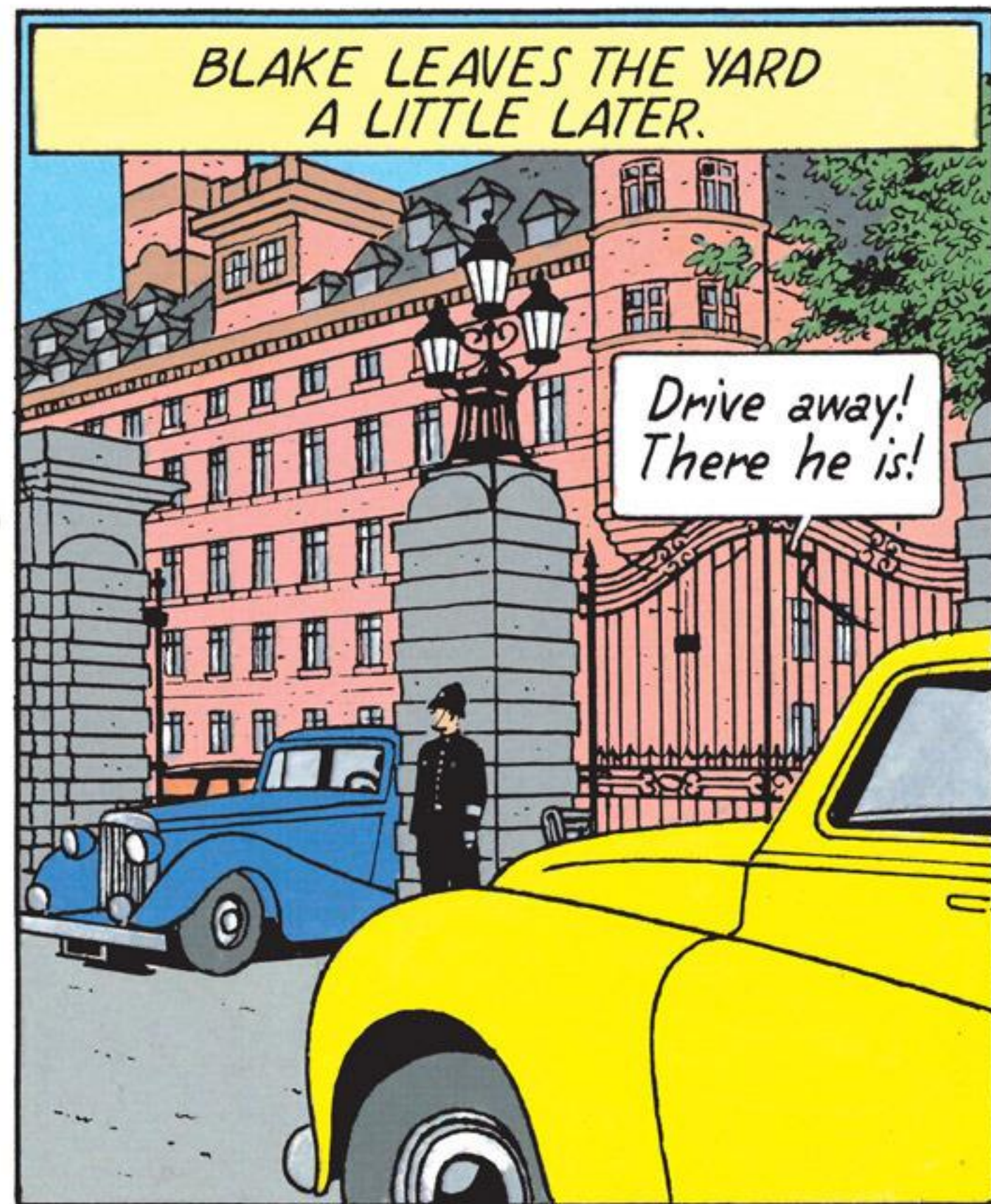
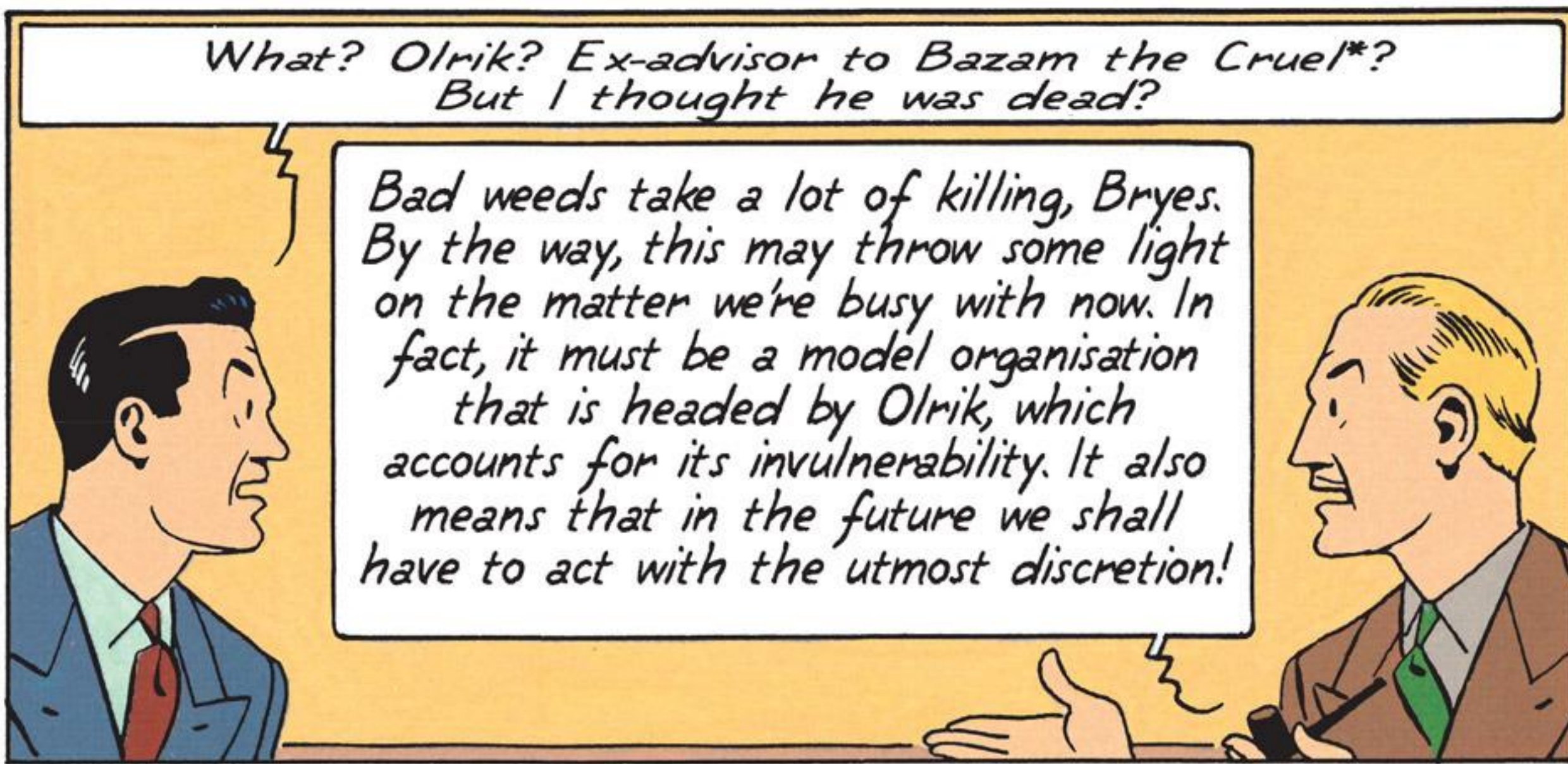
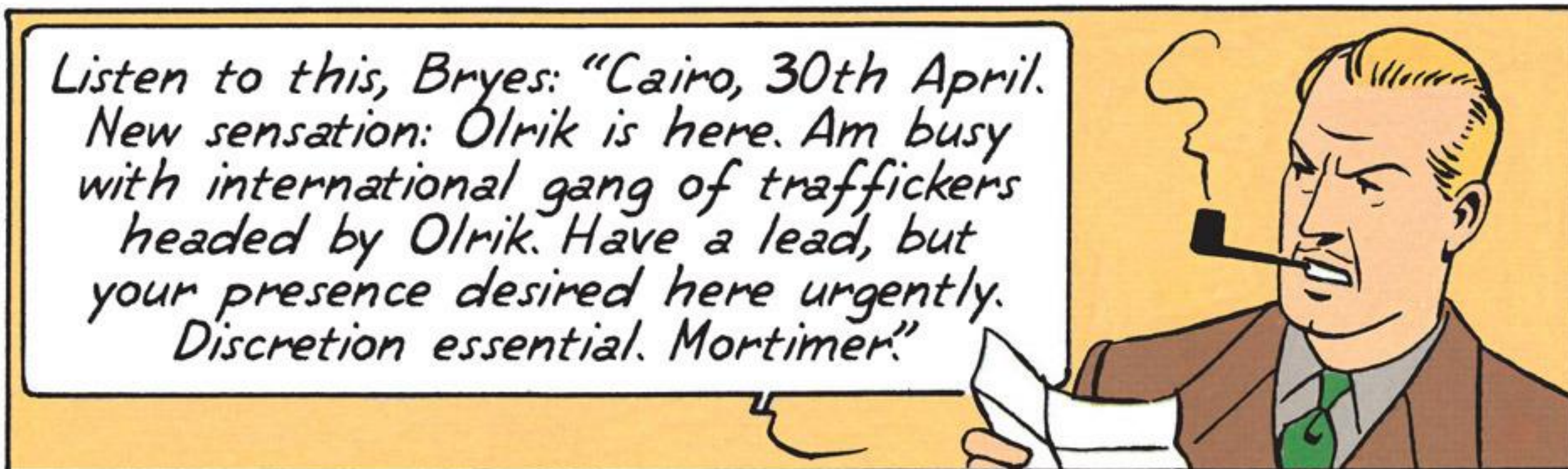
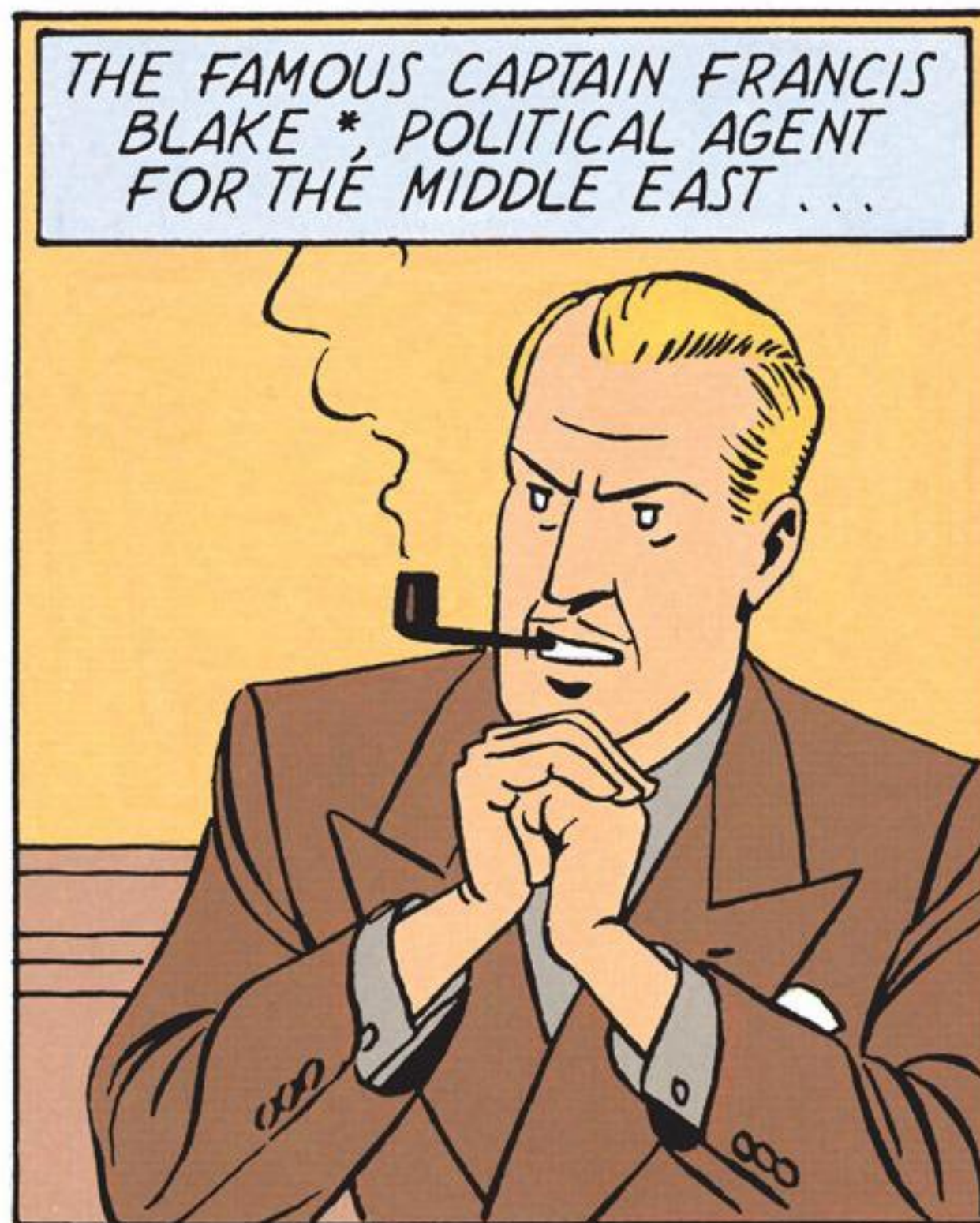
Look out there!

WANDERS THROUGH THE STREETS LIKE A SLEEPWALKER.

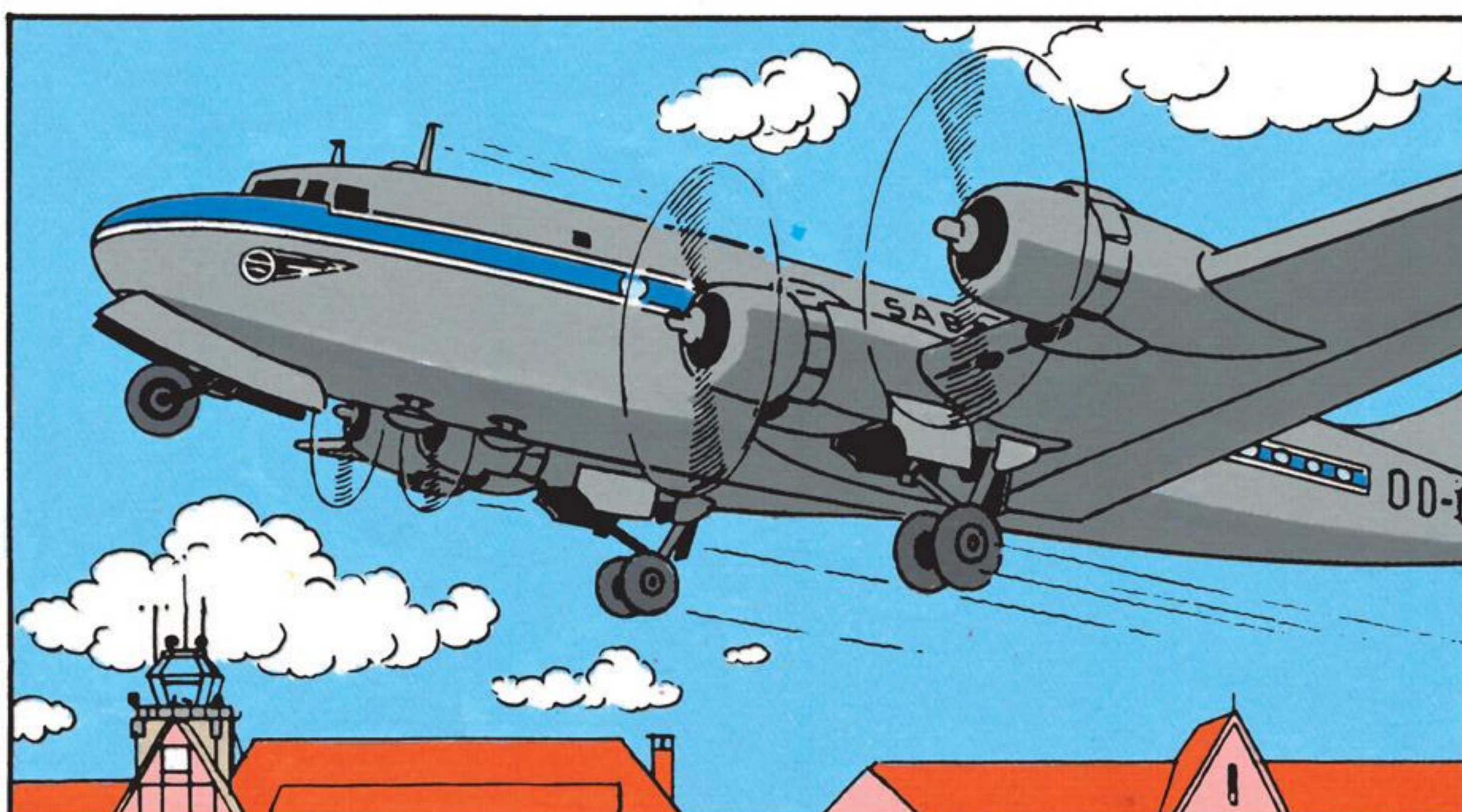
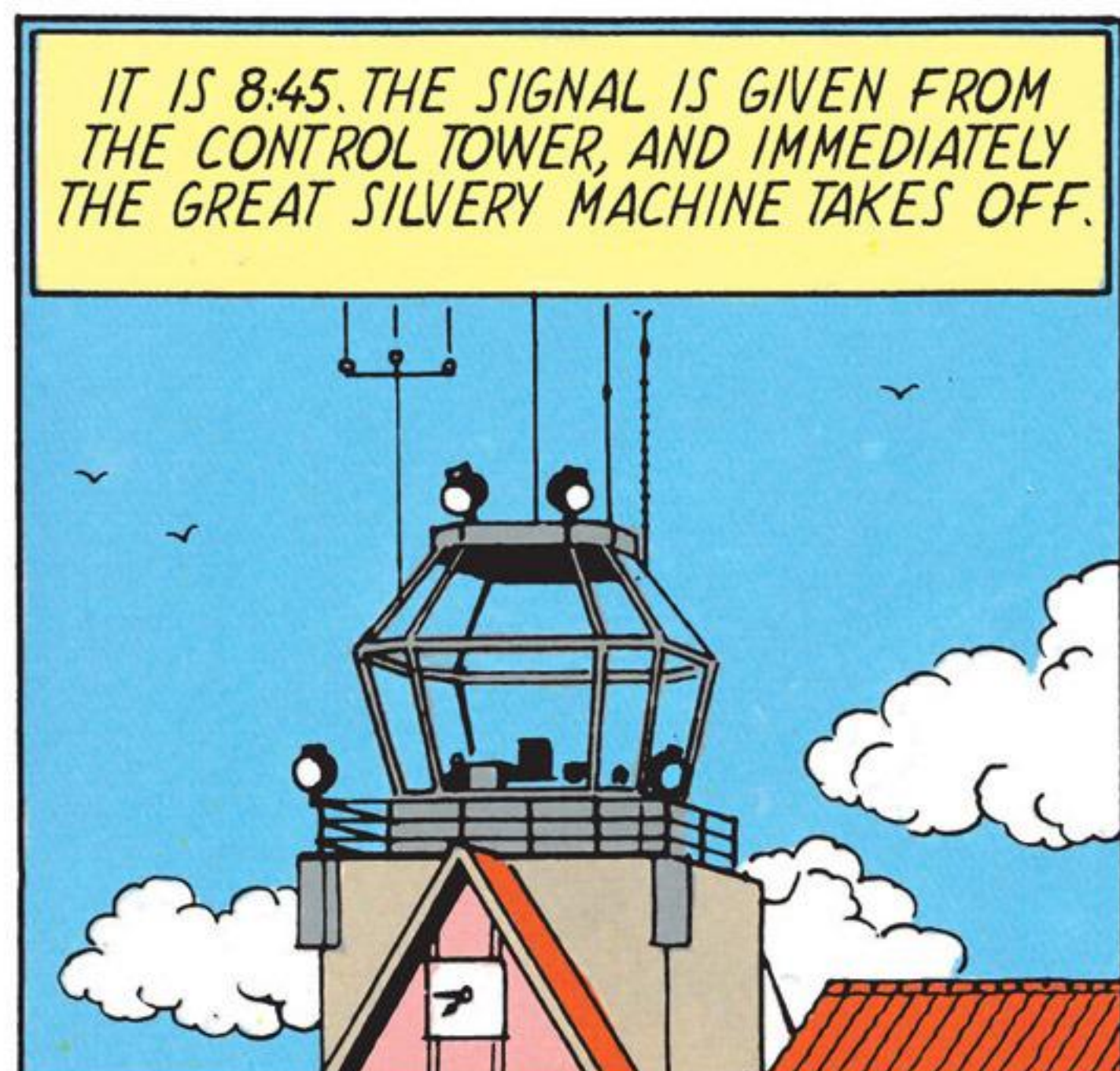
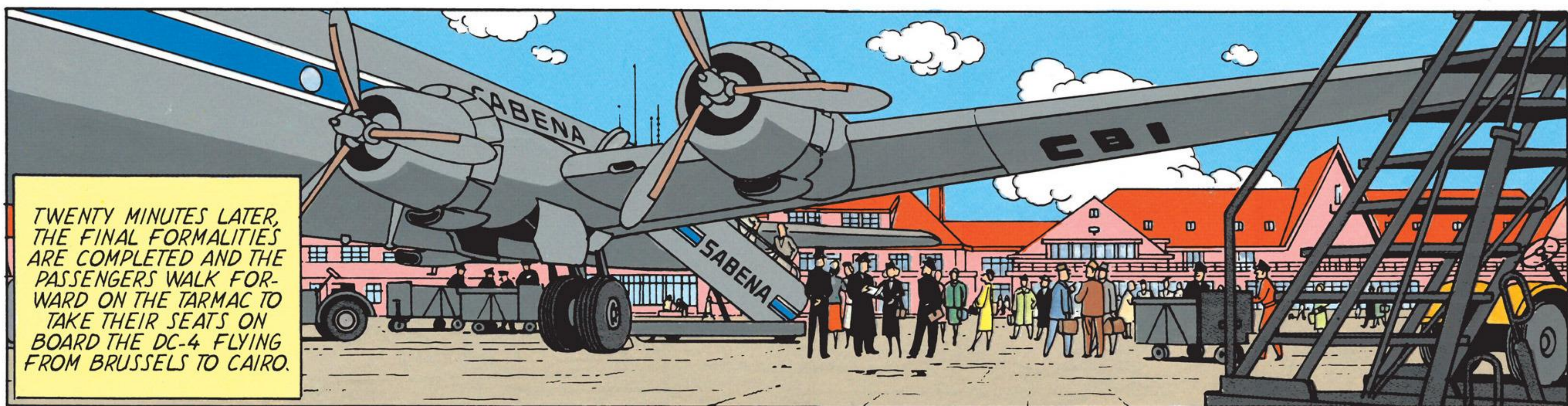
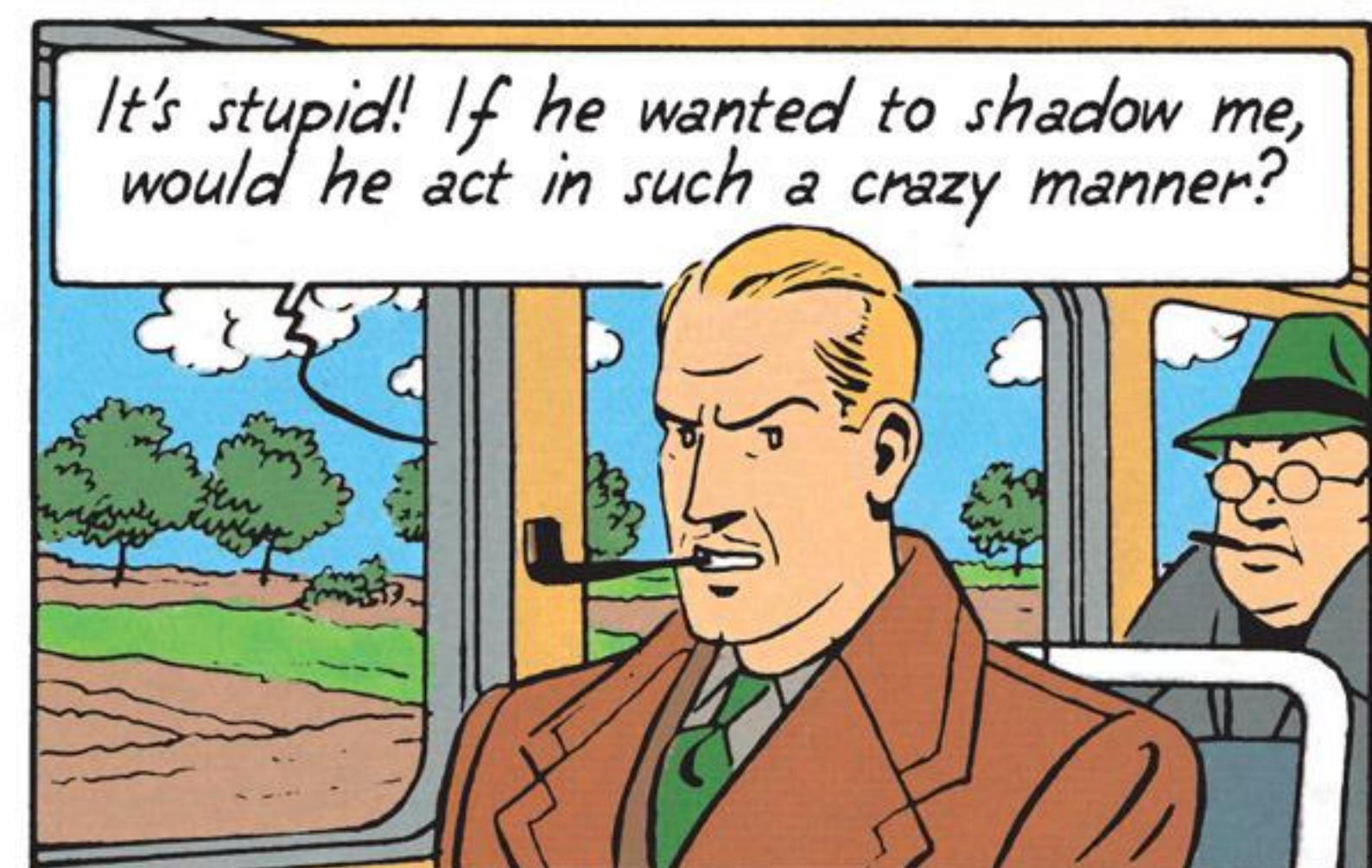
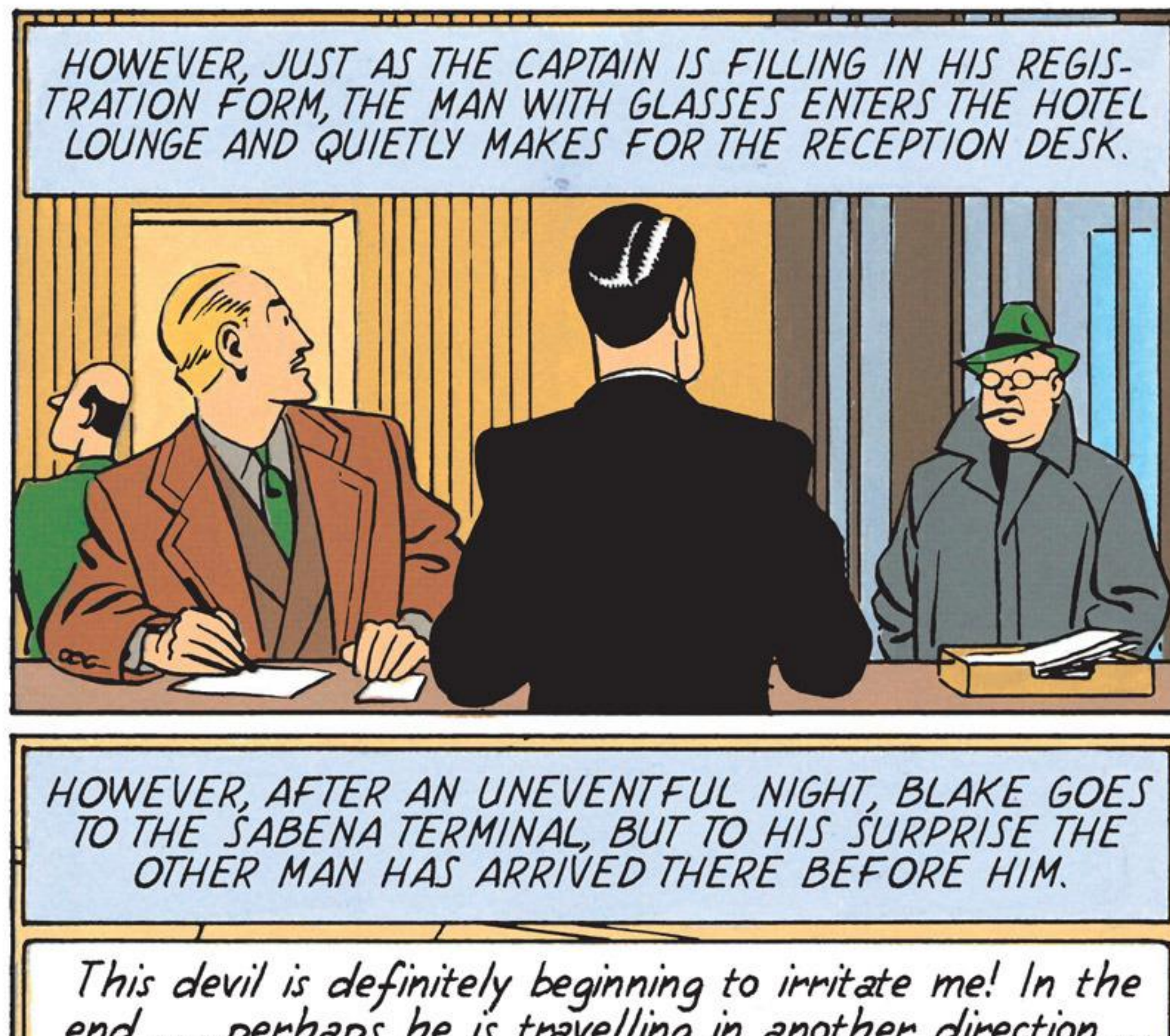
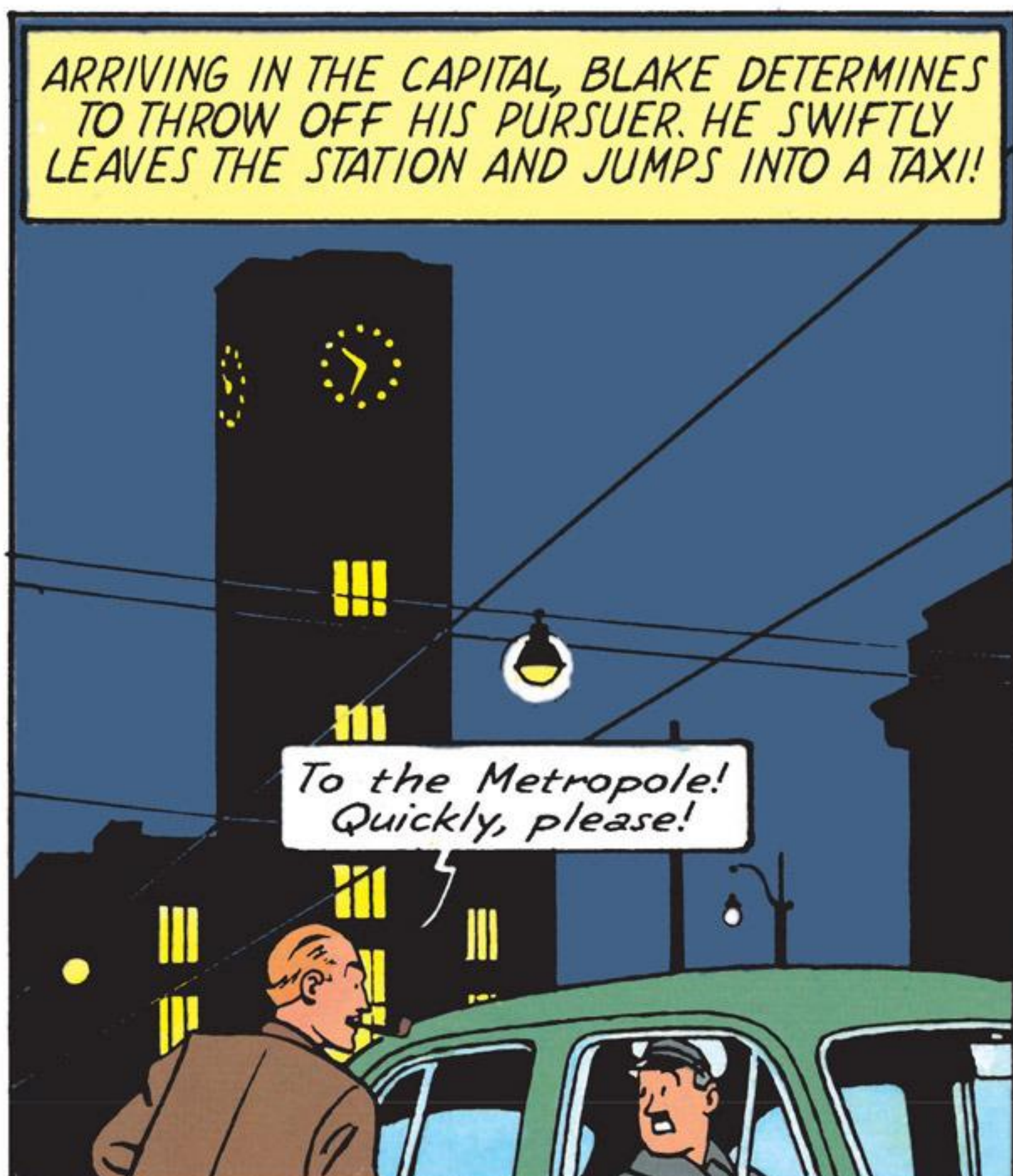
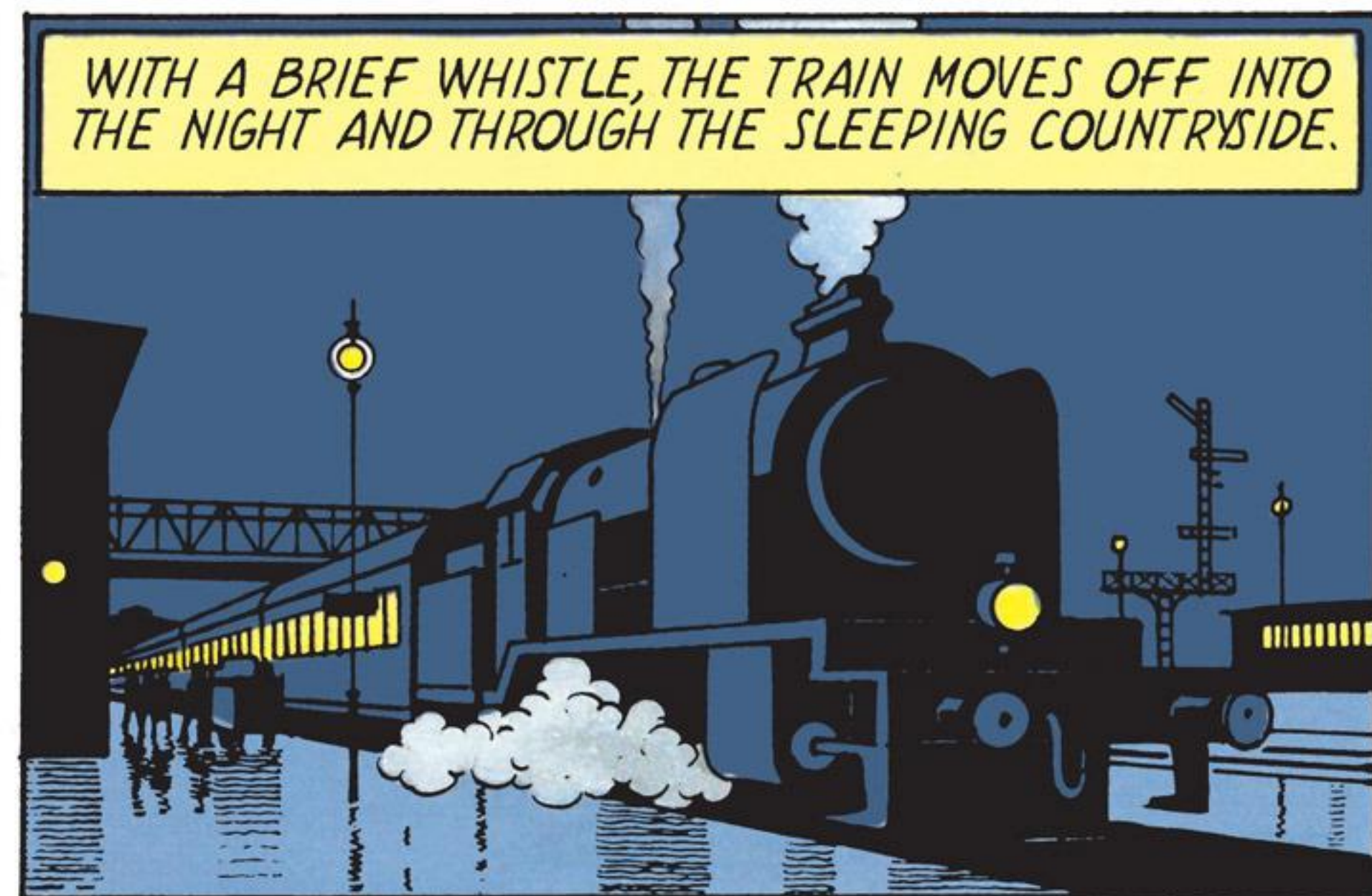
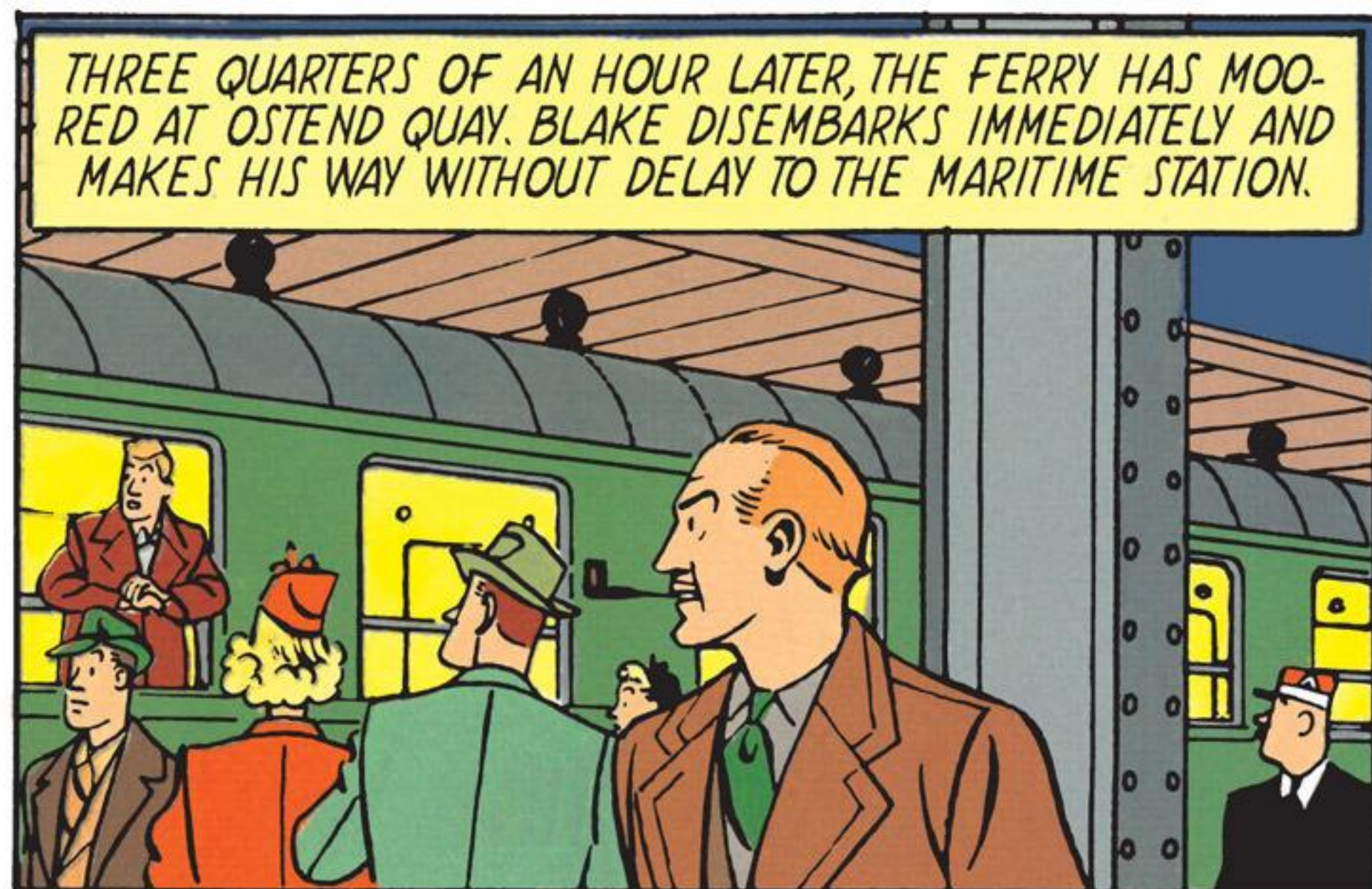
He has a very strange look. What's he up to now?

And suddenly ...





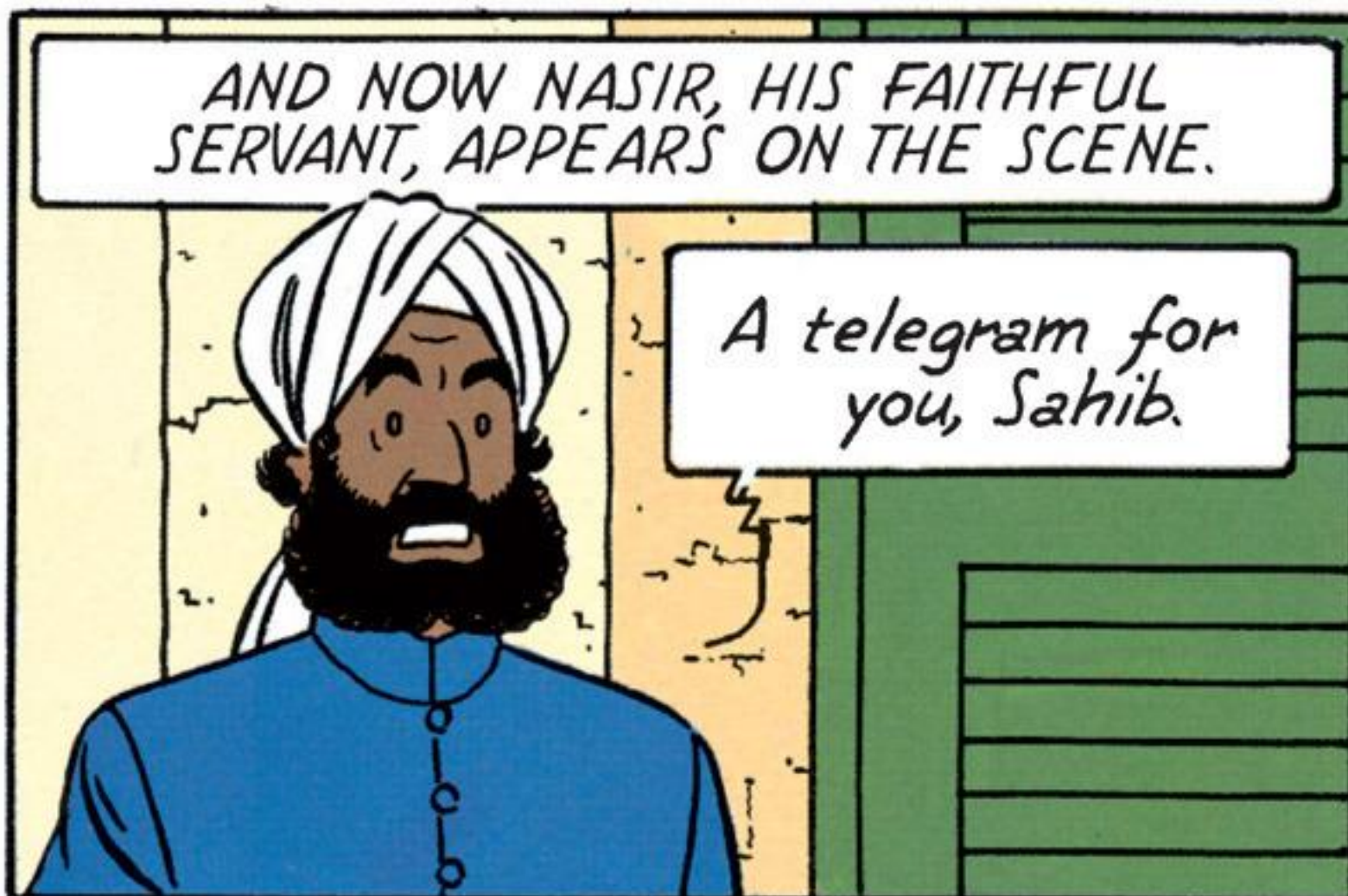
*SEE "THE SECRET OF THE SWORDFISH"



MEANWHILE IN CAIRO, PRIOR TO THE LATEST TURN OF EVENTS AND FOLLOWING THE DIFFERENCES OF OPINION BETWEEN SUPERINTENDENT KAMAL AND HIMSELF, AND HIS APPEAL TO BLAKE, MORTIMER HAS RETREATED TO MENA HOUSE ...



... AT THE FOOT OF THE GIZA PLATEAU, OPPOSITE THE PYRAMIDS, WITH THE INTENTION OF RESIDING THERE AS A TOURIST - AT LEAST IN APPEARANCE. WHILE THE DC-4 IS FLYING TOWARDS ITS DESTINATION, THE PROFESSOR CONTEMPLATES THE IMPRESSIVE SURROUNDINGS FROM THE HOTEL TERRACE.



AND NOW NASIR, HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT, APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

A telegram for you, Sahib.



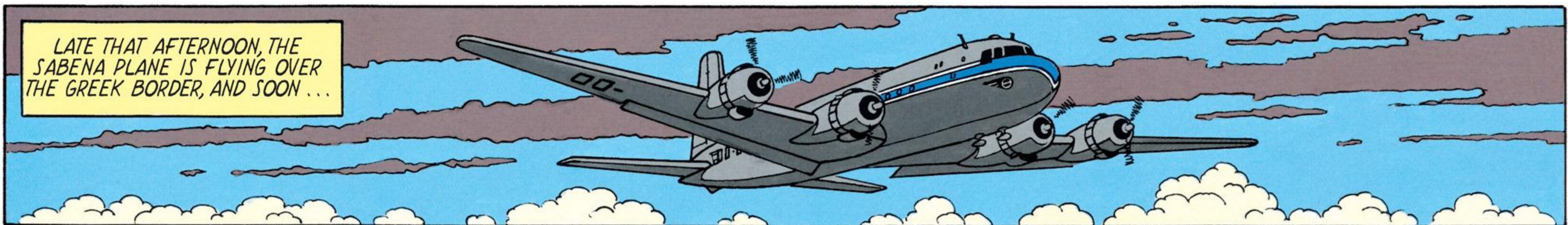
Ah, here is some good news, Nasir. Captain Blake arrives this evening.

My heart rejoices. What are your orders, Sahib?



You can book a taxi for 9 o'clock. I will go and welcome the captain at the airport.

It shall be done, Sahib.

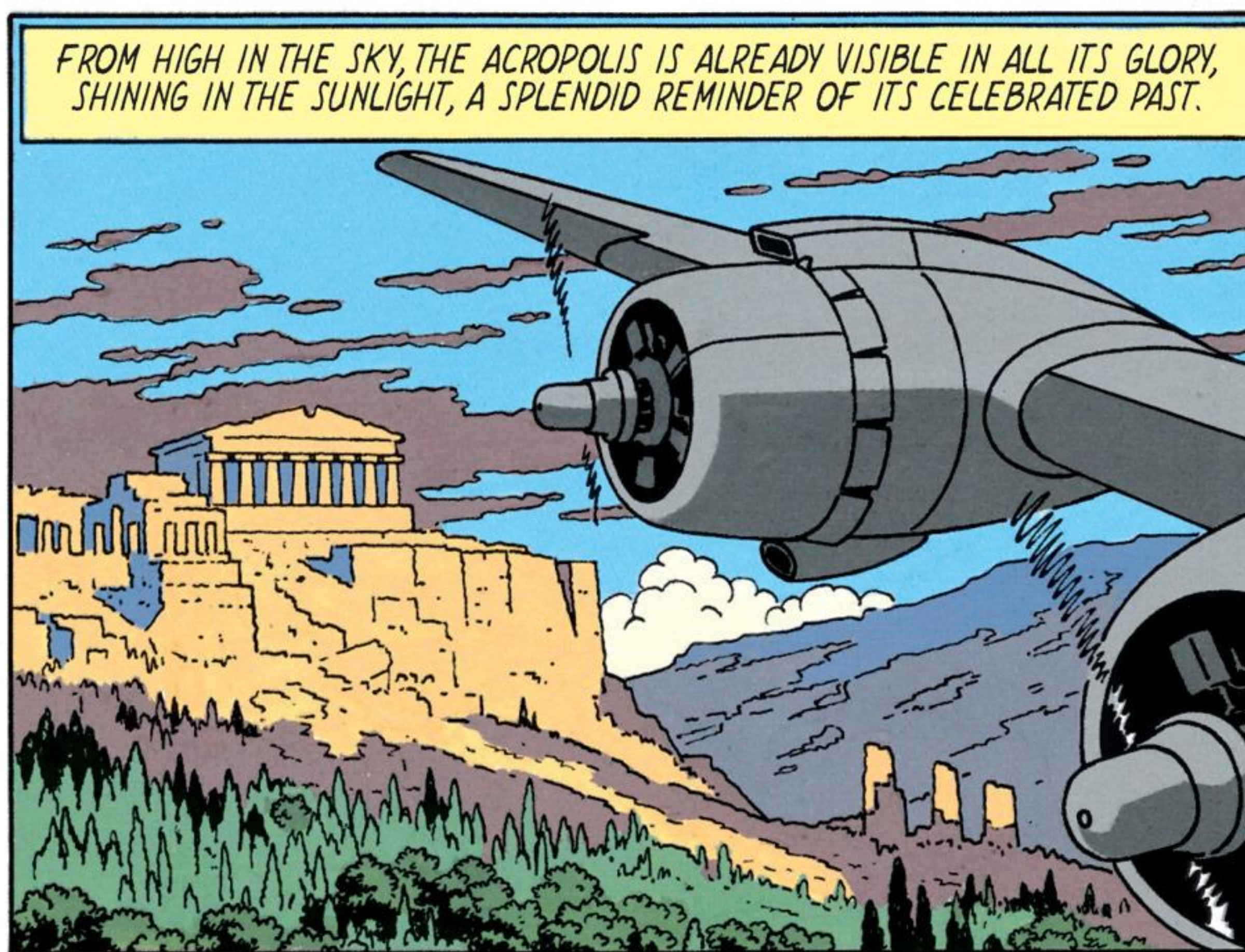


LATE THAT AFTERNOON, THE SABENA PLANE IS FLYING OVER THE GREEK BORDER, AND SOON ...

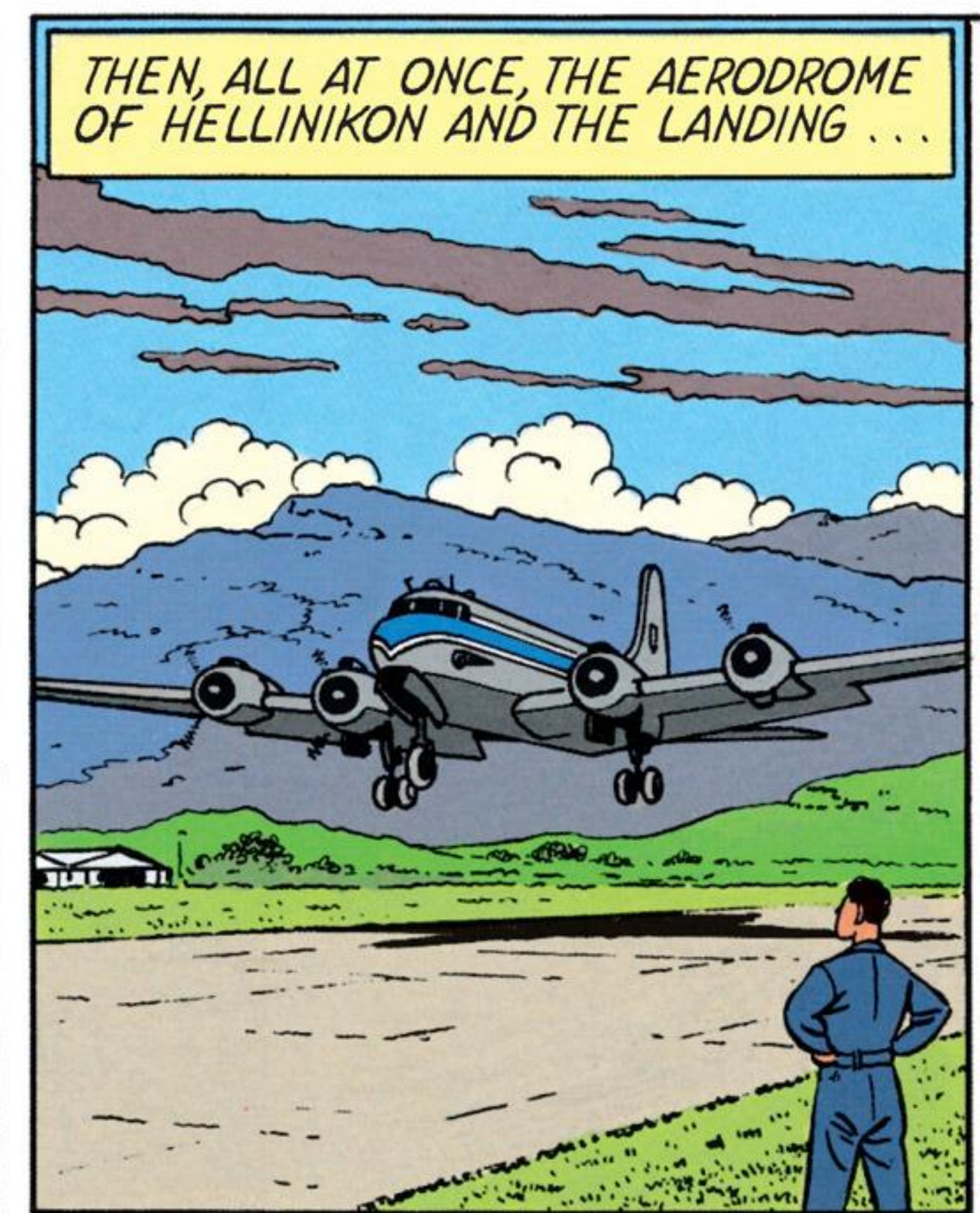


... AT THE AIR CONTROL TOWER AT HELLINIKON, ATHENS' AIRPORT ...

The pilot of the incoming plane is asking for the route.



FROM HIGH IN THE SKY, THE ACROPOLIS IS ALREADY VISIBLE IN ALL ITS GLORY, SHINING IN THE SUNLIGHT, A SPLENDID REMINDER OF ITS CELEBRATED PAST.



THEN, ALL AT ONCE, THE AERODROME OF HELLINIKON AND THE LANDING ...

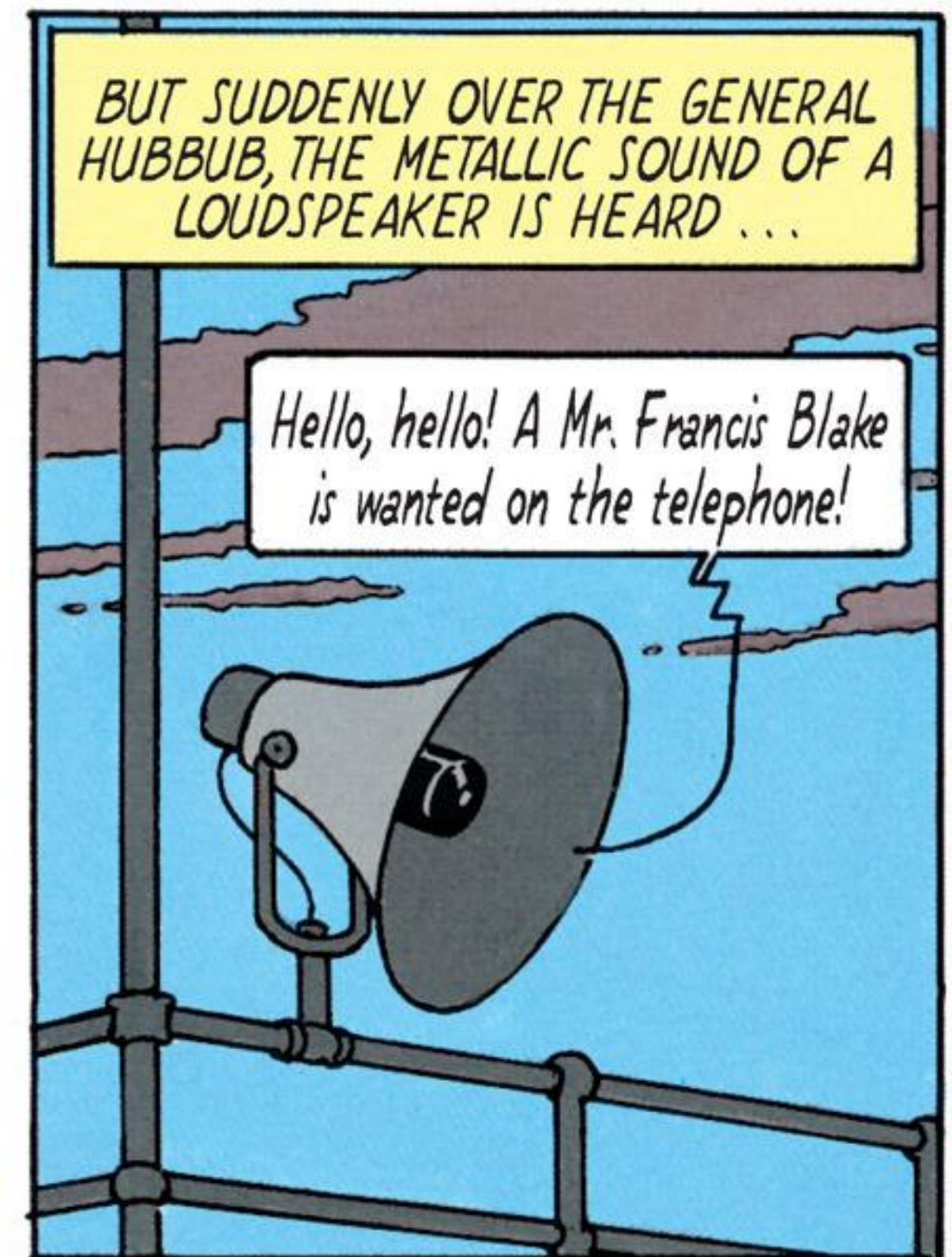


Ladies and gentlemen, our stopover for 45 minutes.



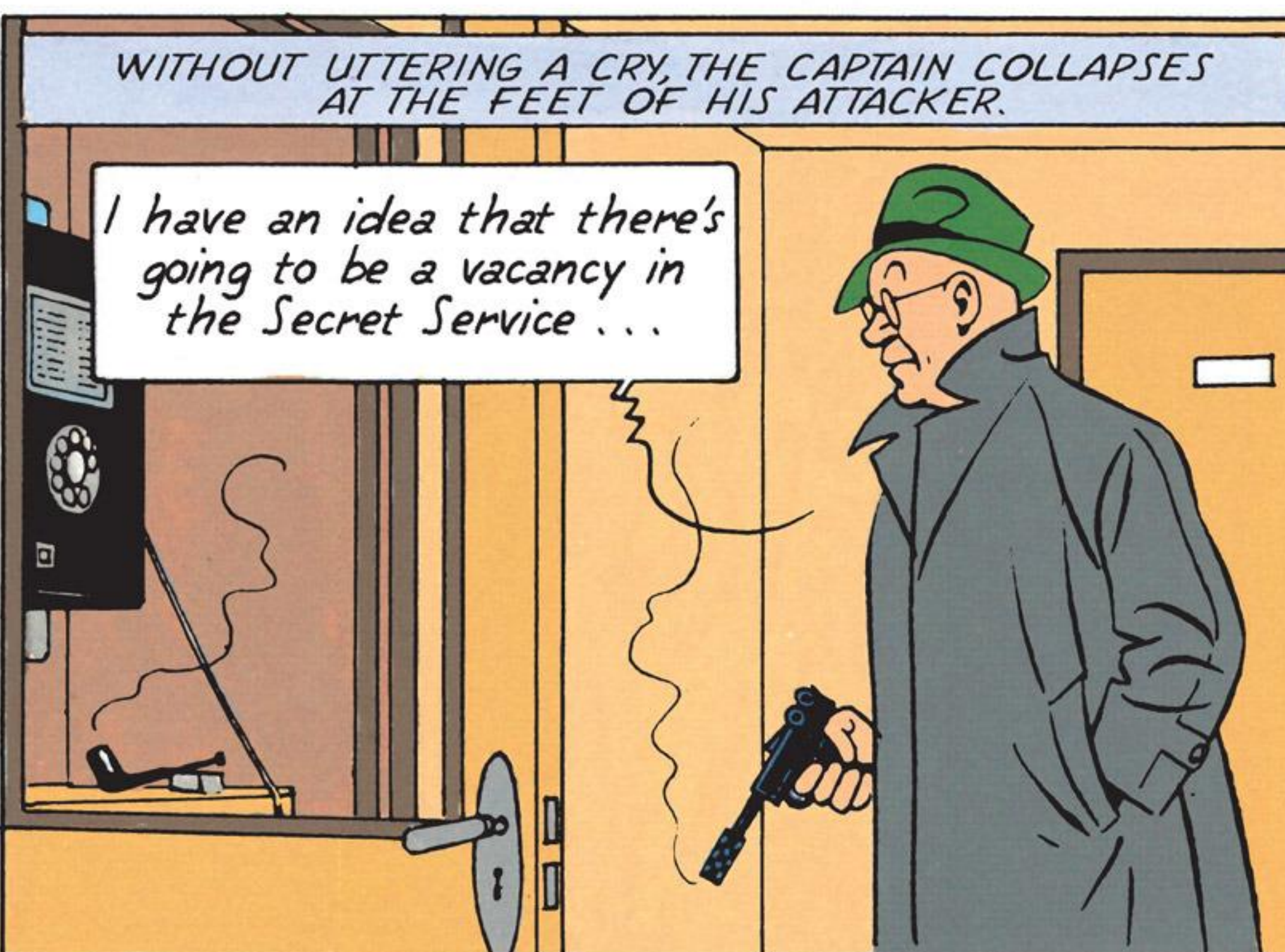
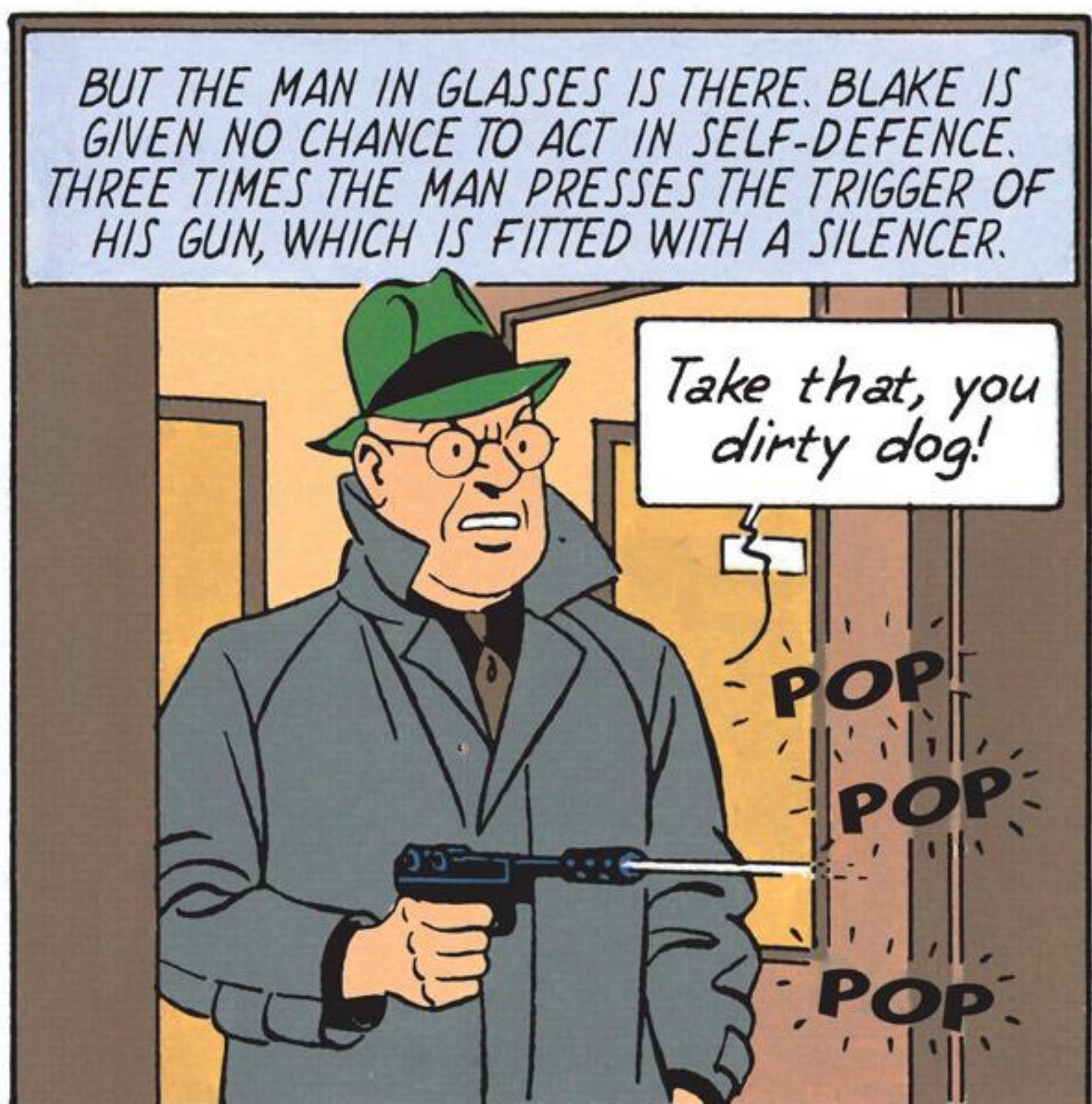
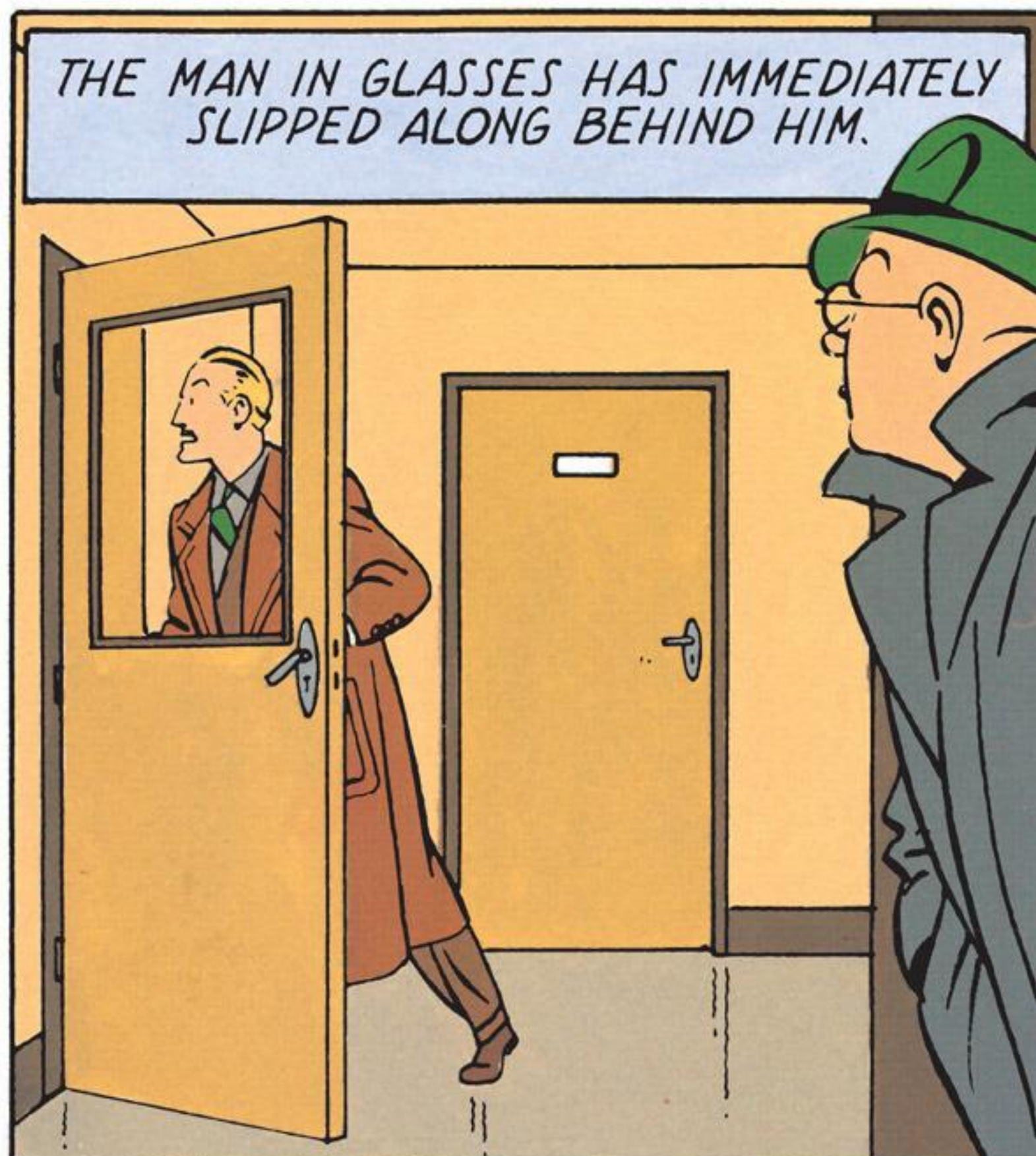
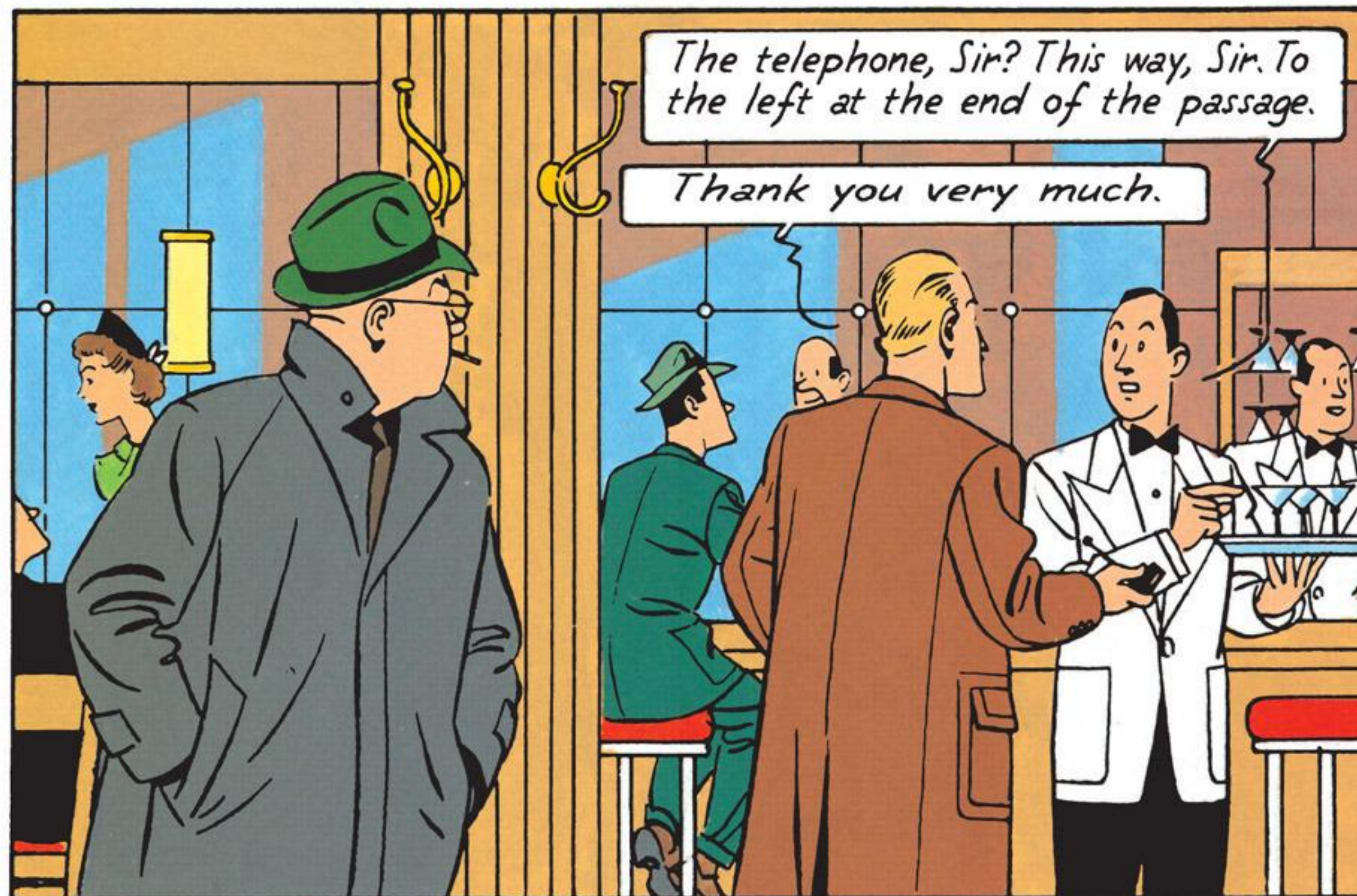
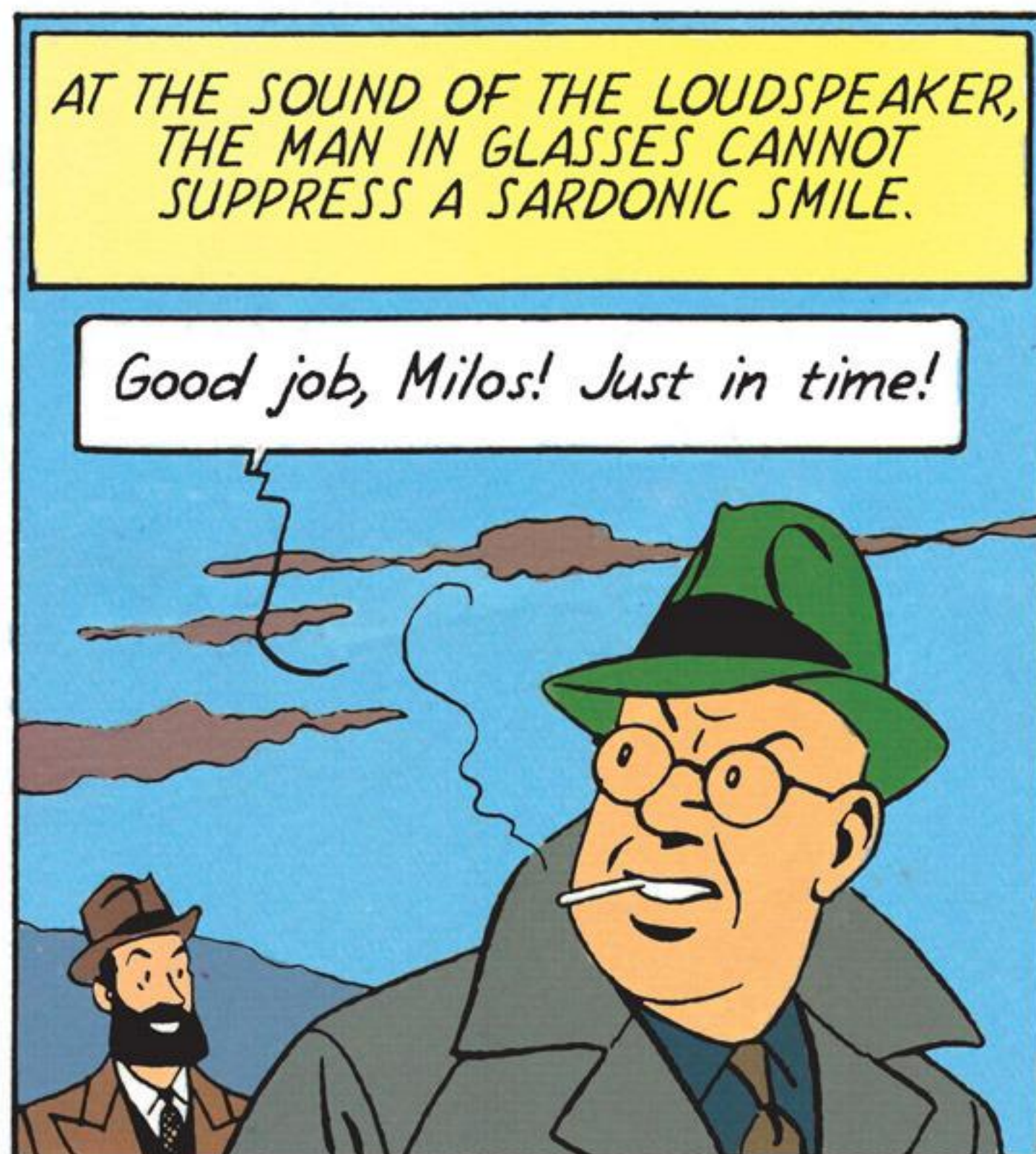
THE TRAVELLERS ARE GLAD TO STRETCH THEIR LEGS AND DESCEND ONTO THE TARMAC. AND OF COURSE ...

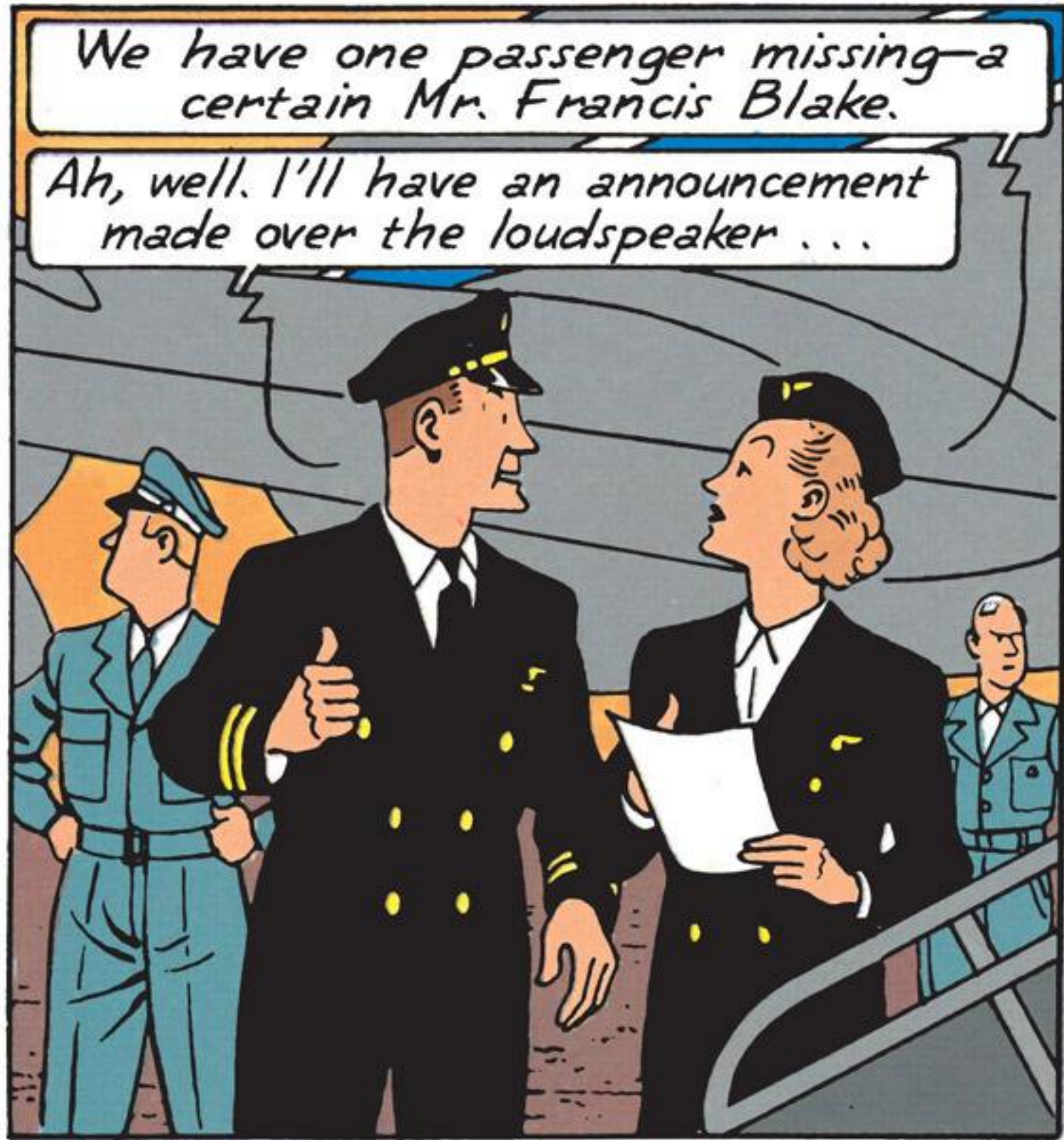
Of course it's ridiculous, but I feel a mad urge to land him one, that fellow with the glasses!



BUT SUDDENLY OVER THE GENERAL HUBBUB, THE METALLIC SOUND OF A LOUDSPEAKER IS HEARD ...

Hello, hello! A Mr. Francis Blake is wanted on the telephone!





We have one passenger missing—a certain Mr. Francis Blake.
Ah, well. I'll have an announcement made over the loudspeaker...



Hallo, hallo!
Mr. Blake,
passenger
for Cairo,
you are
requested to
reboard the
aircraft!
Take-off
imminent!



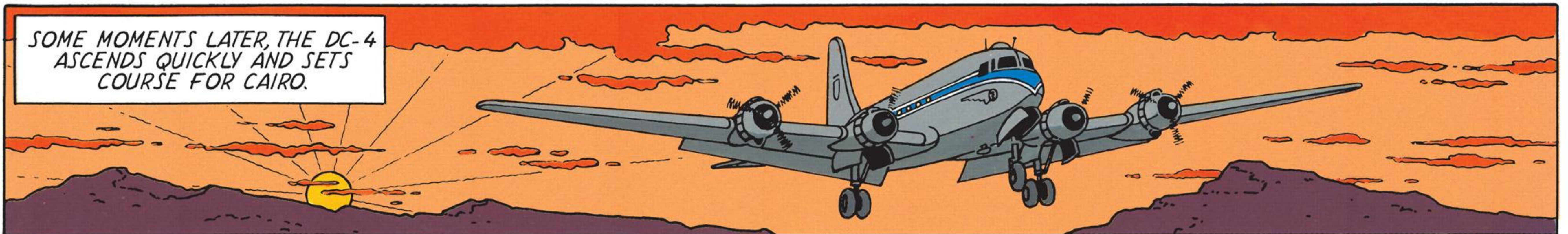
What's happening?
Somebody hasn't
returned on board.



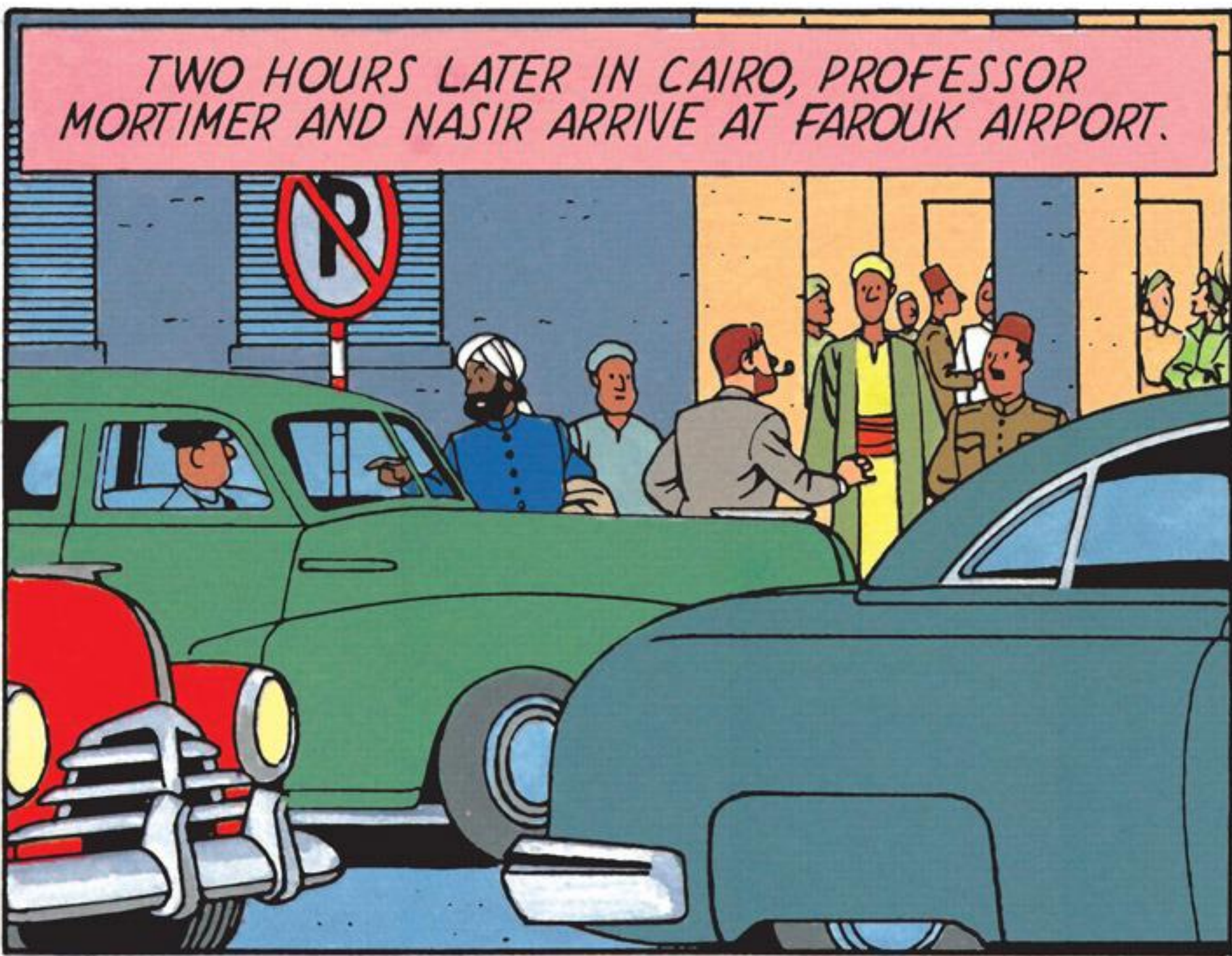
Hallo, hallo!
We are
asking for
Mr. Blake,
passenger
to Cairo. We
urgently ask
for Mr.
Blake!



Commander, the
passenger can't
be found!
Well, that's too bad
for him. We can't
delay any longer!



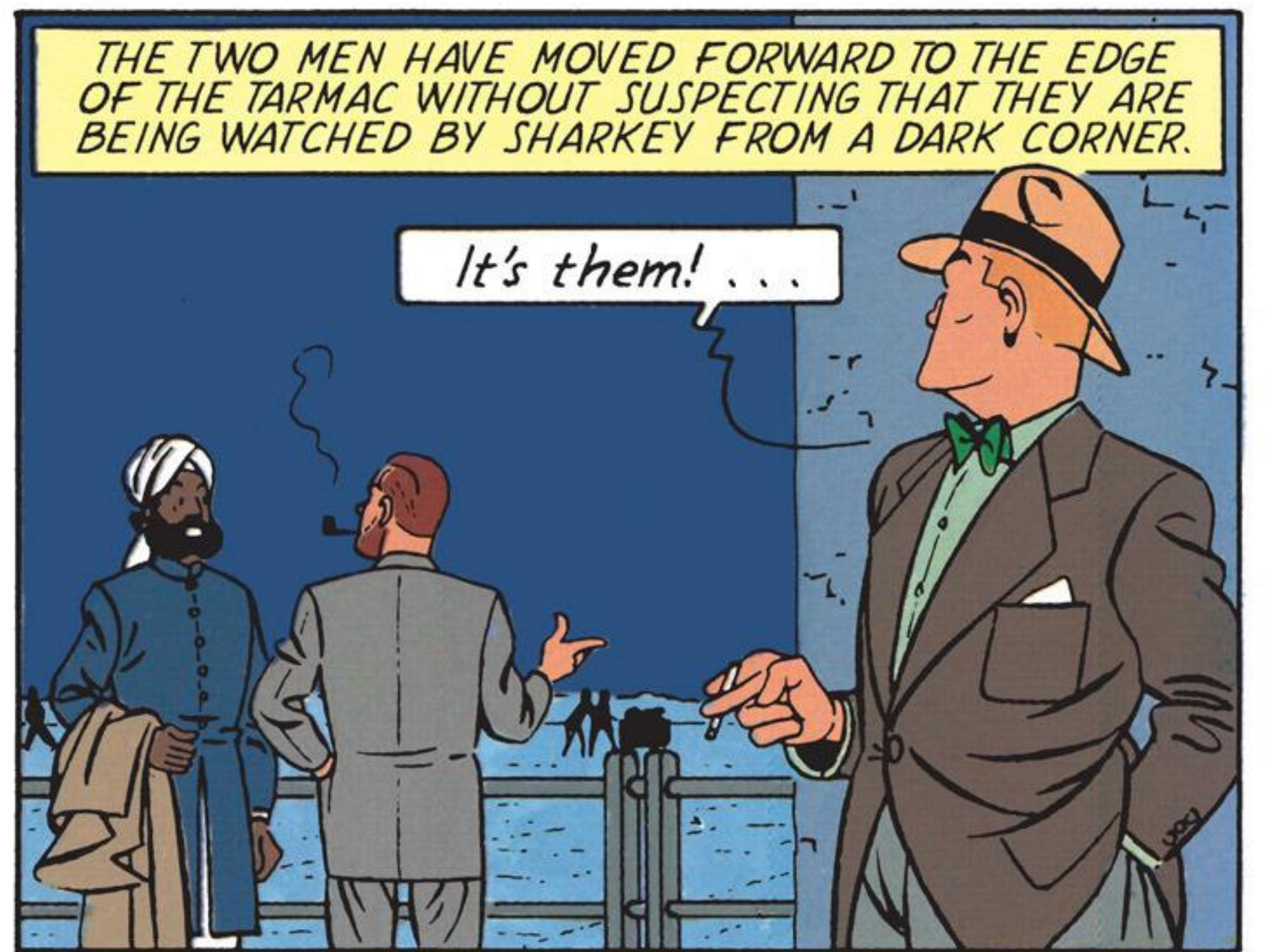
SOME MOMENTS LATER, THE DC-4
ASCENDS QUICKLY AND SETS
COURSE FOR CAIRO.



TWO HOURS LATER IN CAIRO, PROFESSOR
MORTIMER AND NASIR ARRIVE AT FAROUK AIRPORT.



The plane from Brus-
sels isn't late, is it?
No, Sir, it has
been announced
just this moment.

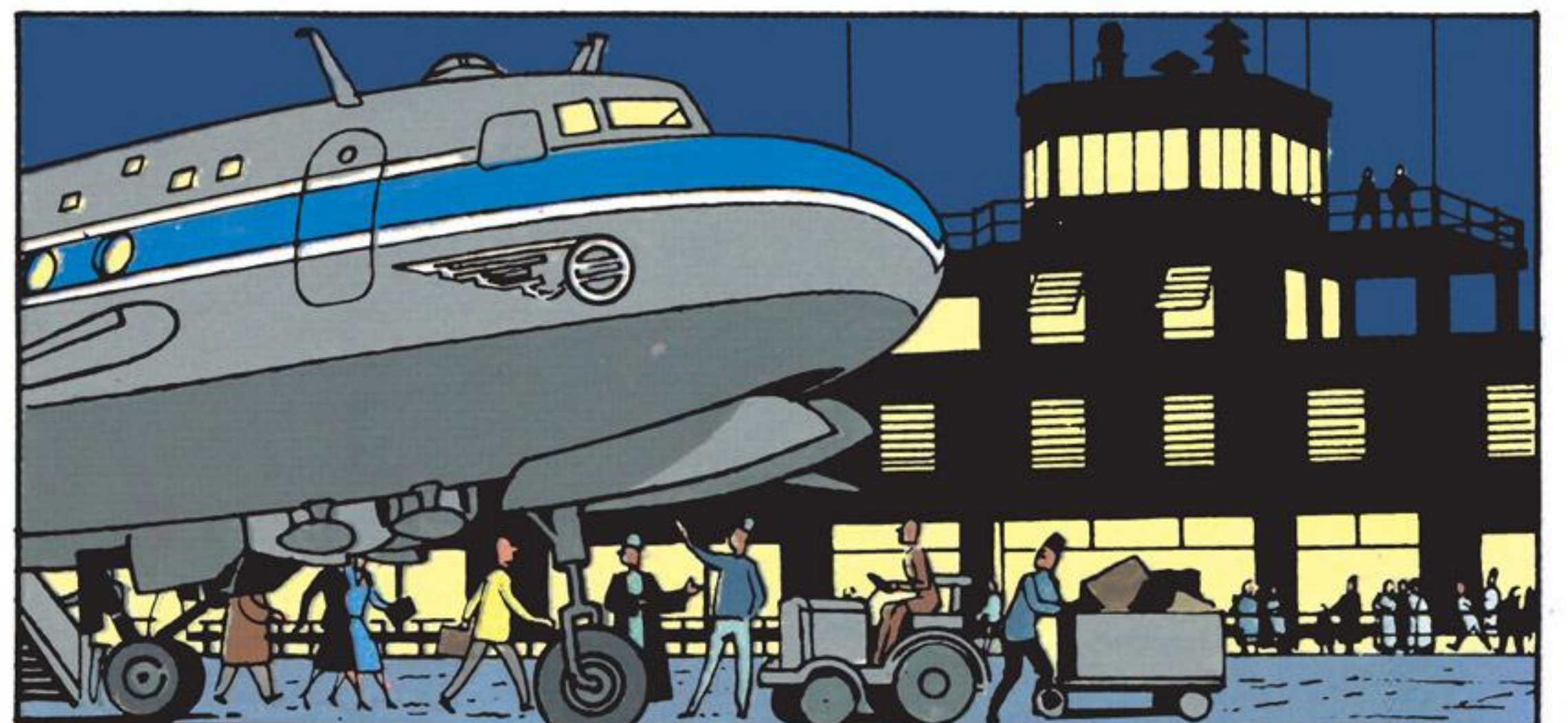


THE TWO MEN HAVE MOVED FORWARD TO THE EDGE
OF THE TARMAC WITHOUT SUSPECTING THAT THEY ARE
BEING WATCHED BY SHARKEY FROM A DARK CORNER.

It's them!...

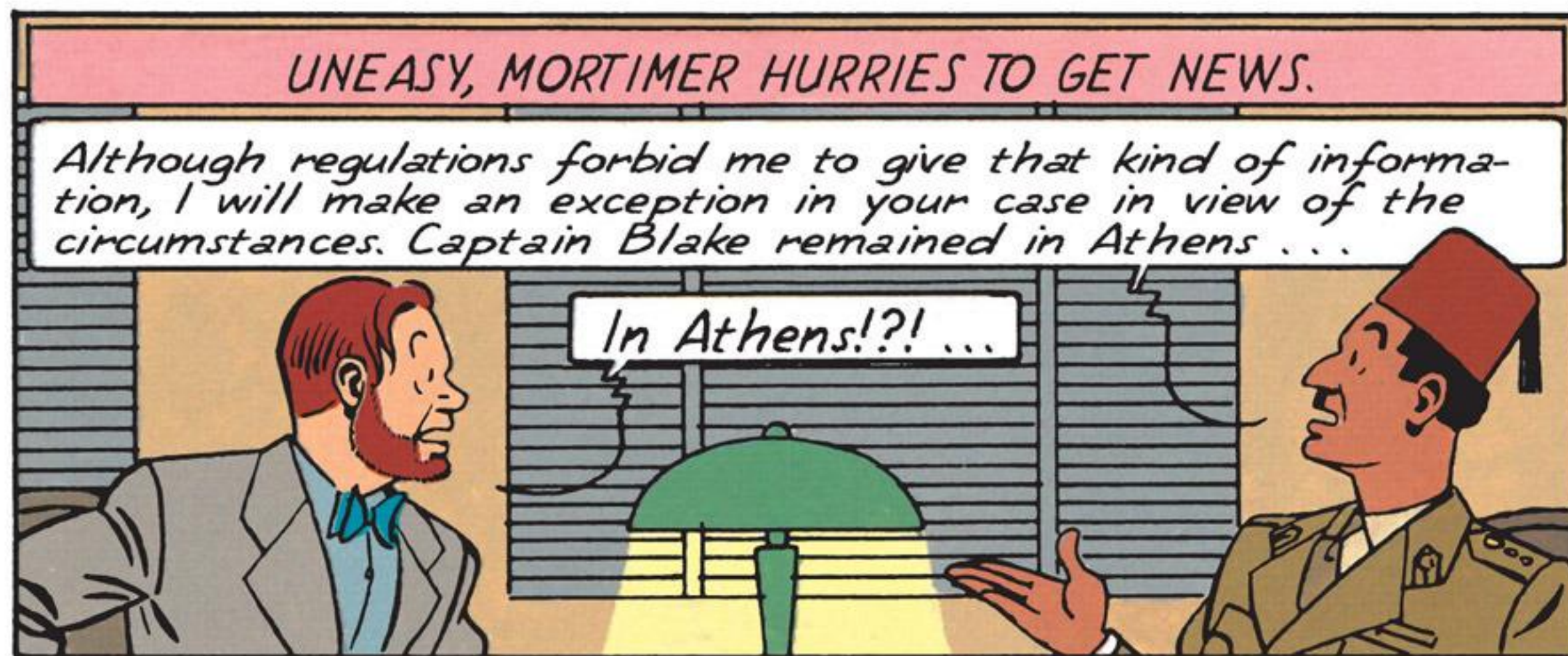


AFTER A SHORT WAIT,
THE CONTROL TOWER
LIGHTS SIGNAL AND
IN A FEW MOMENTS
THE MACHINE LANDS.
THE PASSENGERS
START TO DISEMBARK.
FULL OF JOY,
MORTIMER PREPARES
TO WELCOME HIS OLD
WARTIME COMPANION.



BUT, TO HIS GREAT CONSTERNATION, HE
CANNOT SEE BLAKE AMONG THE PASSEN-
GERS WALKING TOWARDS THE AIR TERMINAL

What's this!?!...



UNEASY, MORTIMER HURRIES TO GET NEWS.

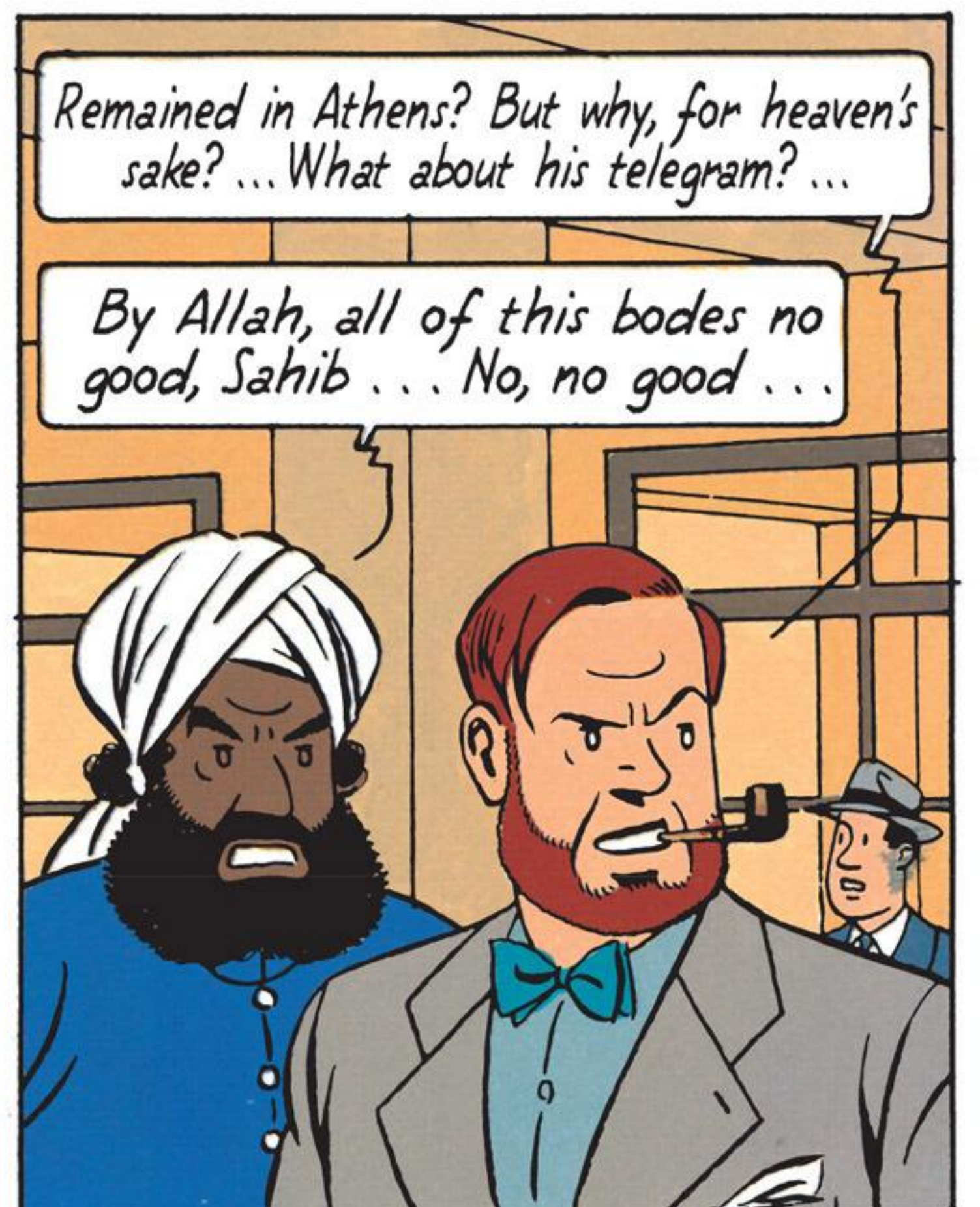
Although regulations forbid me to give that kind of informa-
tion, I will make an exception in your case in view of the
circumstances. Captain Blake remained in Athens...

In Athens!?!...



IN THE MEANTIME, AT THE CUSTOMS EXIT...

Well? ...
It's done! ...



Remained in Athens? But why, for heaven's
sake? ... What about his telegram? ...

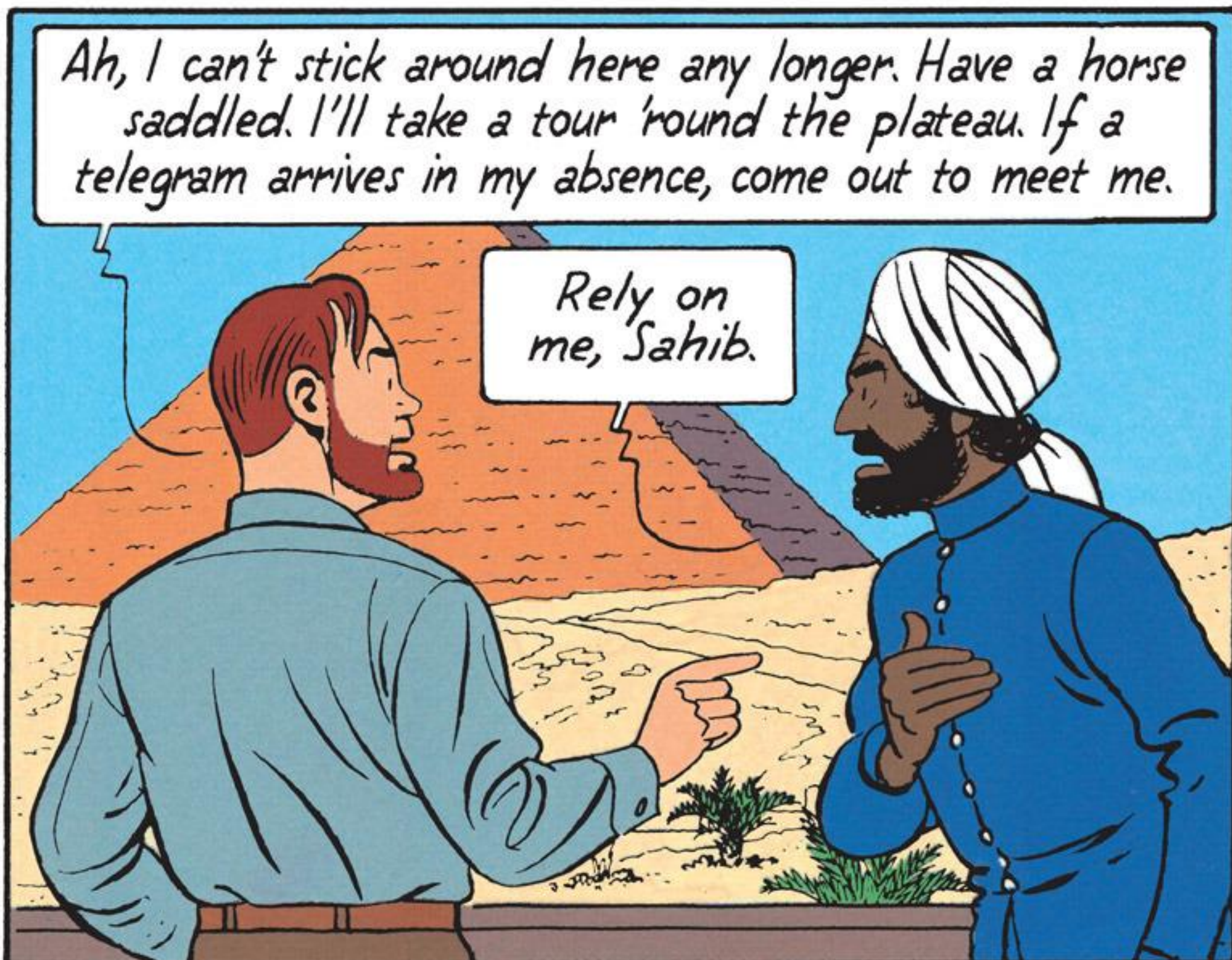
By Allah, all of this bodes no
good, Sahib ... No, no good ...



FOUR DAYS HAVE PASSED, AND THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING BLAKE'S DISAPPEARANCE REMAINS UNSOLVED. MORTIMER IS AWARE OF THE POWER AT THE DISPOSAL OF OLRİK'S FORMIDABLE ORGANISATION AND FEARS THAT THE CAPTAIN MAY HAVE BEEN THE VICTIM OF SOME CRIMINAL PLOT. ON THE OTHER HAND, THOUGH, HE WONDERS WHETHER HIS FRIEND HAS BEEN COMPELLED TO CHANGE HIS PLANS SUDDENLY, AND HE HAS SENT A TELEGRAM TO OBTAIN NEWS DIRECTLY FROM SCOTLAND YARD. IT IS IN THIS FRAME OF MIND THAT WE FIND HIM AGAIN, EARLY ON THE FIFTH DAY, SITTING ON THE TERRACE AT MENA HOUSE, GOING THROUGH HIS MAIL.

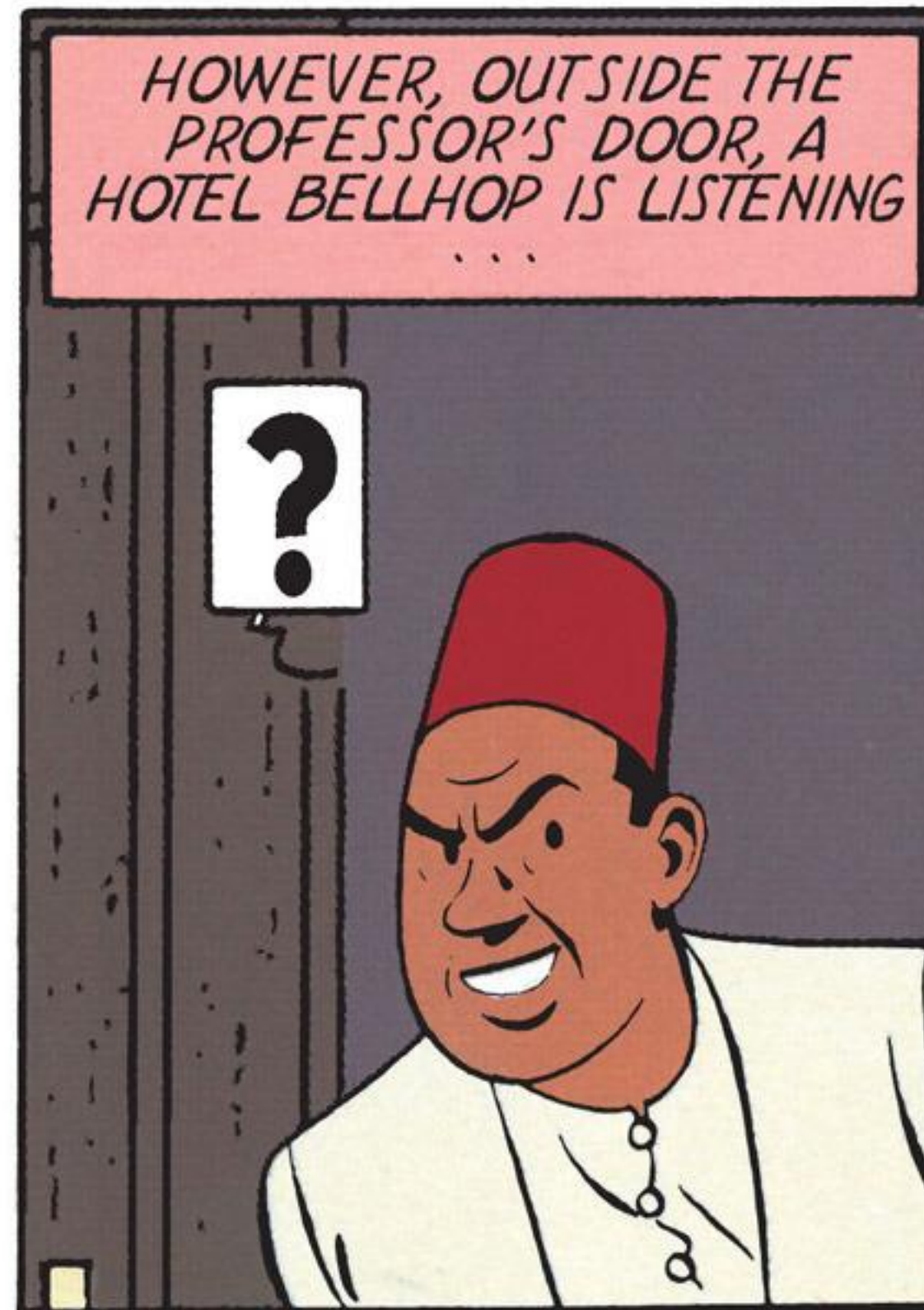


Still nothing from London ... What on earth are they waiting for?

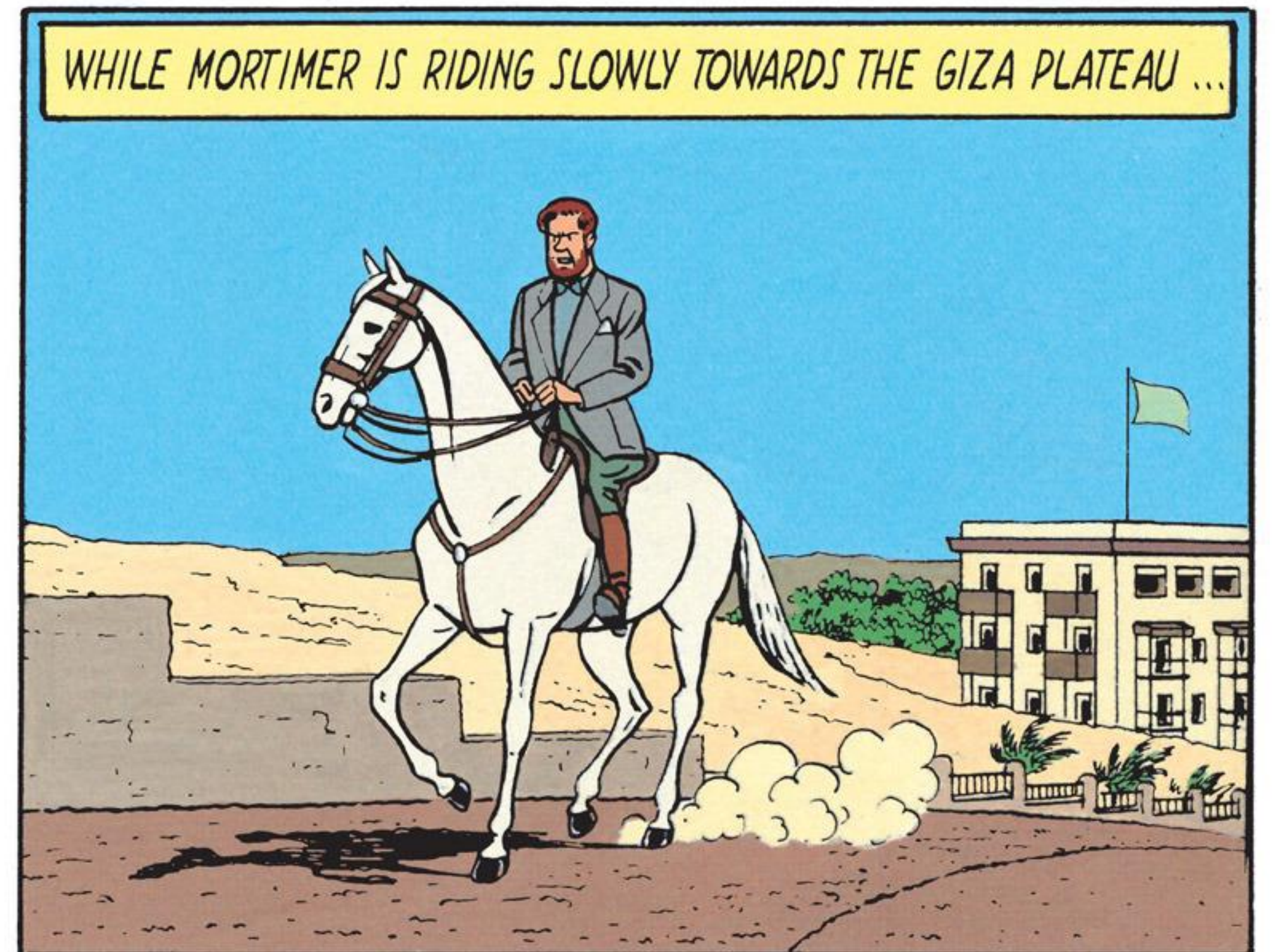


Ah, I can't stick around here any longer. Have a horse saddled. I'll take a tour 'round the plateau. If a telegram arrives in my absence, come out to meet me.

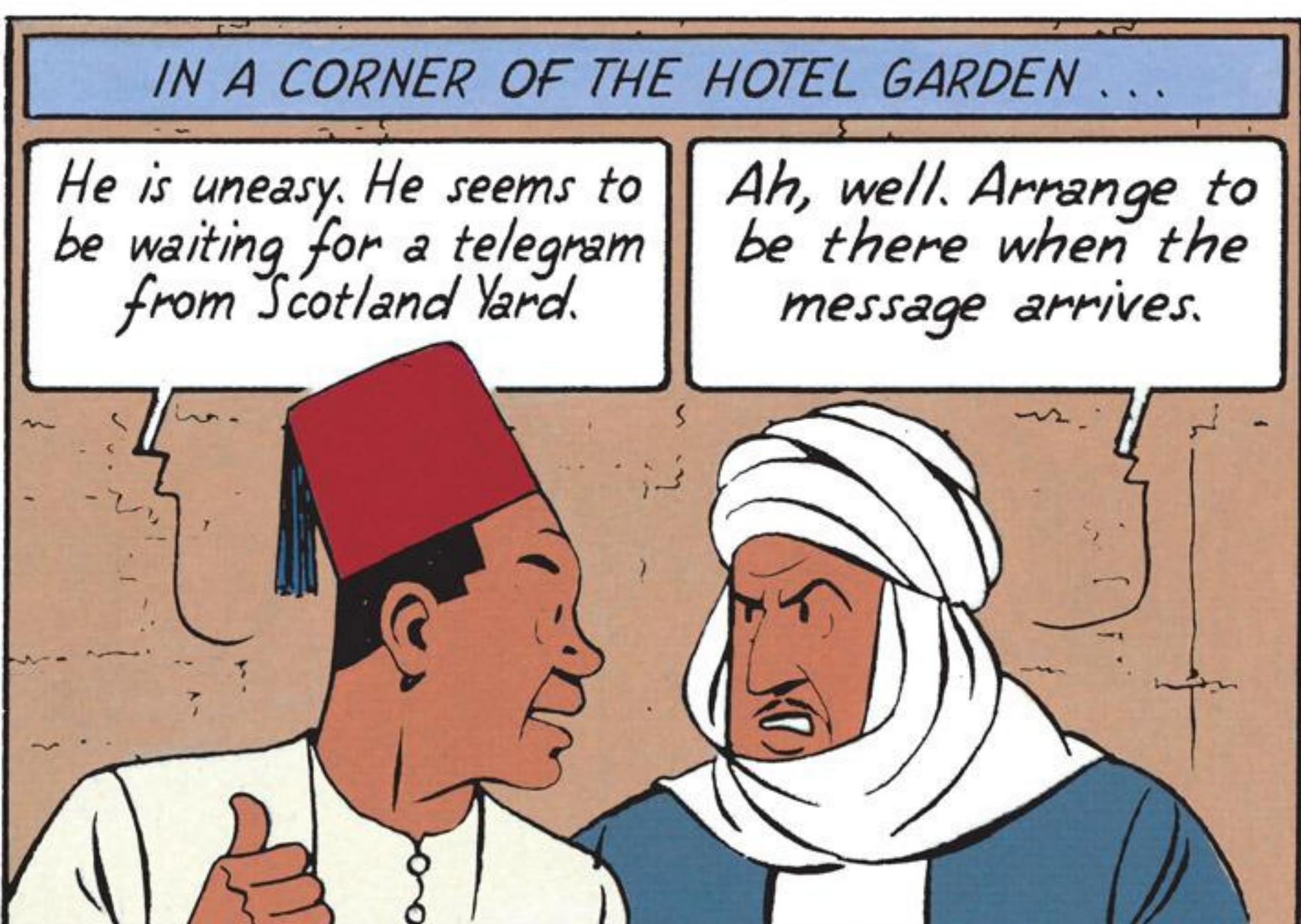
Rely on me, Sahib.



HOWEVER, OUTSIDE THE PROFESSOR'S DOOR, A HOTEL BELLHOP IS LISTENING ...



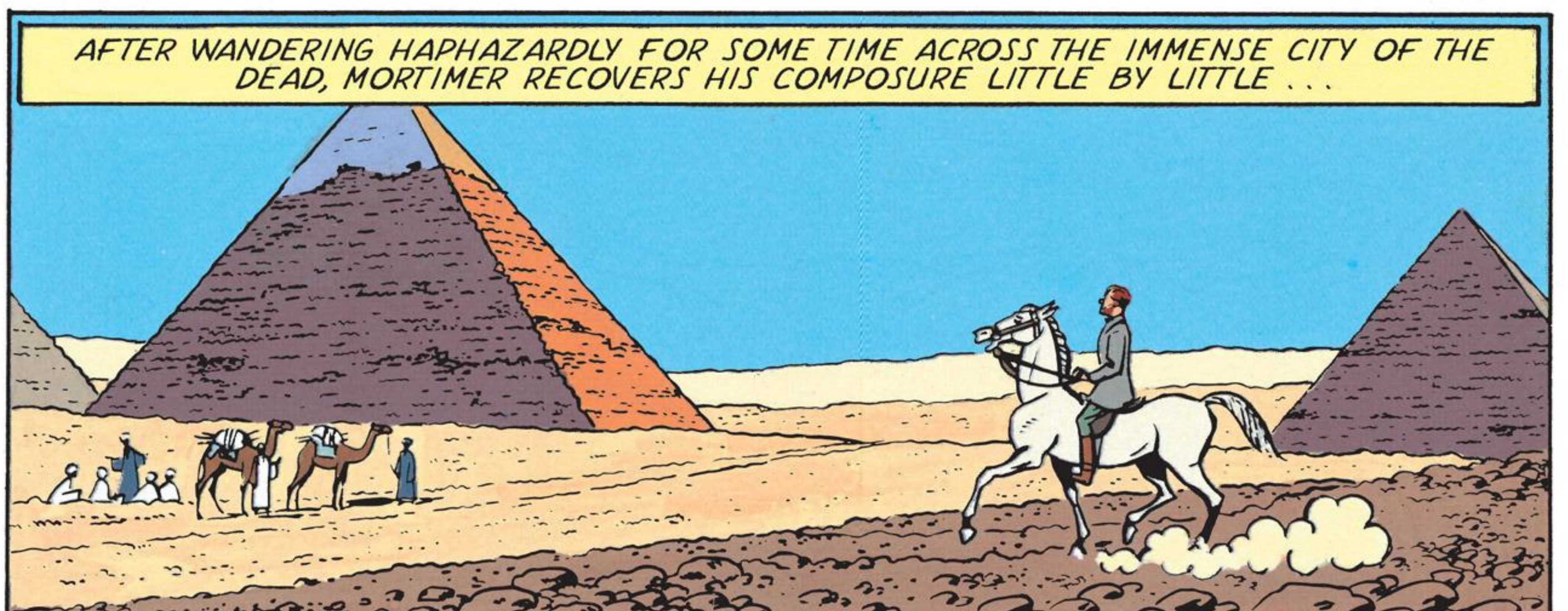
WHILE MORTIMER IS RIDING SLOWLY TOWARDS THE GIZA PLATEAU ...



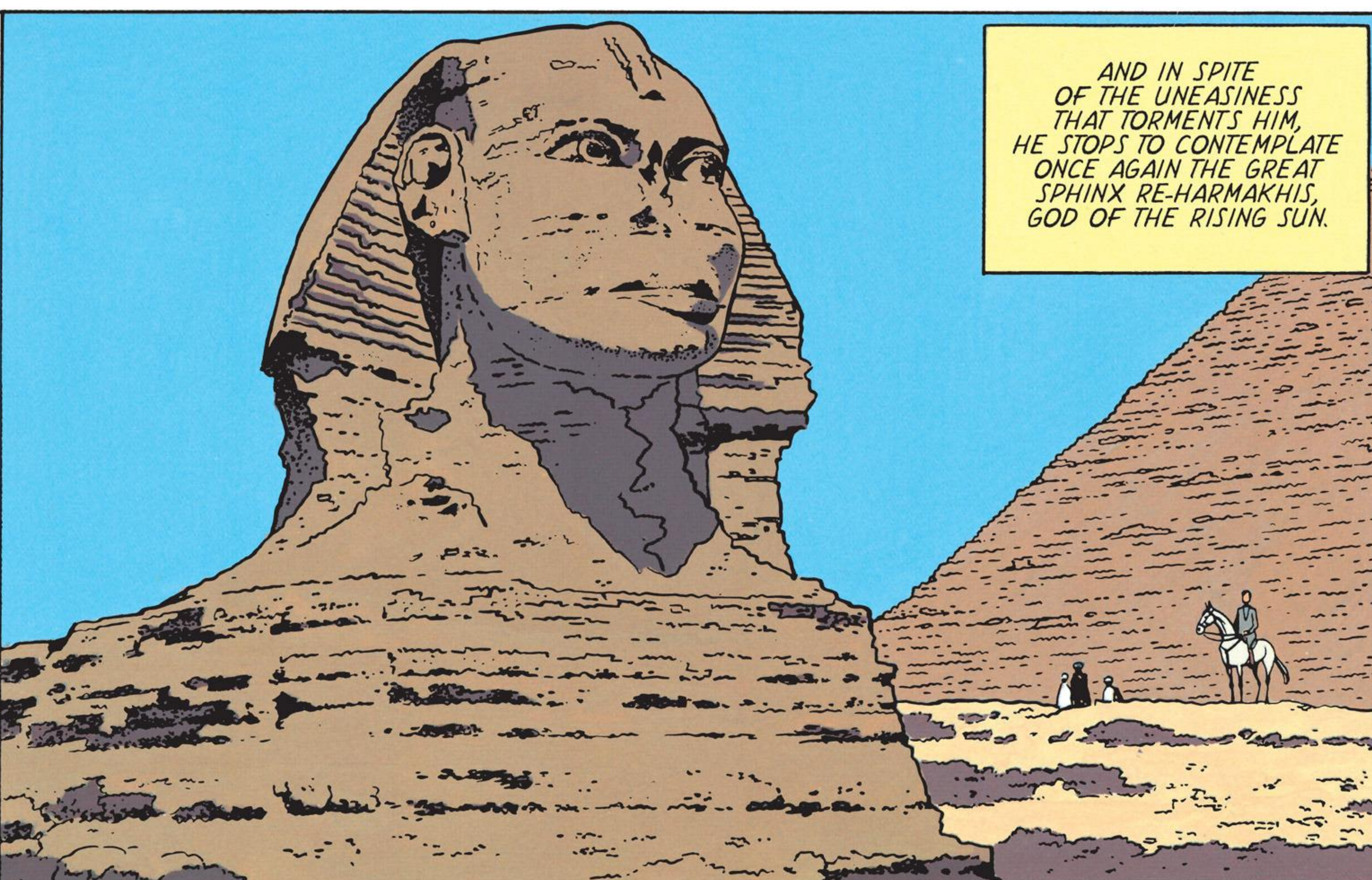
IN A CORNER OF THE HOTEL GARDEN ...

He is uneasy. He seems to be waiting for a telegram from Scotland Yard.

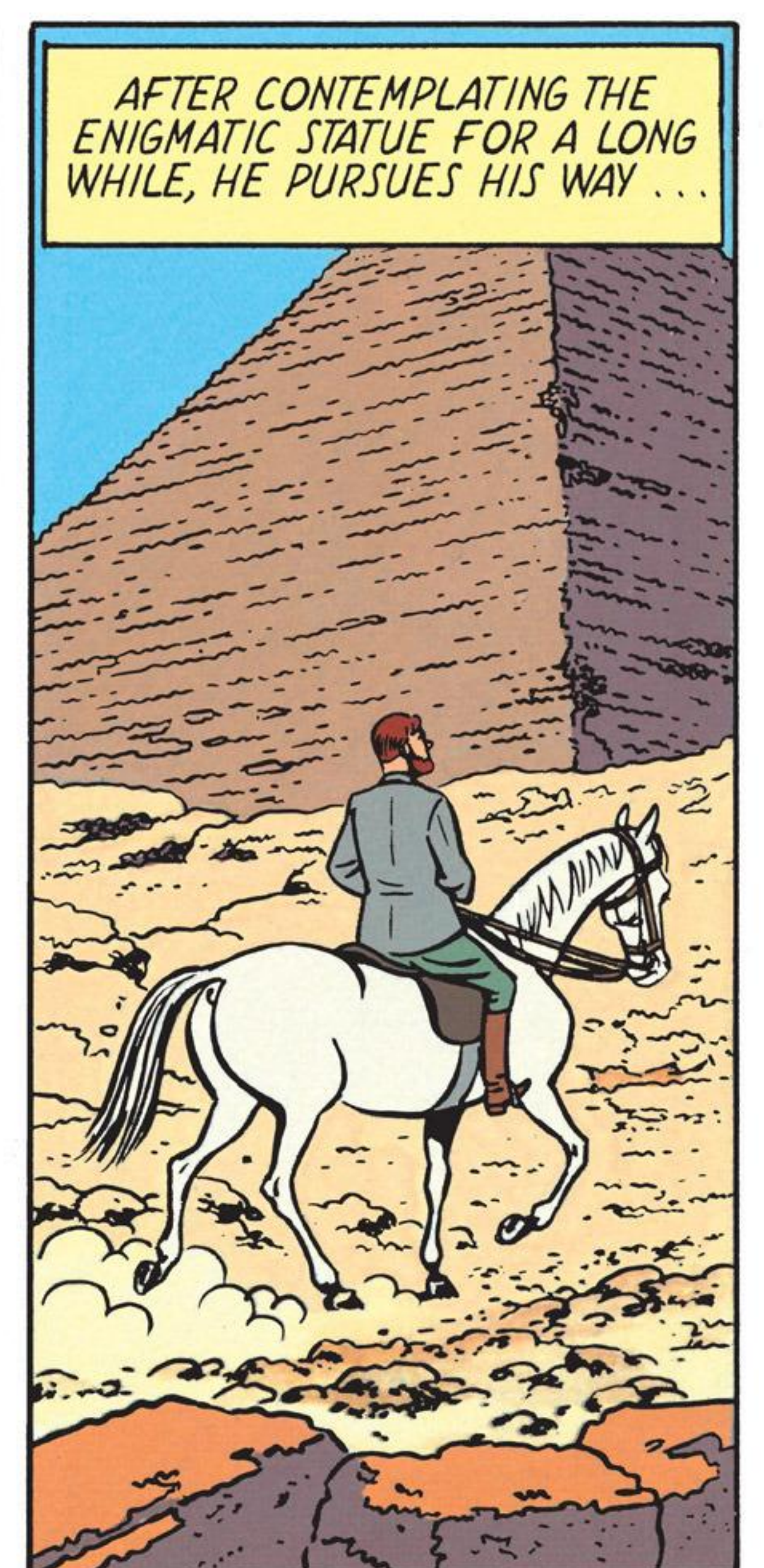
Ah, well. Arrange to be there when the message arrives.



AFTER WANDERING HAPHAZARDLY FOR SOME TIME ACROSS THE IMMENSE CITY OF THE DEAD, MORTIMER RECOVERS HIS COMPOSURE LITTLE BY LITTLE ...



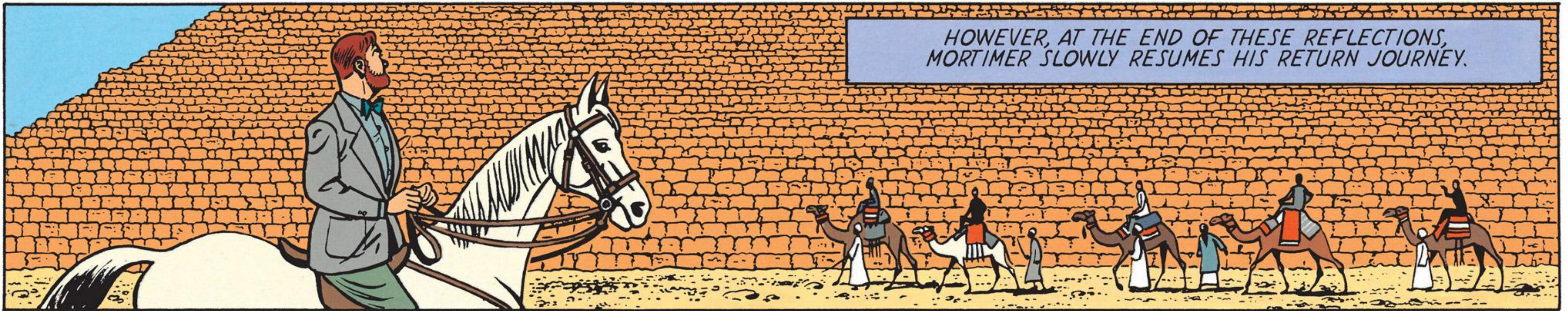
AND IN SPITE OF THE UNEASINESS THAT TORMENTS HIM, HE STOPS TO CONTEMPLATE ONCE AGAIN THE GREAT SPHINX RE-HARMAKHIS, GOD OF THE RISING SUN.



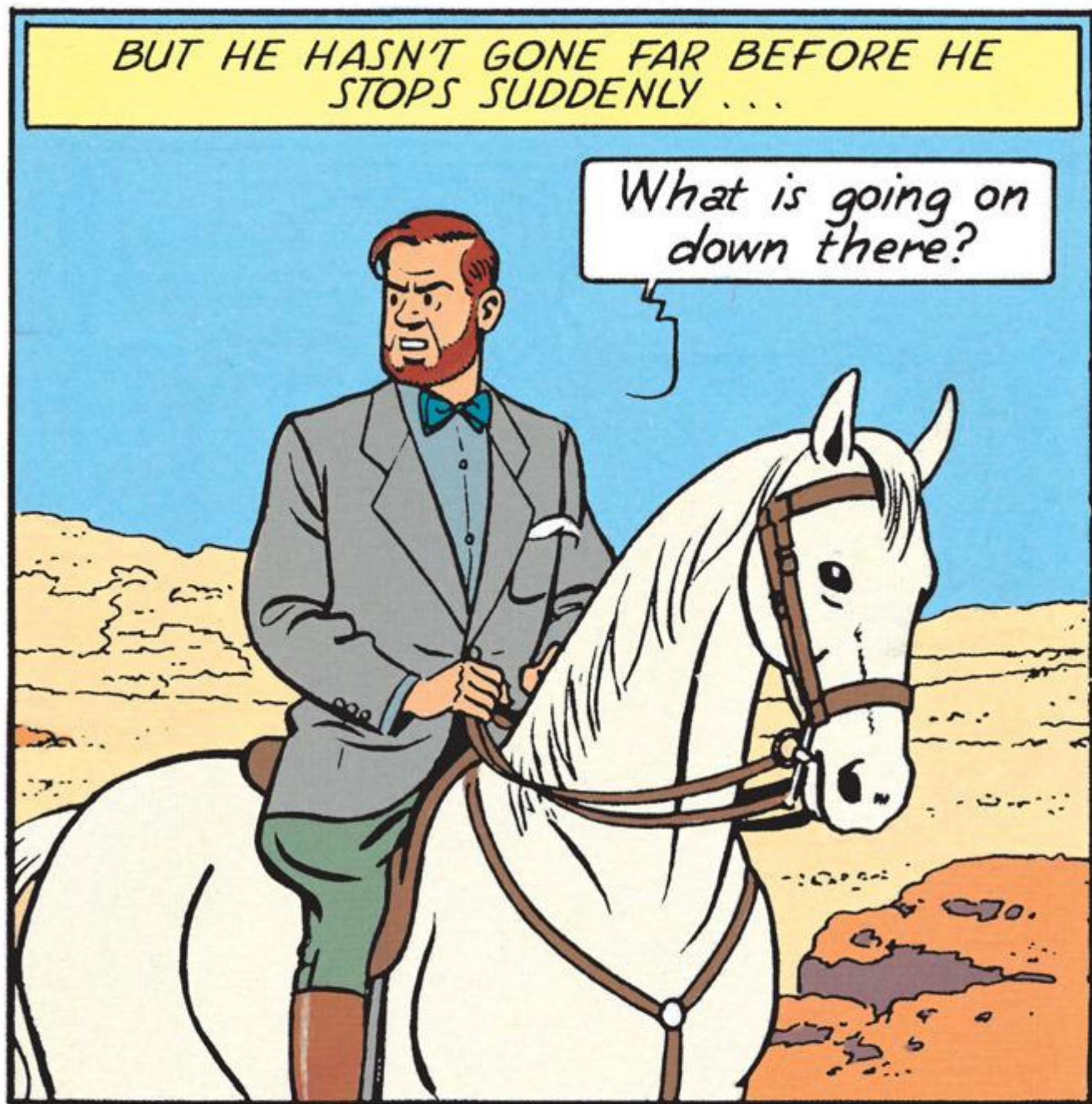
AFTER CONTEMPLATING THE ENIGMATIC STATUE FOR A LONG WHILE, HE PURSUES HIS WAY ...

STOPPING HIS HORSE AT THE FOOT OF THE GREAT PYRAMID, MORTIMER THOUGHTFULLY LIFTS HIS GAZE OVER THE GIGANTIC TOMB OF THE PHARAOH KHEOPS.

To think that the clue to the puzzle may be there within one's grasp . . . Yes, everything tells me that this mountain of stone has not yet yielded its secrets, and the papyrus of Manethon must confirm the fact that . . . the chamber of Horus exists . . . I feel it . . .



HOWEVER, AT THE END OF THESE REFLECTIONS, MORTIMER SLOWLY RESUMES HIS RETURN JOURNEY.



BUT HE HASN'T GONE FAR BEFORE HE STOPS SUDDENLY ...

What is going on down there?



It sounds like a brawl.

... AND QUICKLY HE GOES TO THE SCENE ...

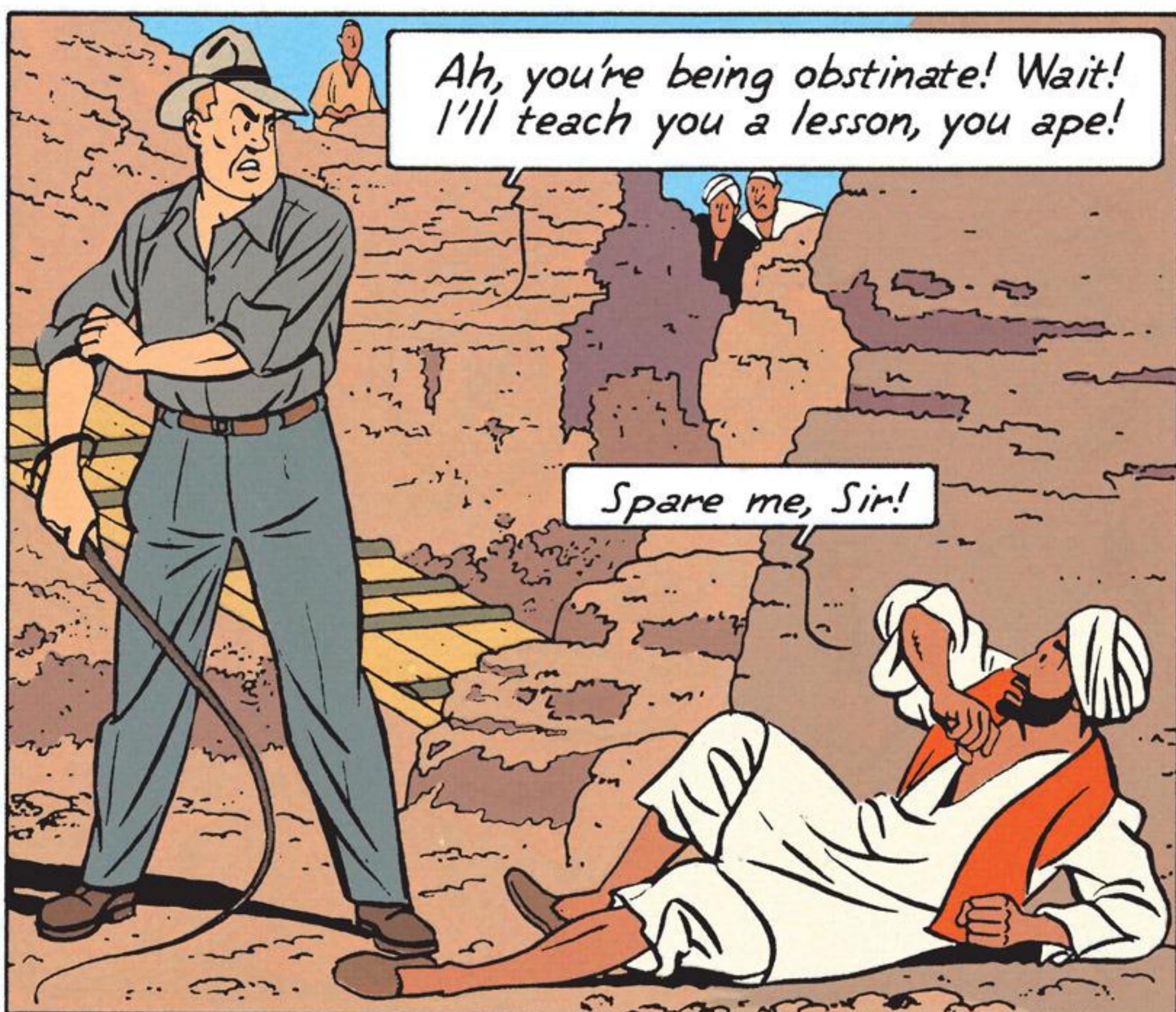


When I forbid people to nose around in corners, I expect to be obeyed. Do you understand?

But, Sir, the works manager said ...

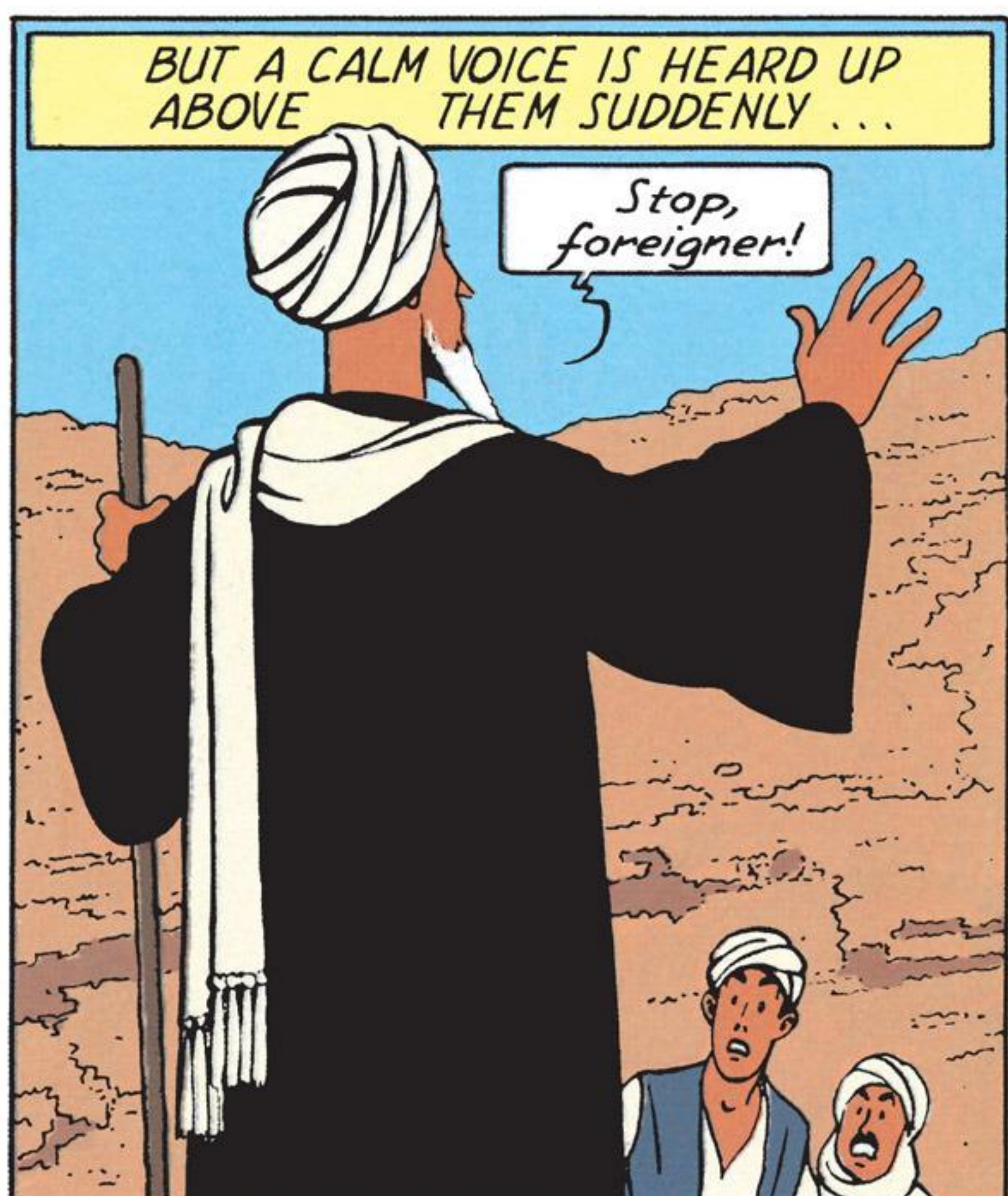


What? You're arguing about my orders? Take that!



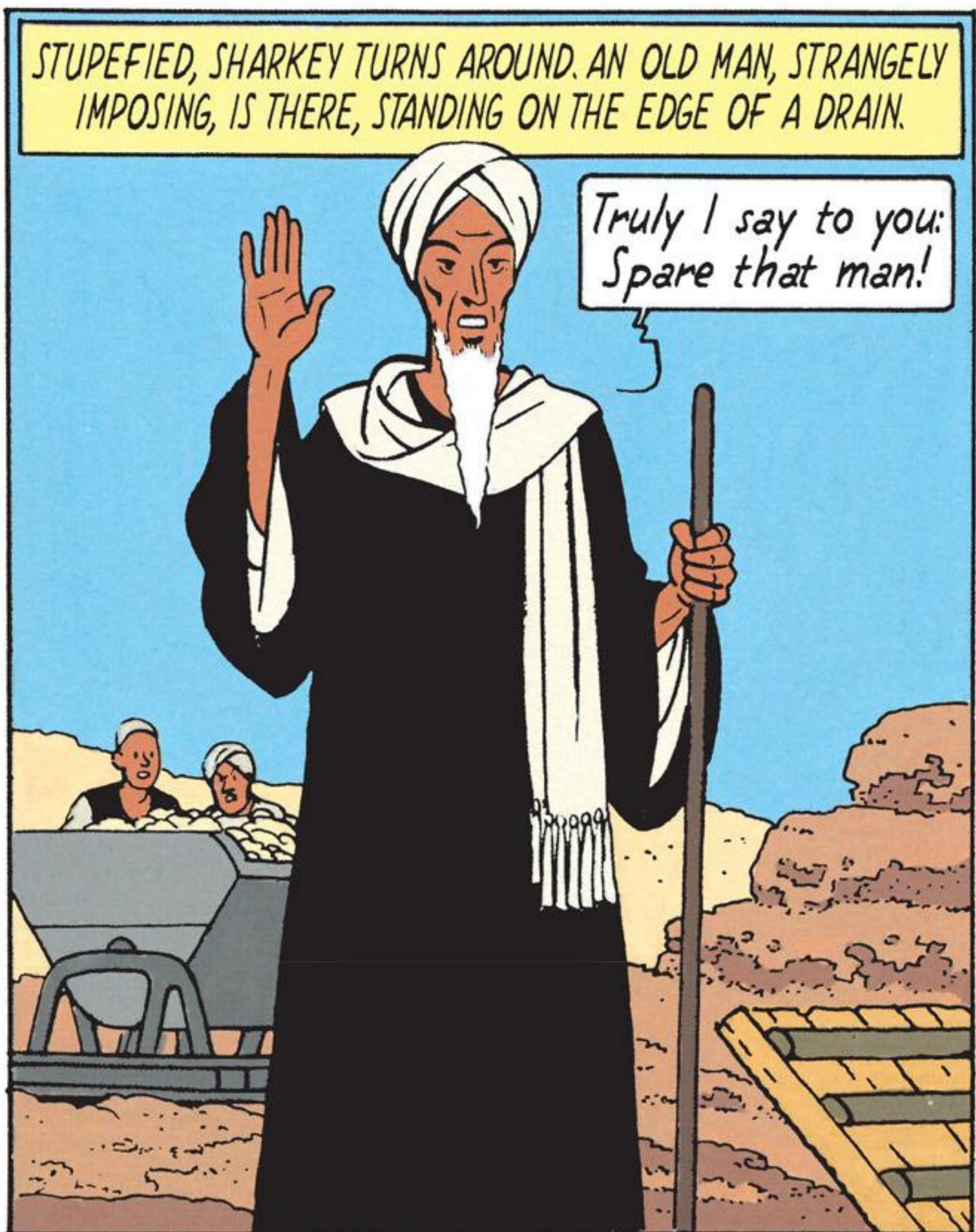
Ah, you're being obstinate! Wait! I'll teach you a lesson, you ape!

Spare me, Sir!



BUT A CALM VOICE IS HEARD UP ABOVE THEM SUDDENLY ...

Stop, foreigner!



STUPEFIED, SHARKEY TURNS AROUND. AN OLD MAN, STRANGELY IMPOSING, IS THERE, STANDING ON THE EDGE OF A DRAIN.

Truly I say to you: Spare that man!



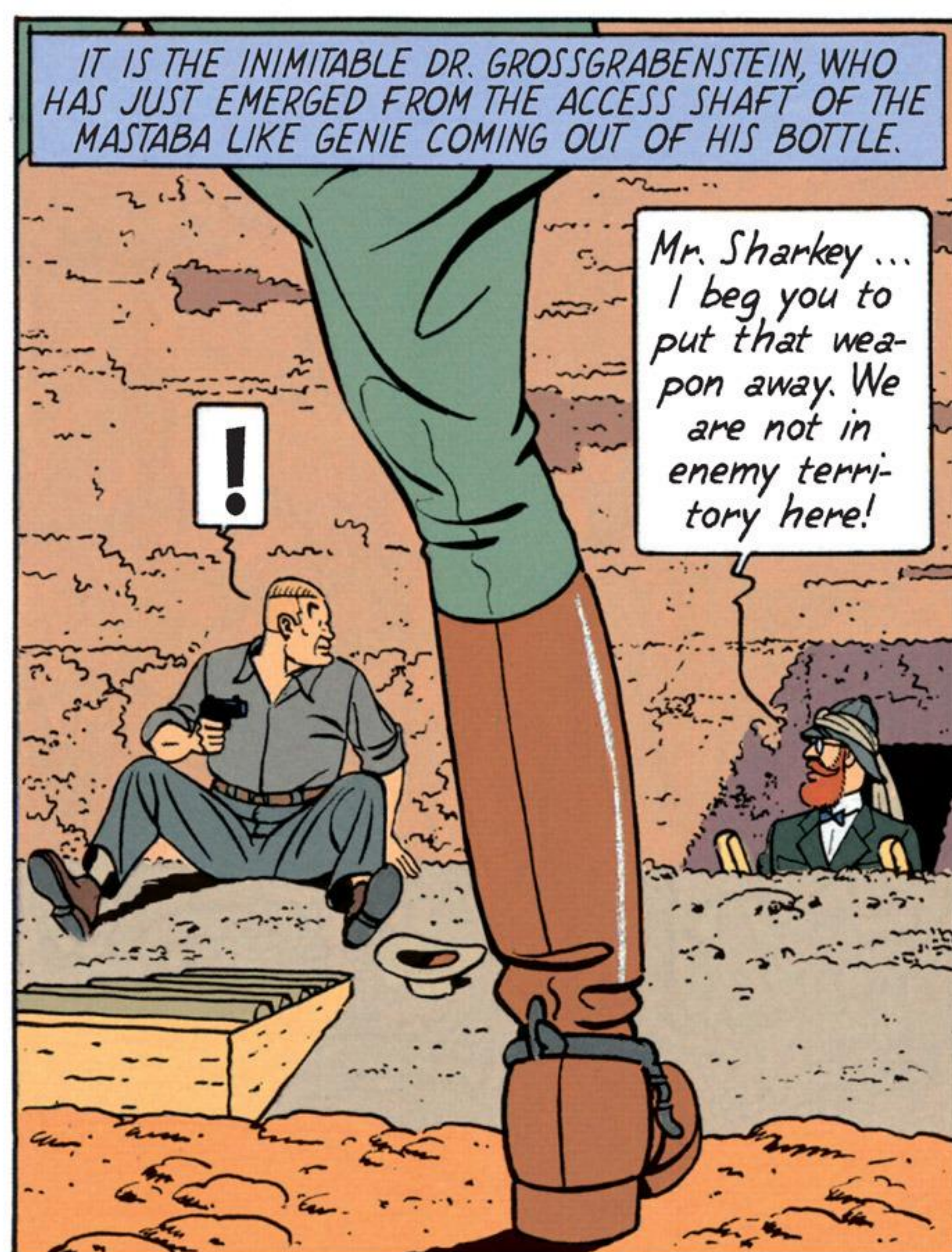
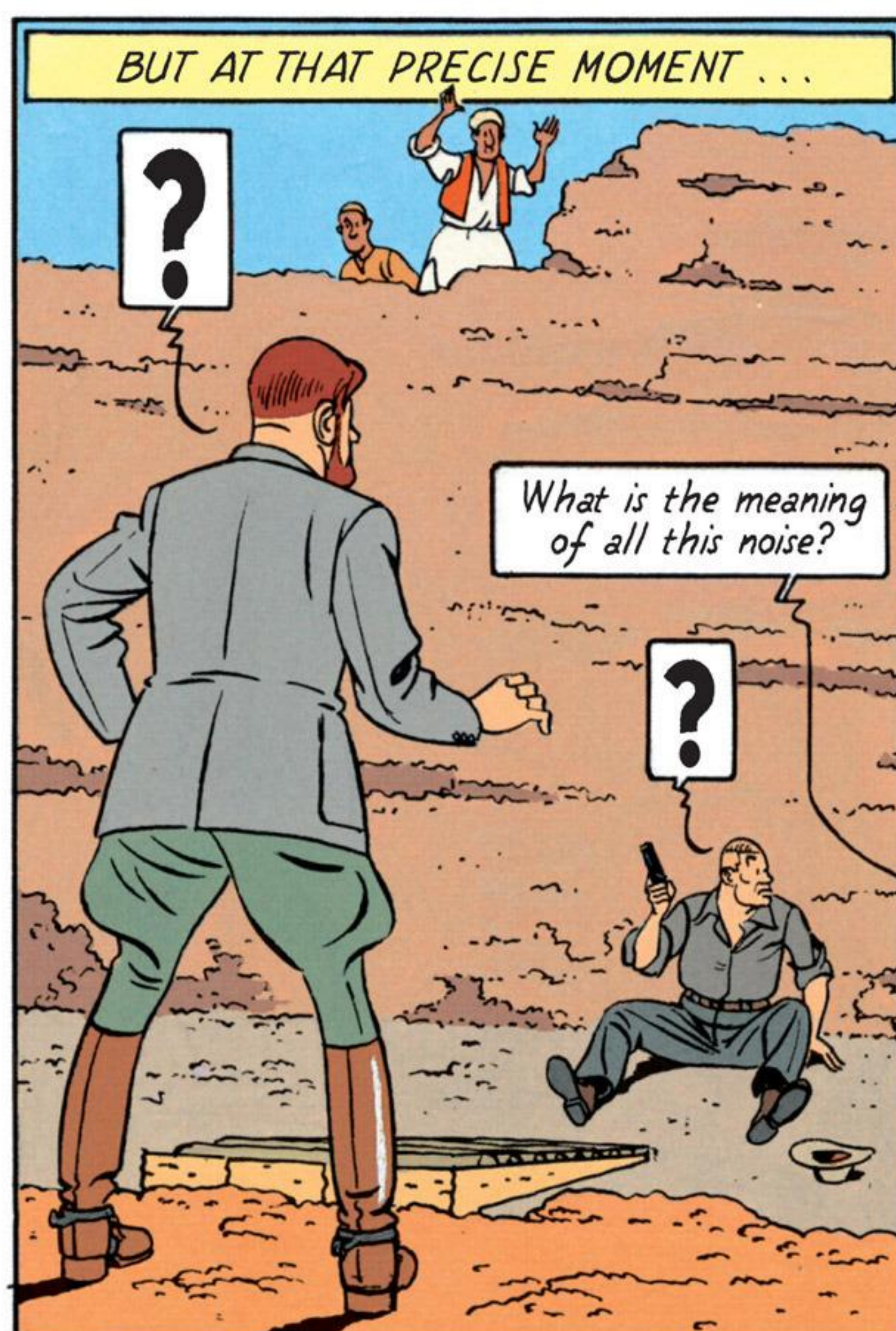
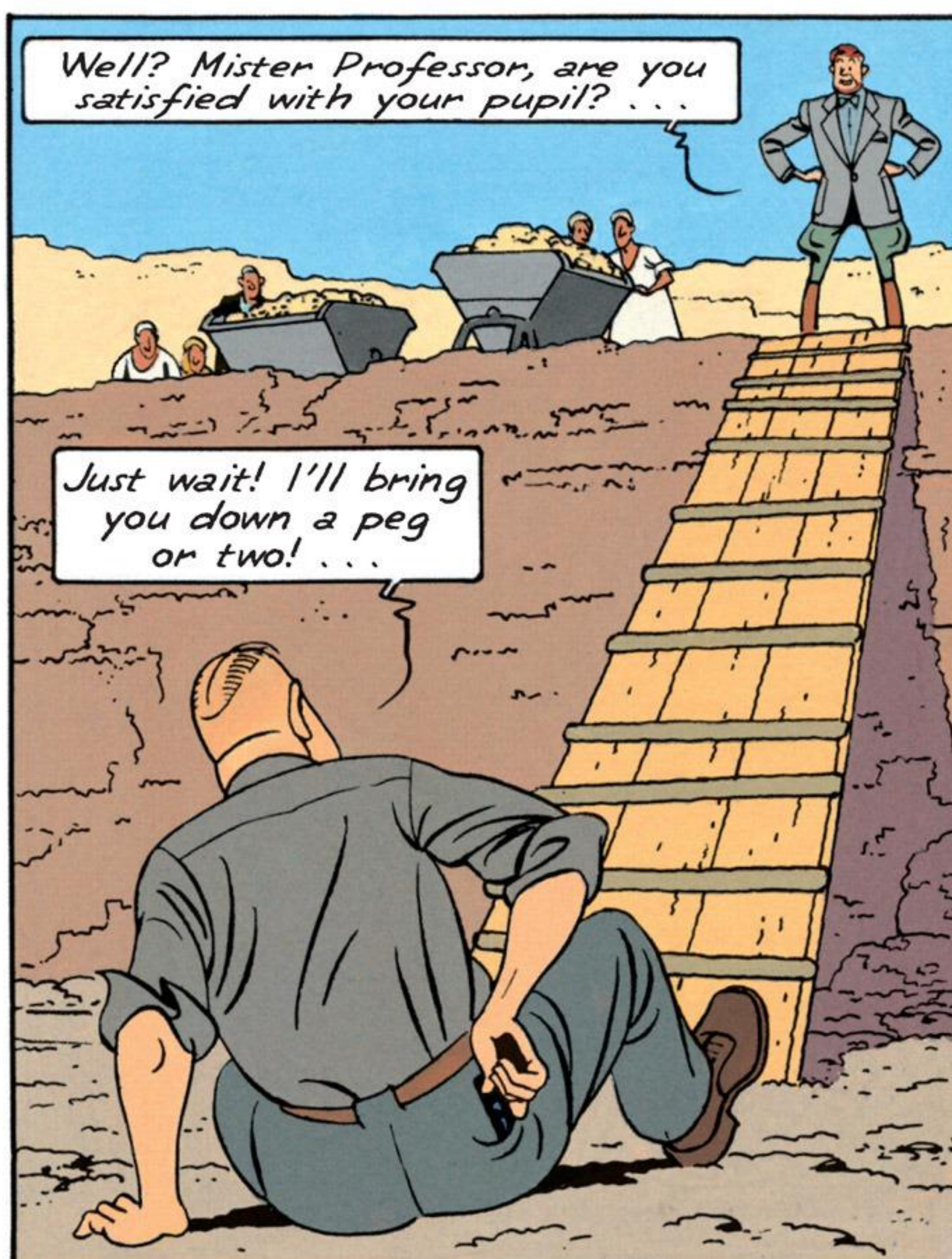
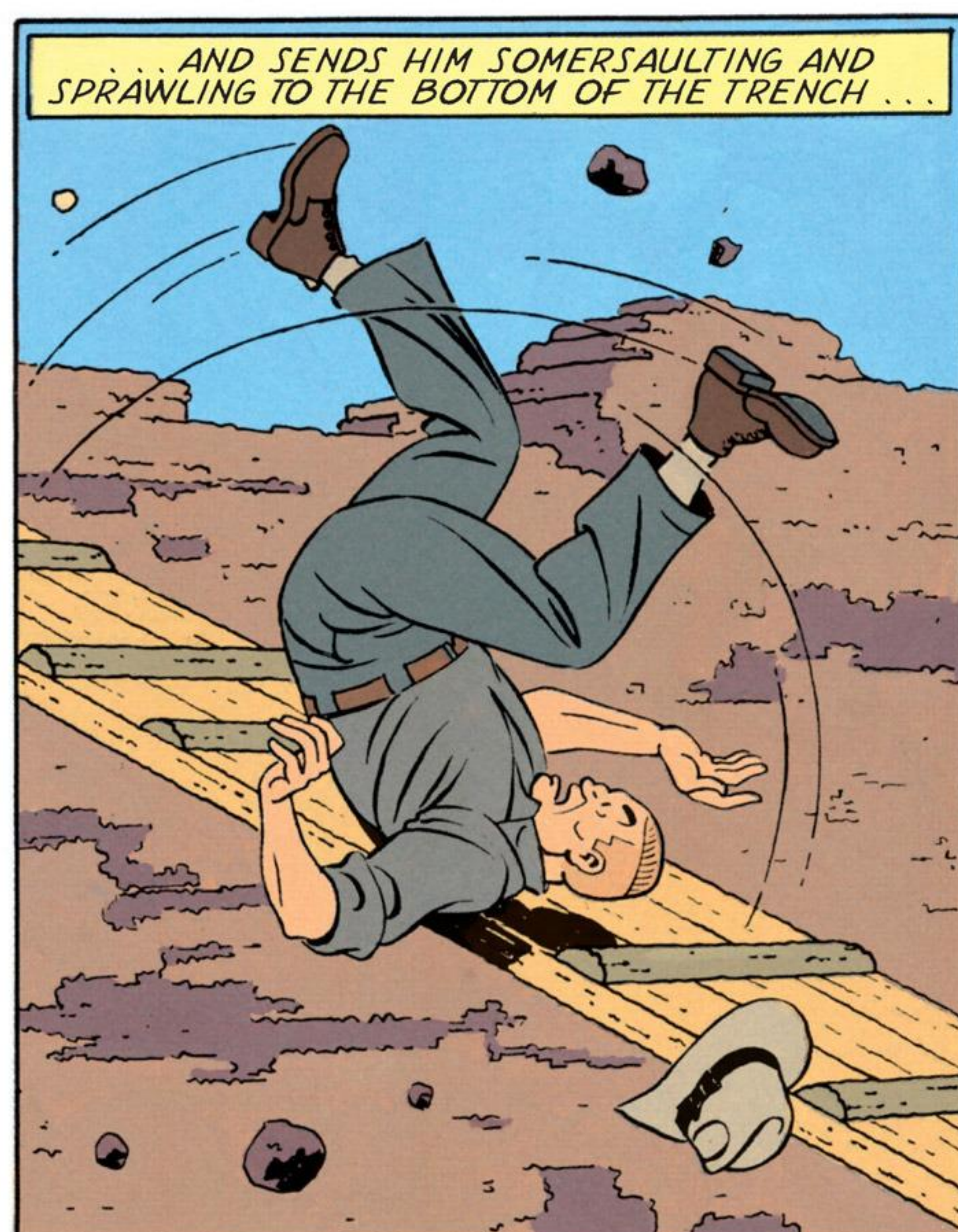
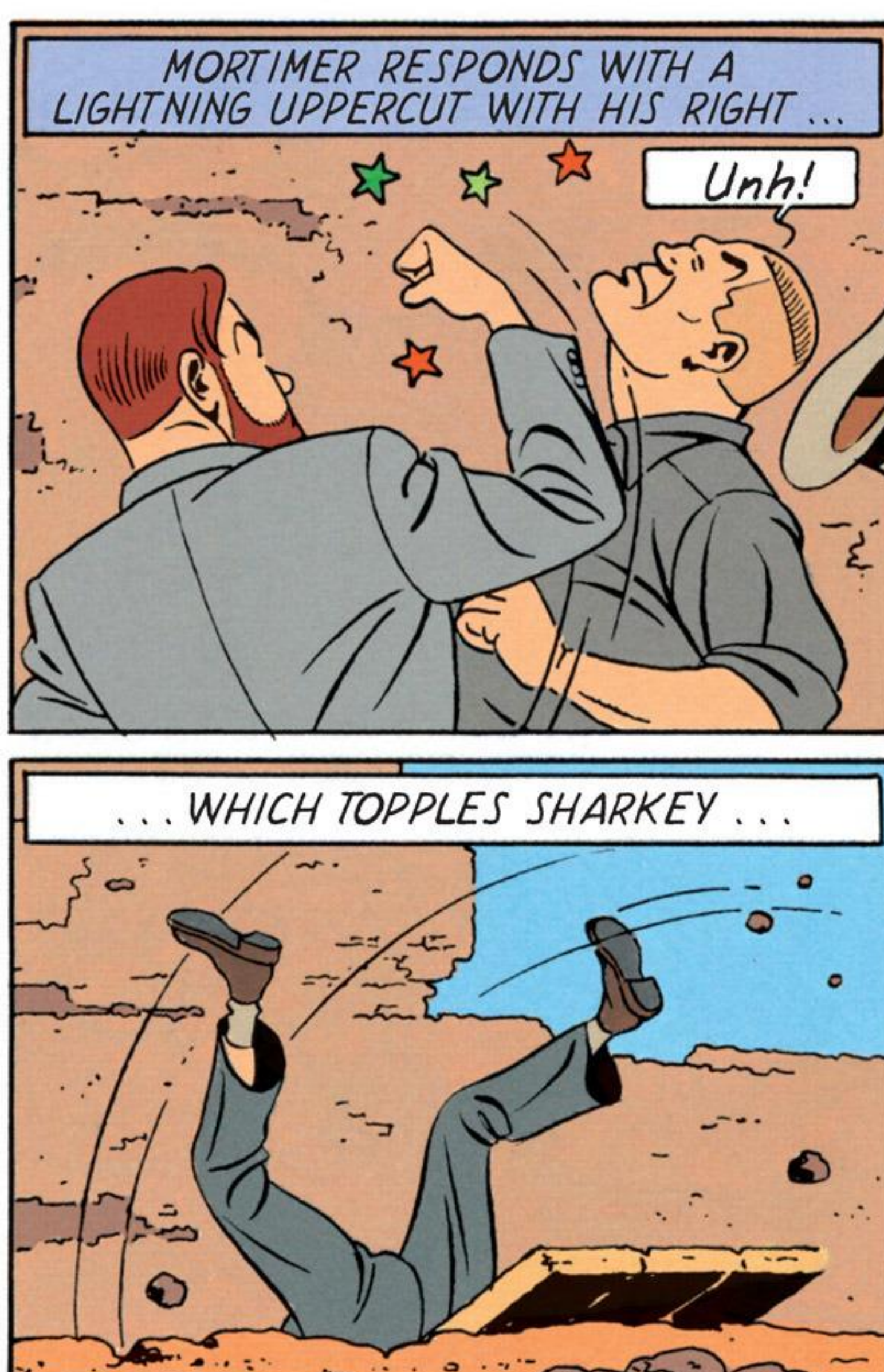
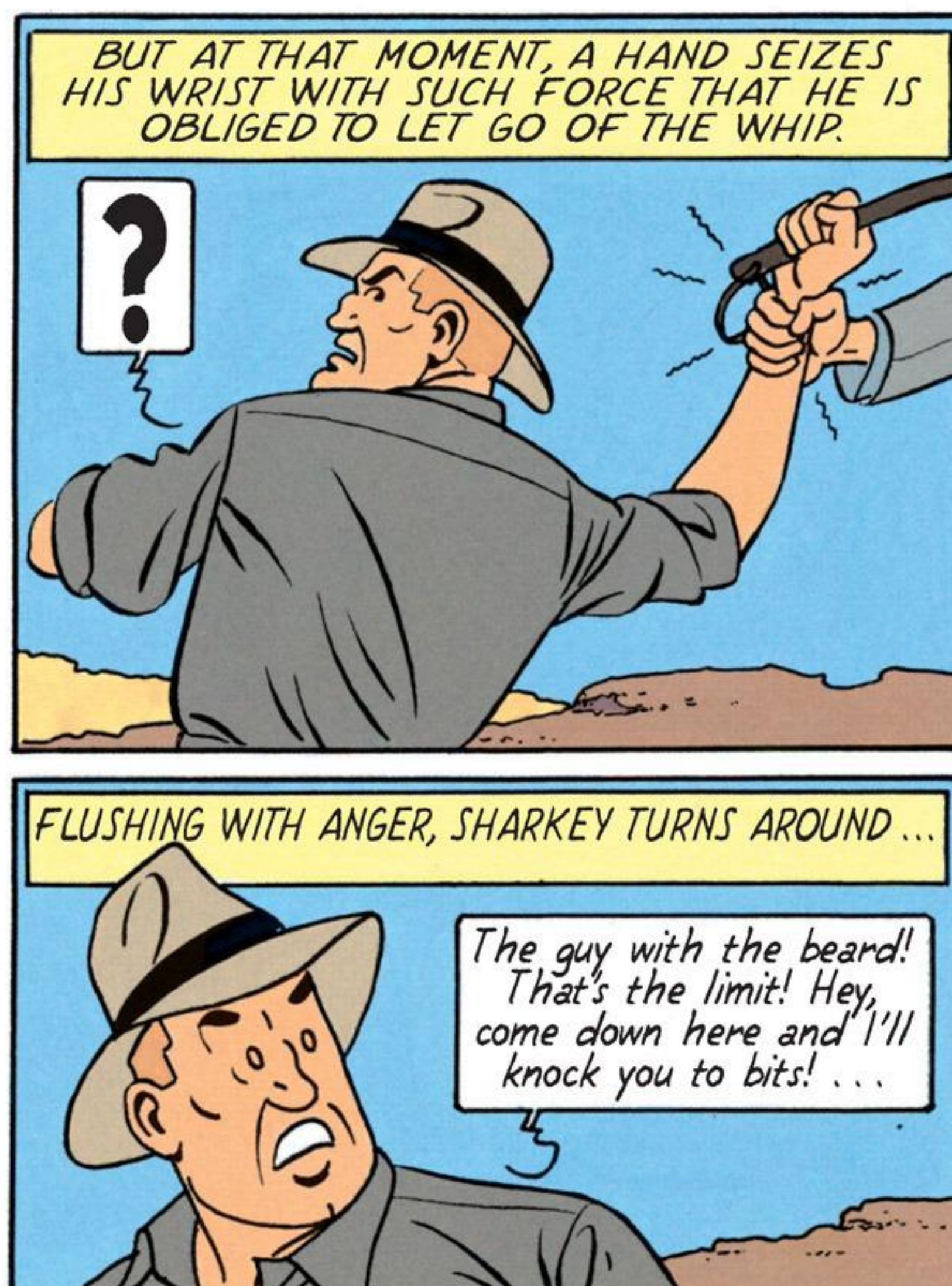
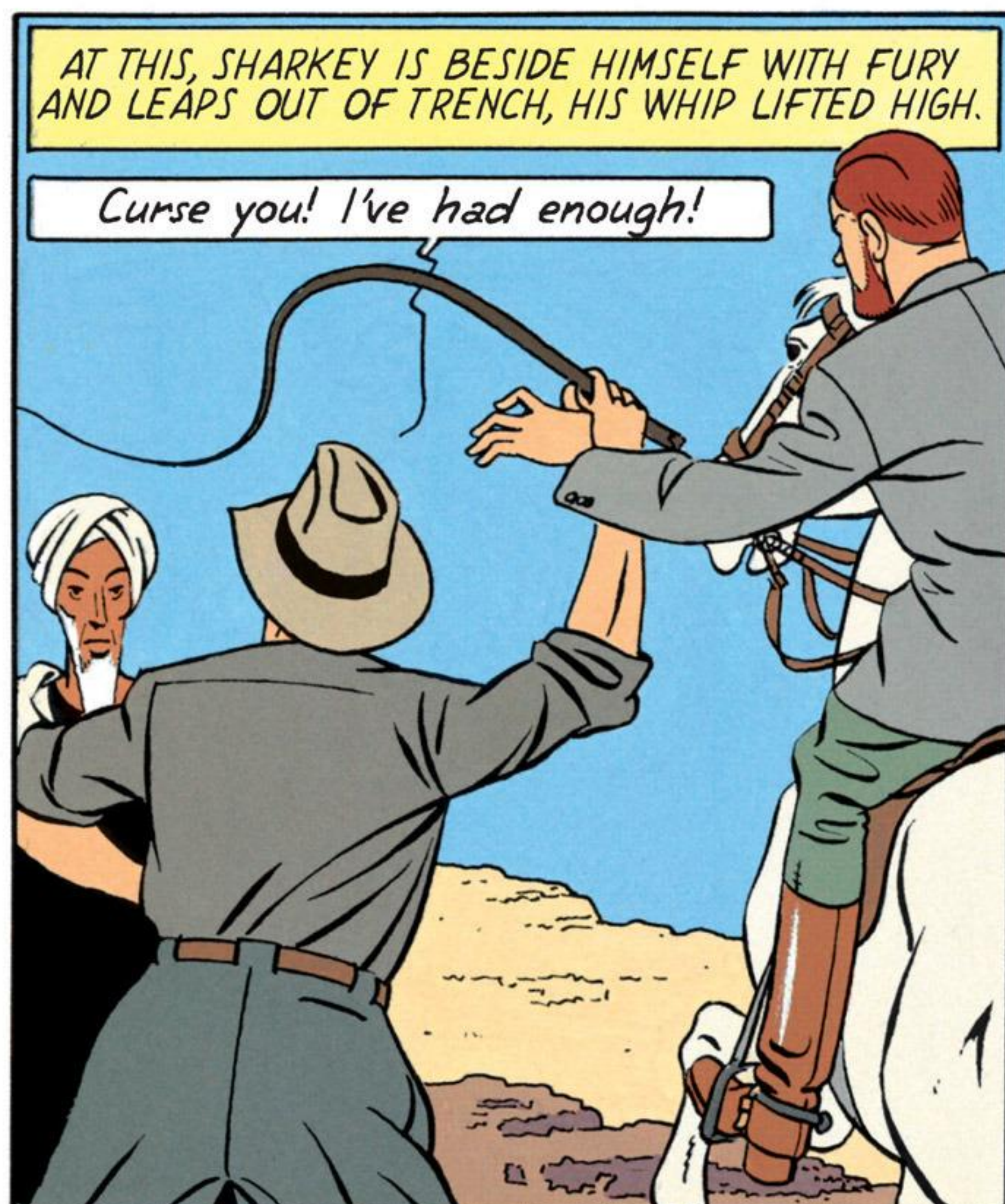
FURIOUS AT THIS INTERFERENCE, THE LIEUTENANT TURNS HIS ANGER AGAINST THE OLD MAN.

Wait a minute, you! ...



Now, repeat what you just said, you filthy so-and-so!

I said: Spare that man!



MORTIMER CANNOT RESTRAIN A CRY OF ASTONISHMENT AT THIS UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Well, I never! Dr. Grossgrabenstein!

Ach du Lieber, Professor Mortimer! What is going on?

Forgive me for getting mixed up in your affairs, Doctor, but I was obliged to chastise your lieutenant, who was beating a native.

What, again? He's really incorrigible. But come down, my dear friend!

Hush, now! No excuses! The professor did right, and I hope this time you will profit by it, as the lesson was given by a perfect gentleman. Now, off with you, my fine fellow, and don't let me catch you again!

Well, OK.

We'll meet again, Professor Mortimer!

My dear friend, I'm sorry about this unfortunate incident.

Between ourselves, he isn't such a bad fellow, but he has an awkward disposition.

Let's not talk about it. So this is where you've started your excavations?

Yes, dear colleague. This is the tomb of Tanitkara.

Ah, yes—the wife of Shepseskaf. Would you have any objection to my visiting your site?

Er, not at all, but I assure you that we are only at the beginning, and as a result—

You are too modest!

MORTIMER AND THE DOCTOR DESCEND INTO THE ACCESS WELL.

There you are...

AFTER CROSSING SEVERAL ROOMS EXCAVATED IN THE ROCK, THEY COME TO SOME WORKMEN ON A SITE.

As you see, we are currently looking for the entrance of the funeral chamber. But it could still take a lot of time!...

AT THAT MOMENT, MORTIMER'S ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO A HALF-CONCEALED GALLERY ENTRANCE...

Now, what is this?

A former passage made by tomb robbers. Sharkey has explored it. It goes to a dead end. And that reinforces my hope that we have come upon a tomb still undisturbed—a rare thing in Egypt.

Indeed...

Ach! I greatly fear that this visit has disappointed you... I should be delighted if you'll come see my collection this afternoon...

Most willingly...

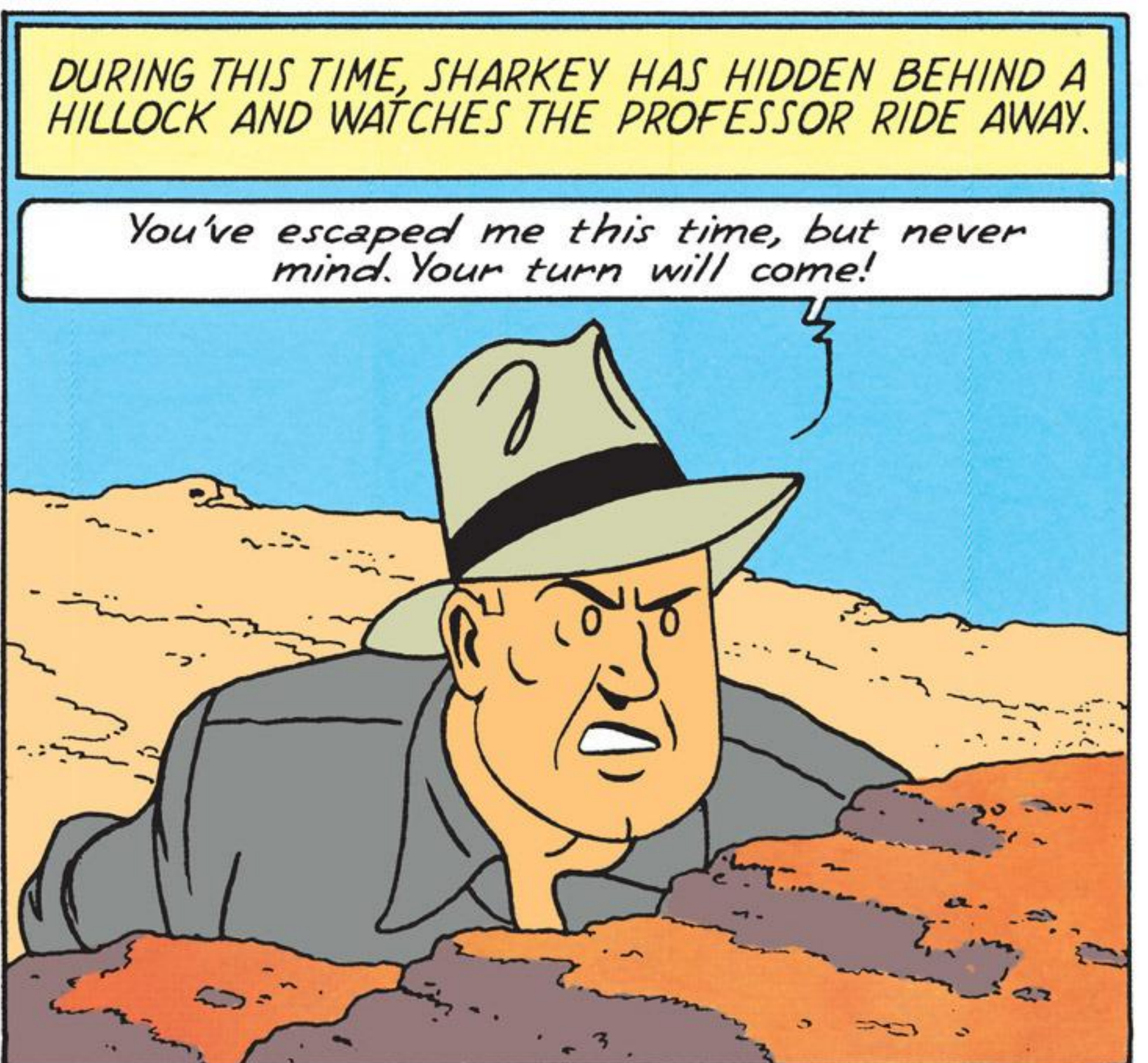
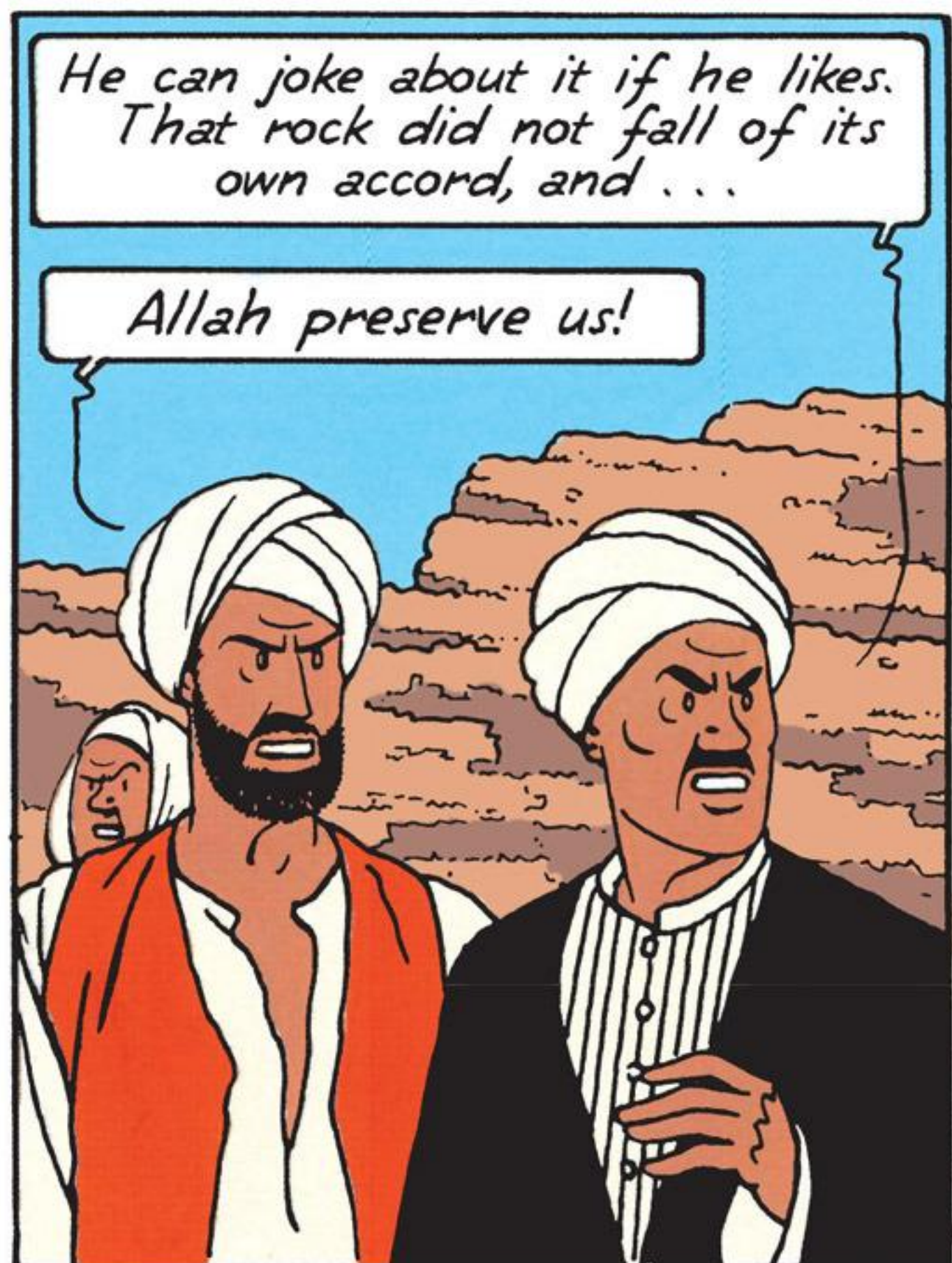
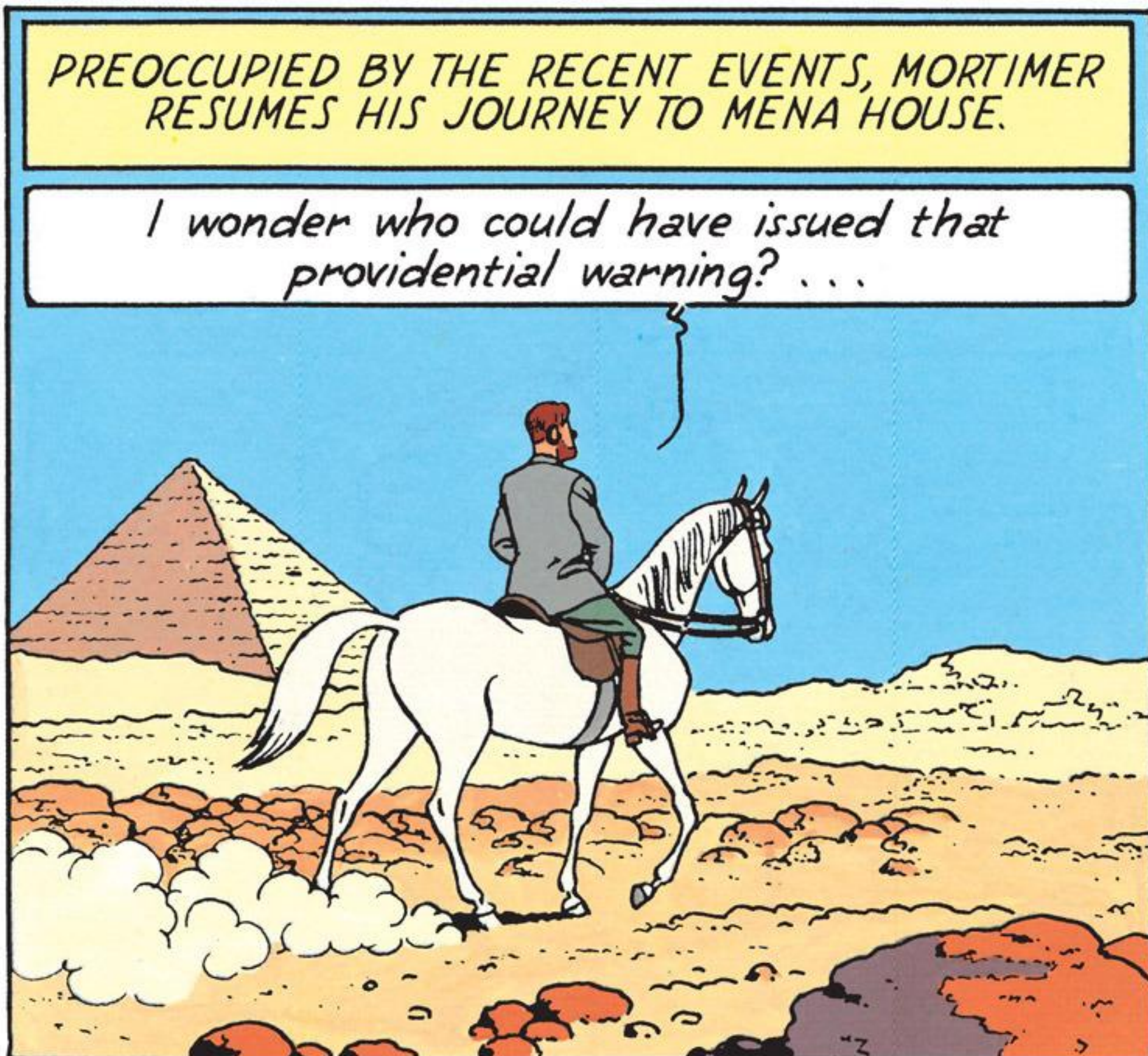
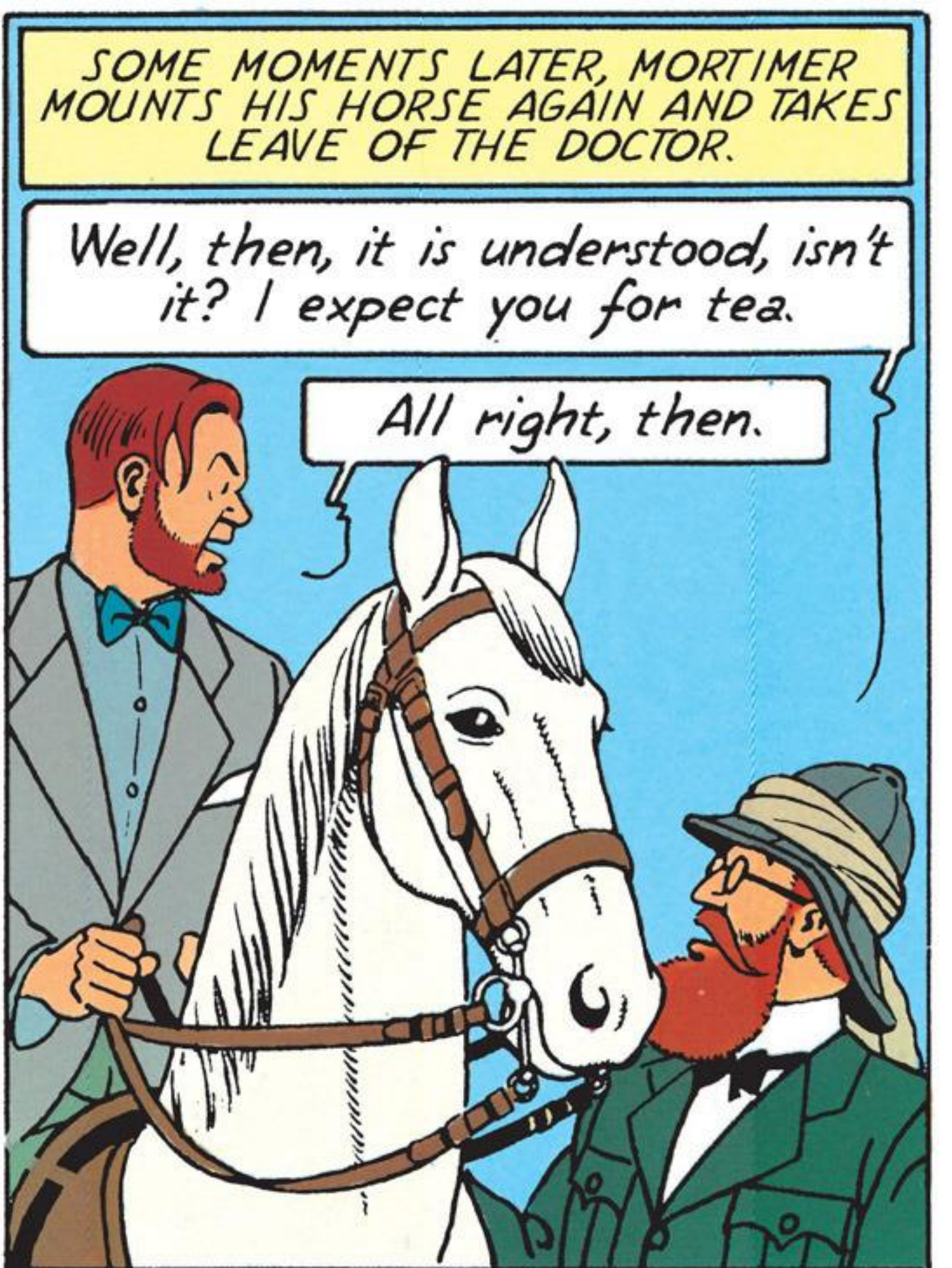
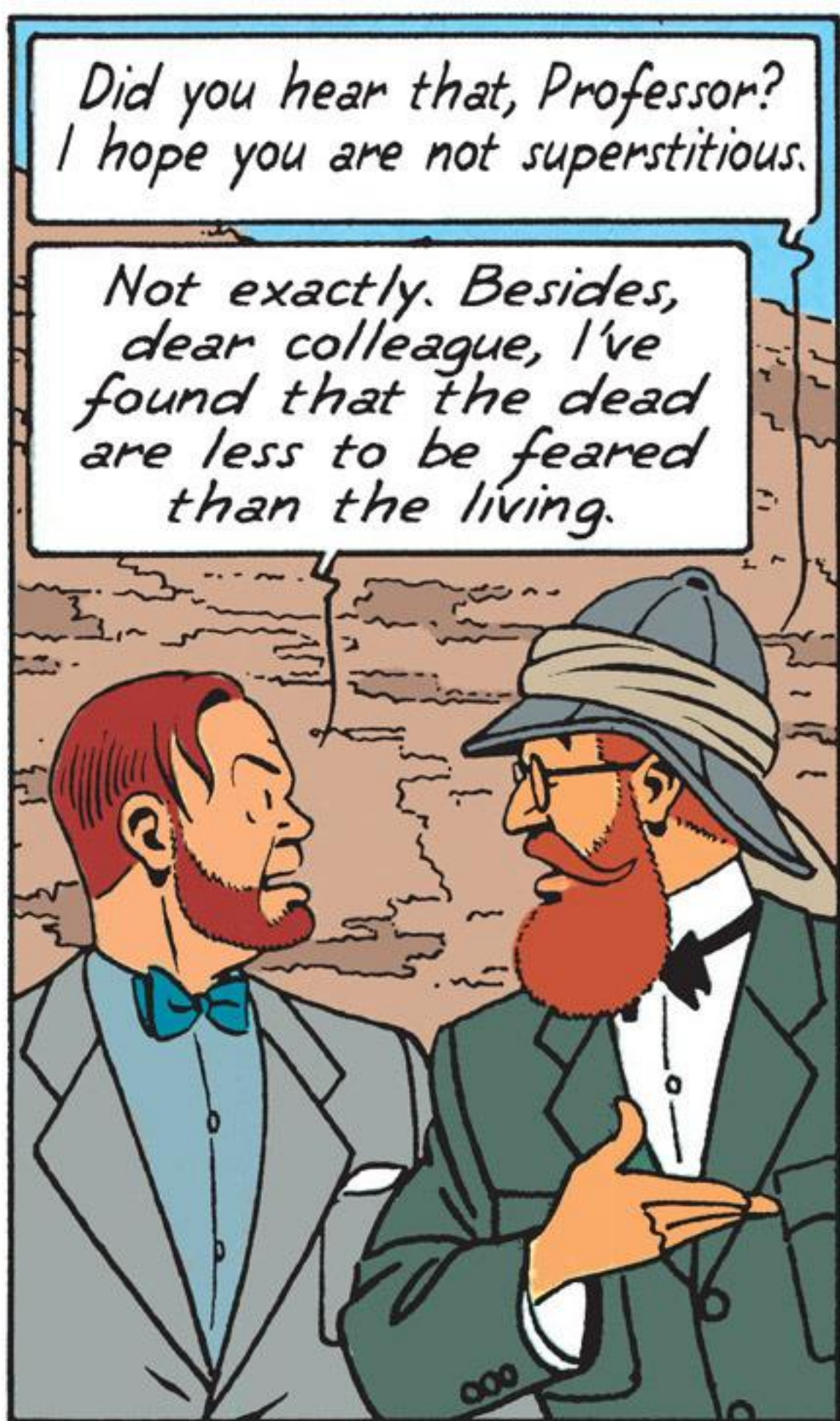
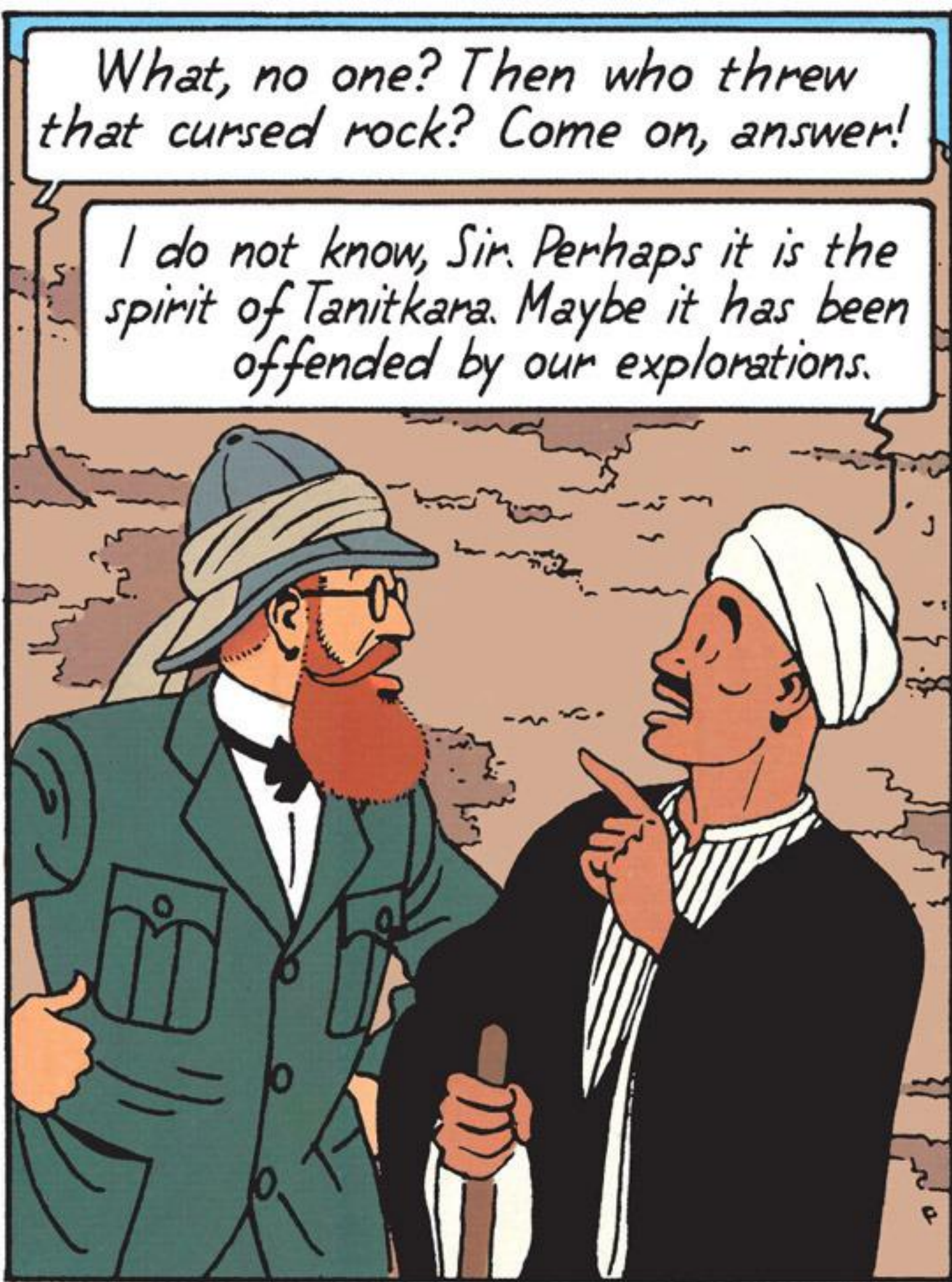
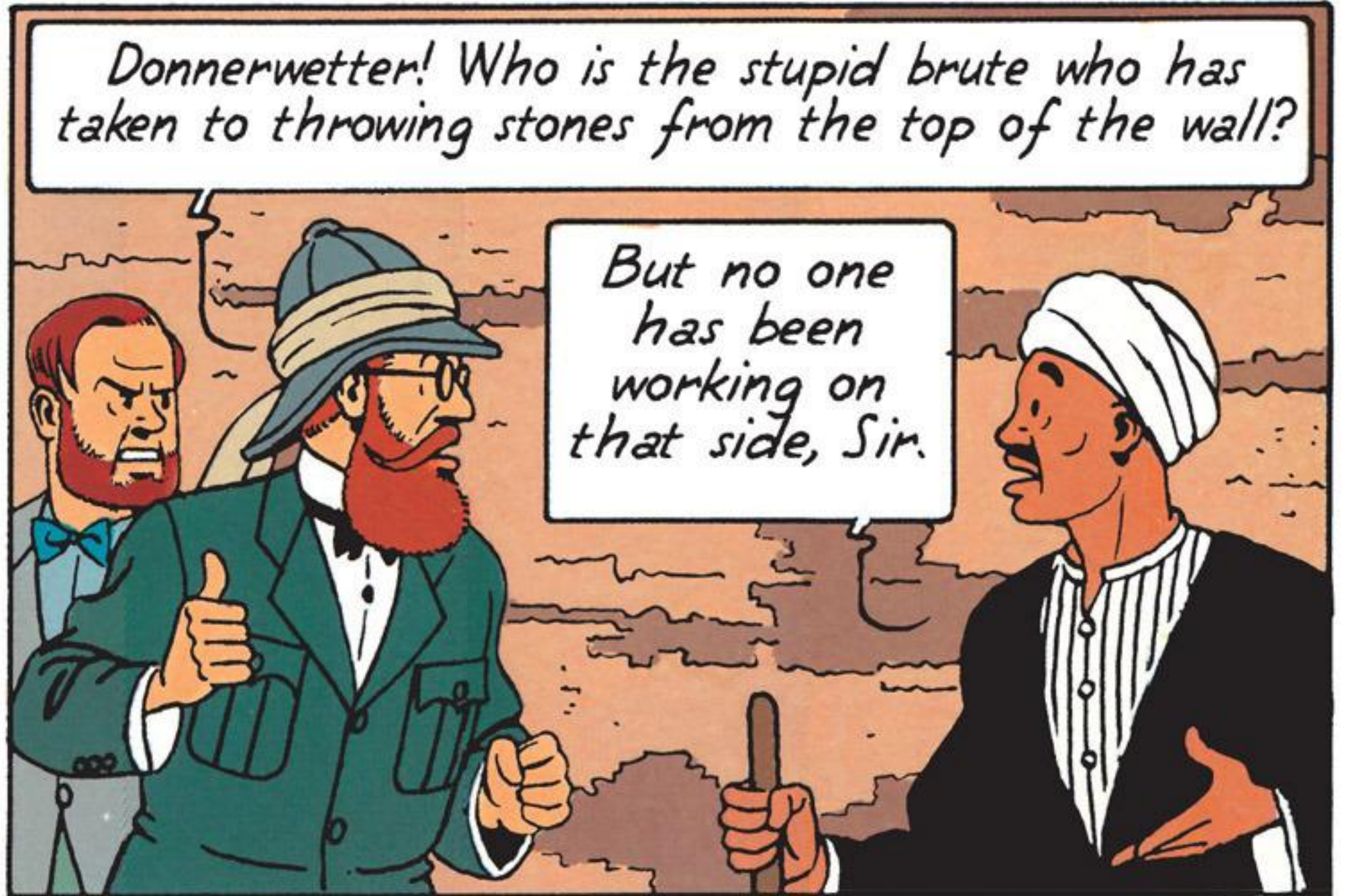
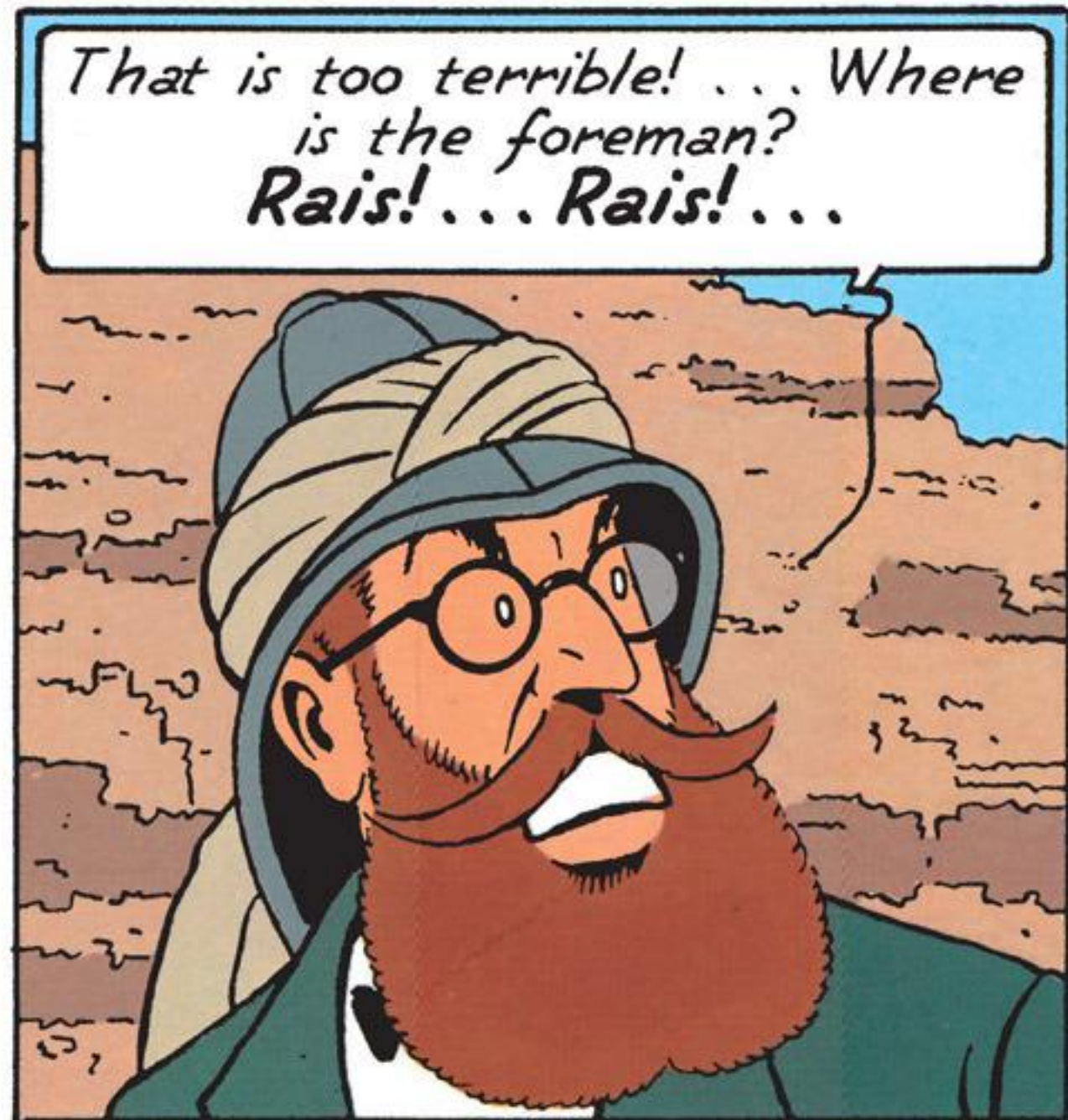
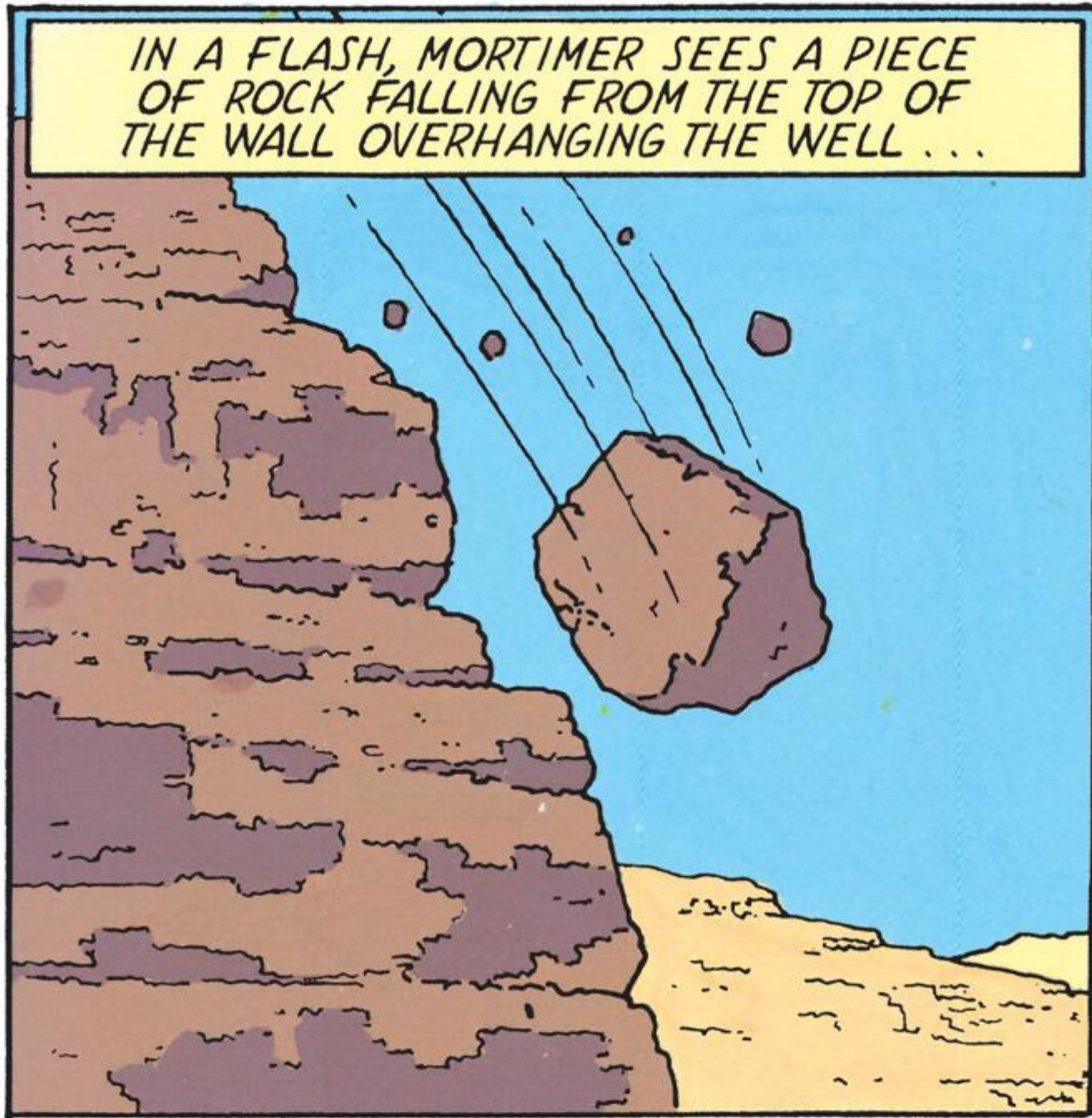
THE TWO MEN ASCEND TO THE OPEN AIR...

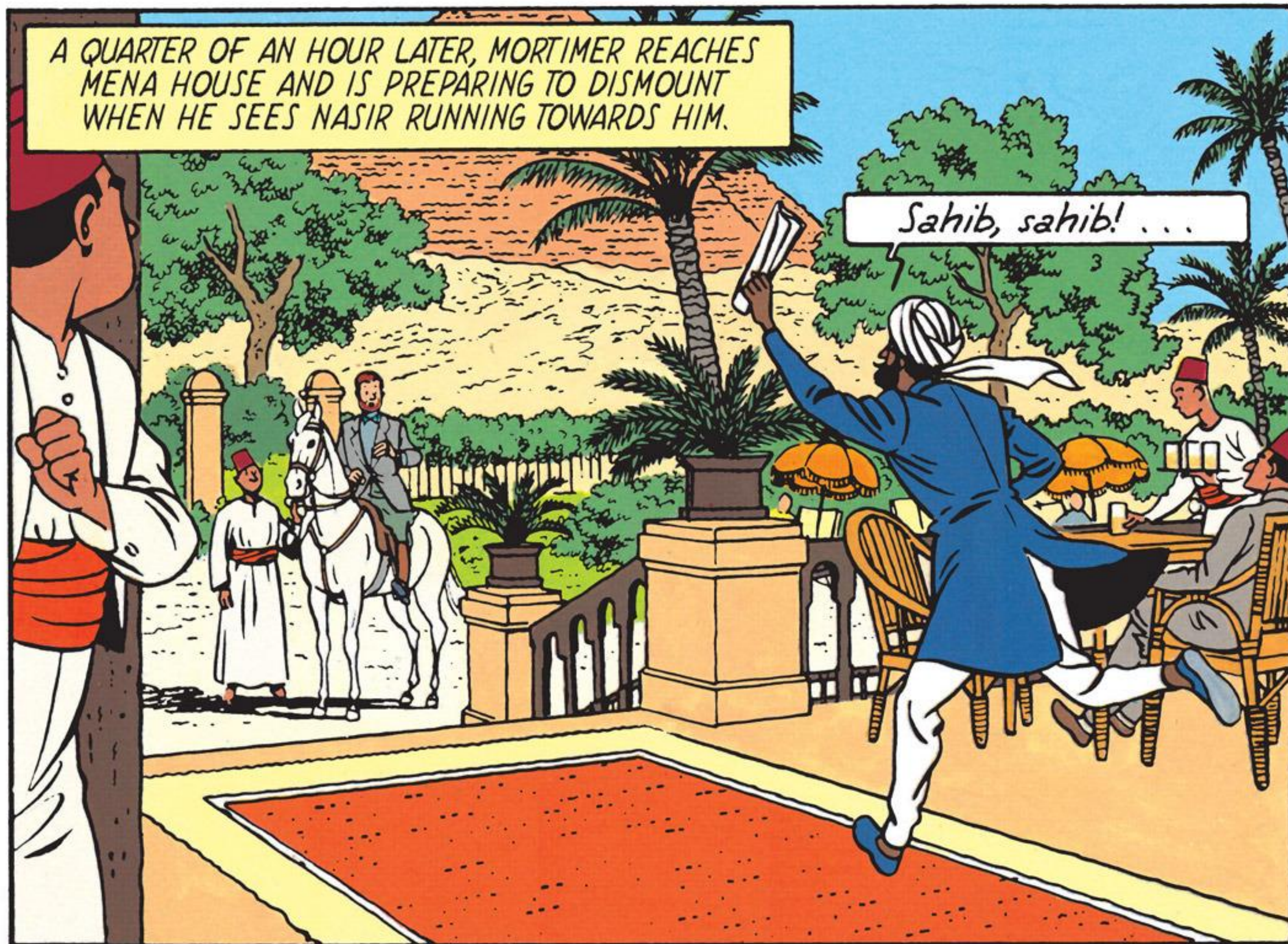
BUT MORTIMER HAS SCARCELY CLIMBED OUT OF THE SHAFT WHEN A TERRIBLE CRY MAKES HIM LOOK UP.

Balek!!!*

!

* LOOK OUT!!!





A MYSTERIOUS CRIME IN ATHENS IS CAPTAIN FRANCIS BLAKE ASSASSINATED?

A mysterious telephone call

A. P. reports from Athens that Captain Blake, well-known hero of the last World War, has been assassinated at Athens airport. At the express request of Scotland Yard, the Greek authorities have until today forbidden the publication of the news, and even now the veil drawn over this mysterious affair has hardly been lifted. For the moment, nothing enables us to confirm or deny the opinion that this may have been a political crime.

Athens—A. P. reports the following details regarding the assassination of Captain Blake. The latter was travelling to Egypt with the Sabena Airline and was summoned to the telephone during the stopover in Athens. He did not appear again for the take-off, and the plane departed without him. It was later that a traveller found the door of the telephone kiosk jammed and saw the Captain's inanimate body inside. The police were informed and quickly arrived on the scene.

The corpse has disappeared ...

But when the police arrived, they were astonished to find that the body had disappeared! Only some traces of blood and three pistol cartridge cases remained as proof of the crime.



Complete secrecy

By reason of the victim's identity, the utmost secrecy surrounds the investigation. All that we are able to reveal is that Scotland yard has sent two of their best agents and that no effort will be spared to shed light upon this mysterious affair, although, at present, any clues would appear to be missing.

The career of Captain Blake

Captain Blake, who has just met his end under the most mysterious circumstances, as stated

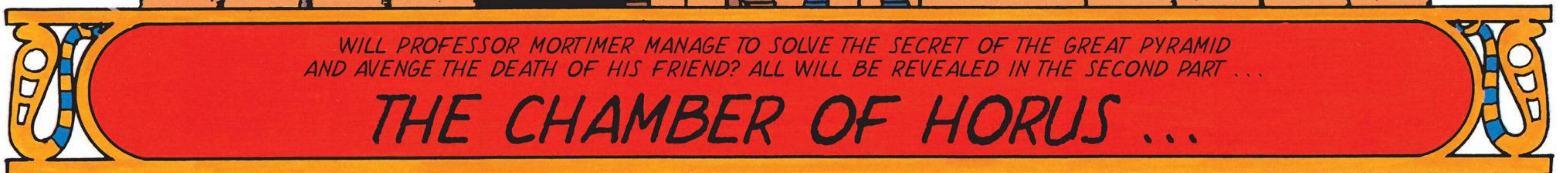
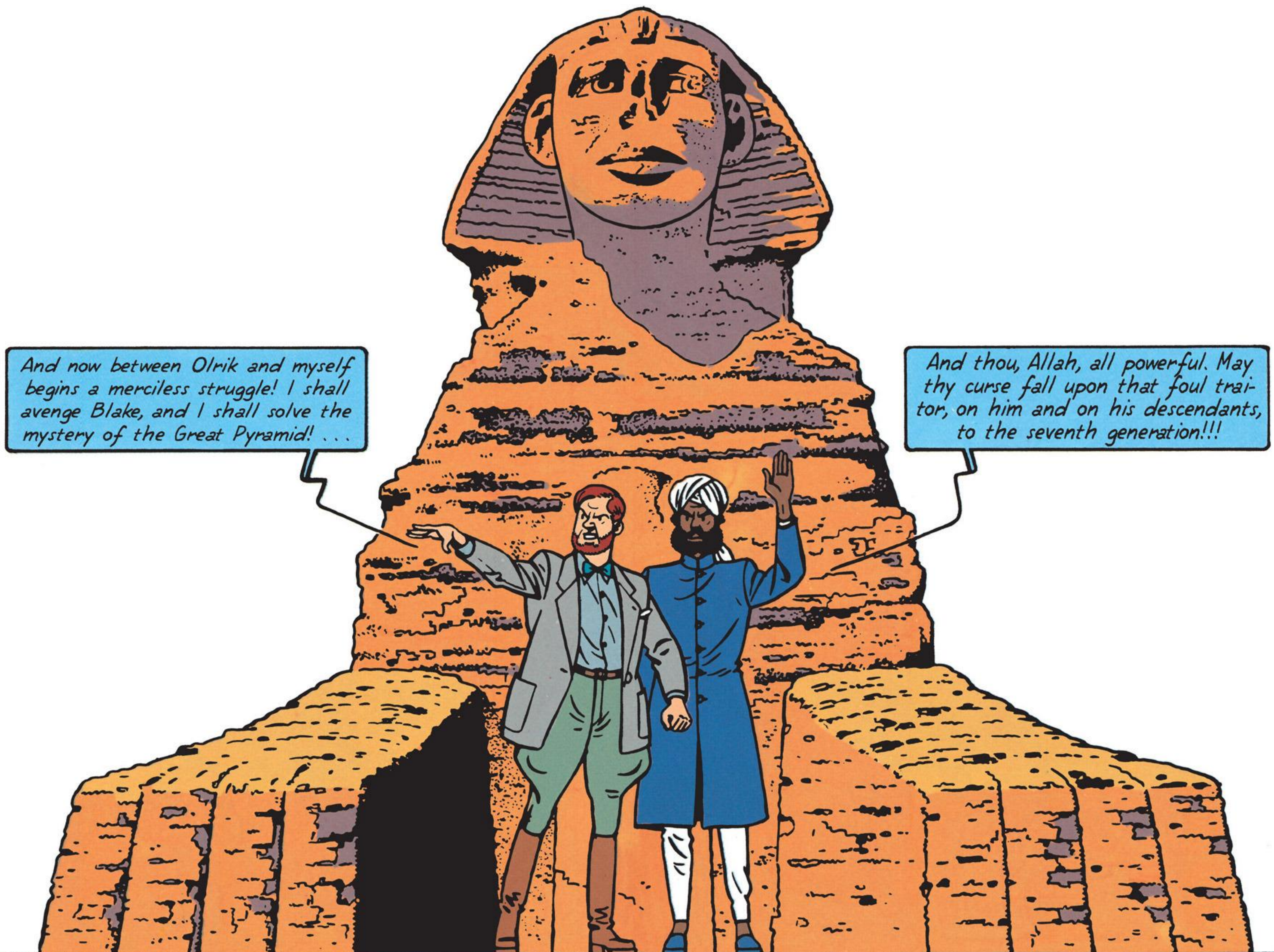
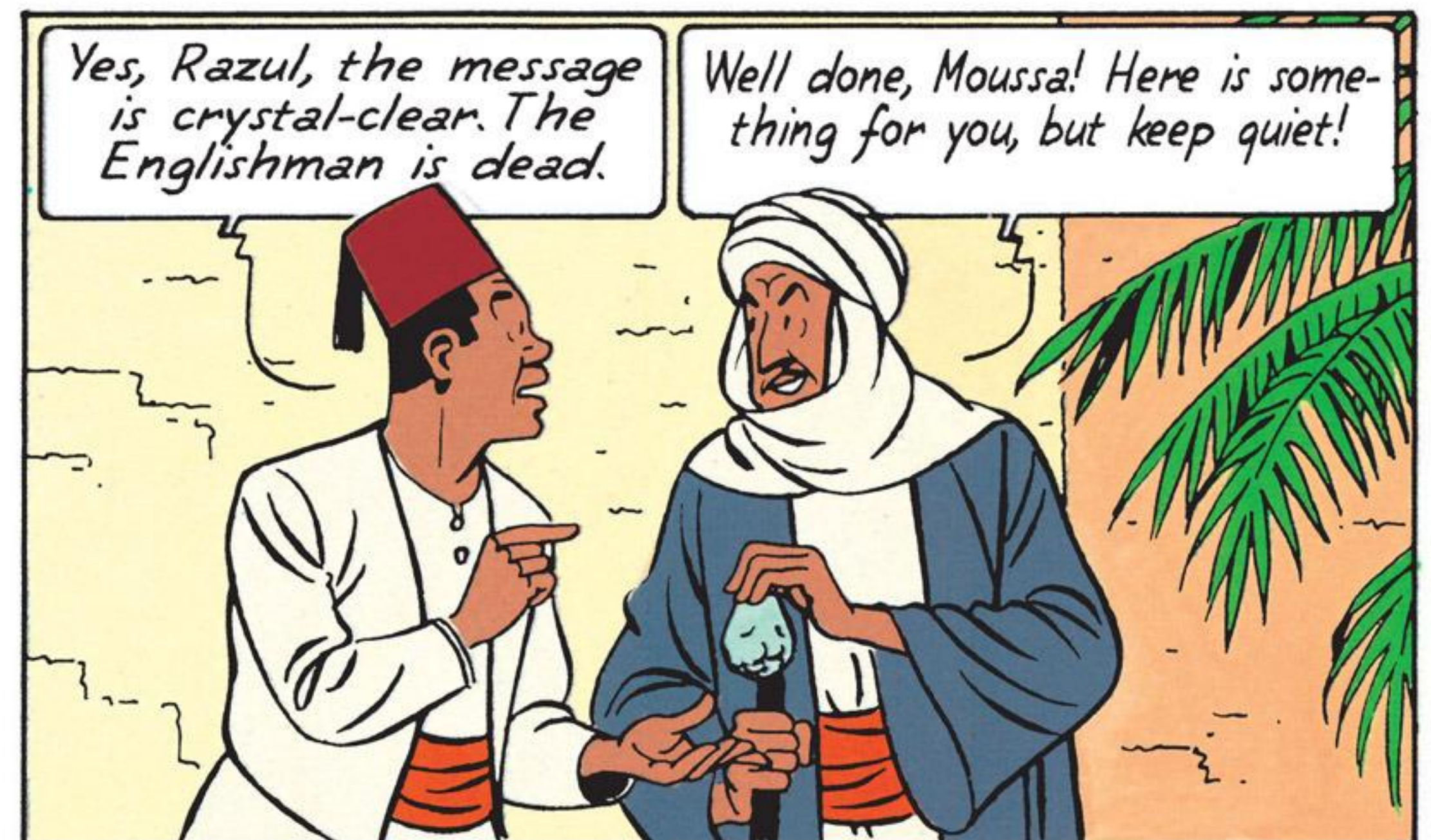
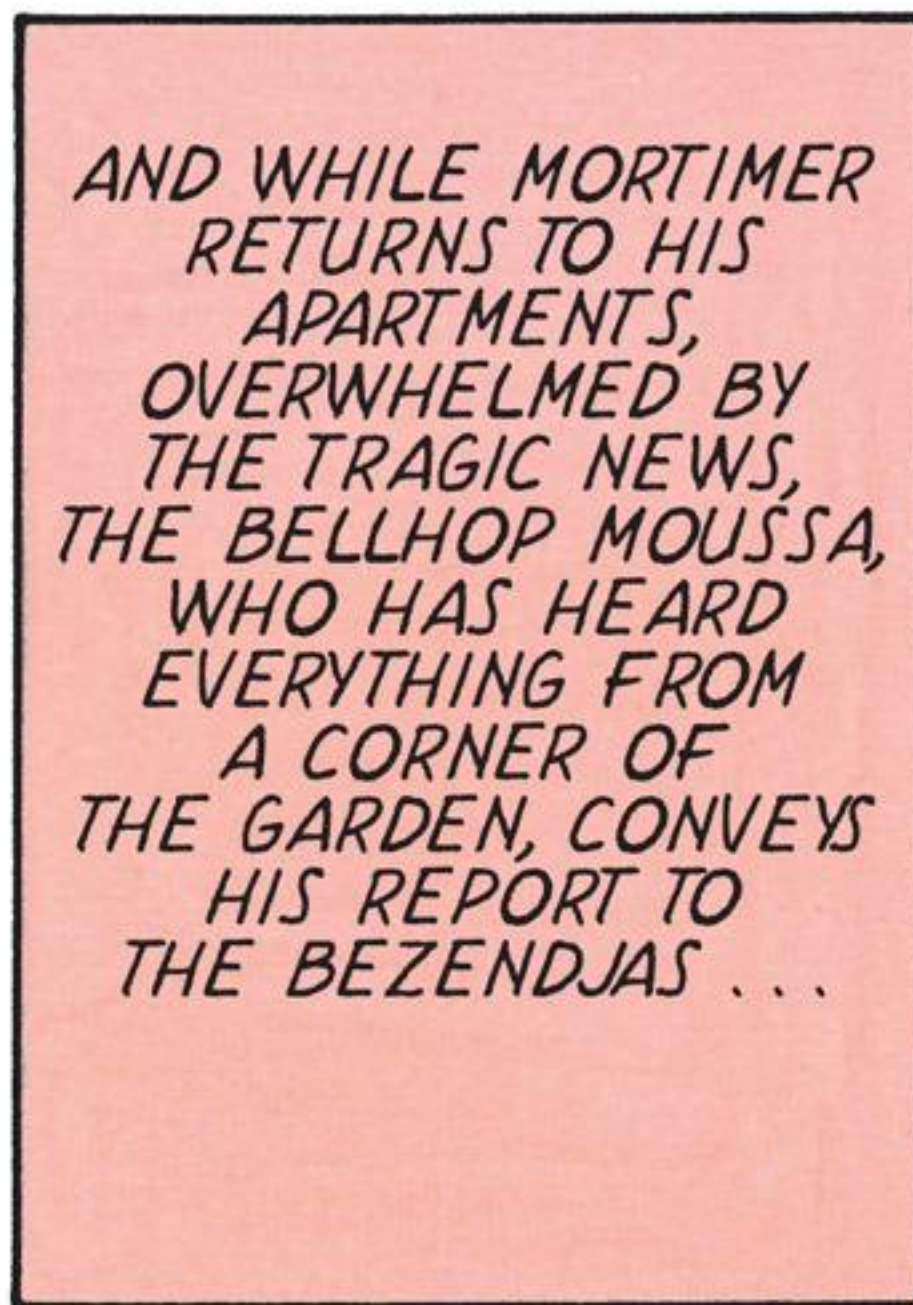
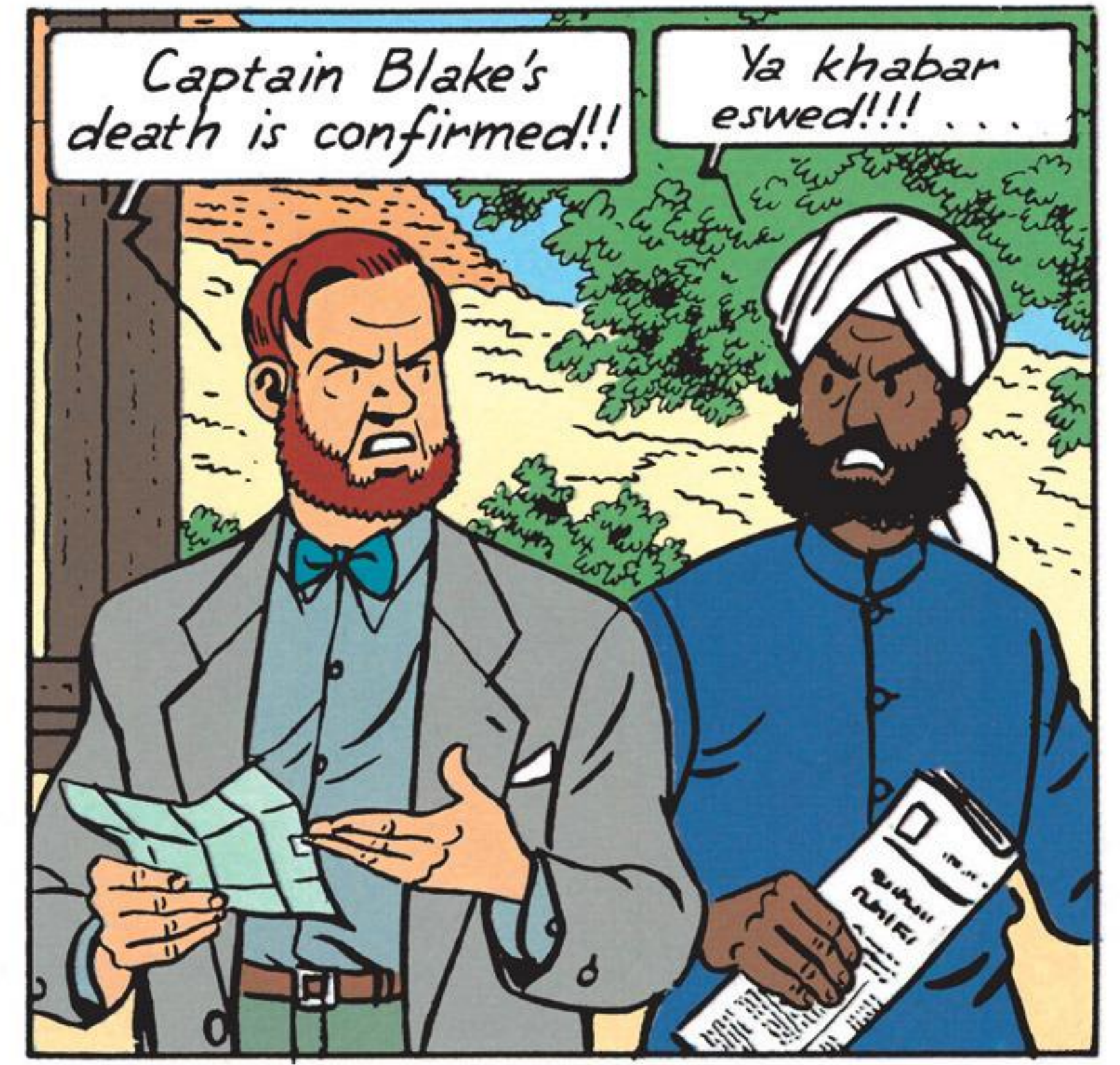
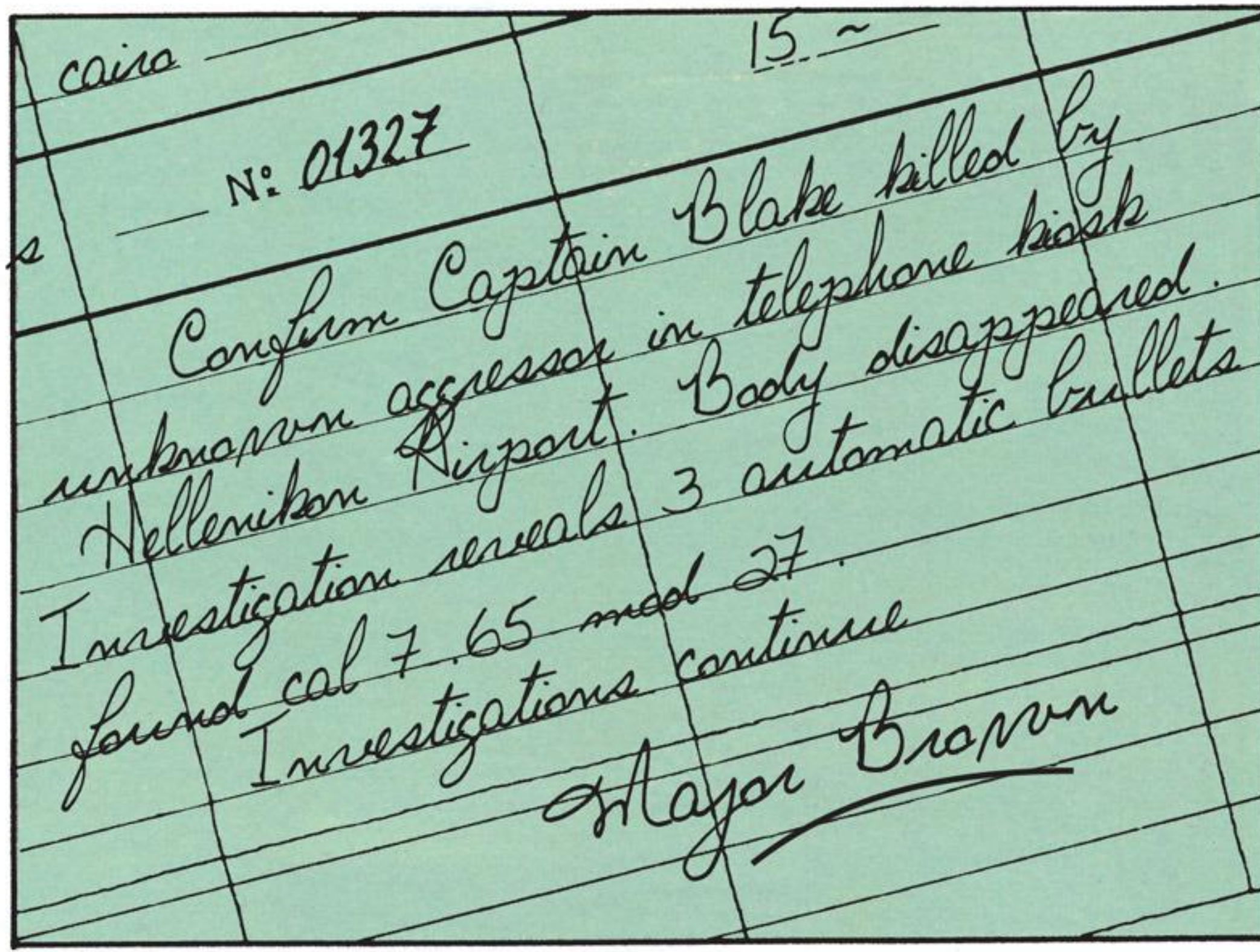


GRAND

She can n
make sure
that she sho
you, you ca
occur once
--Nothing
leaves you
tion without

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS

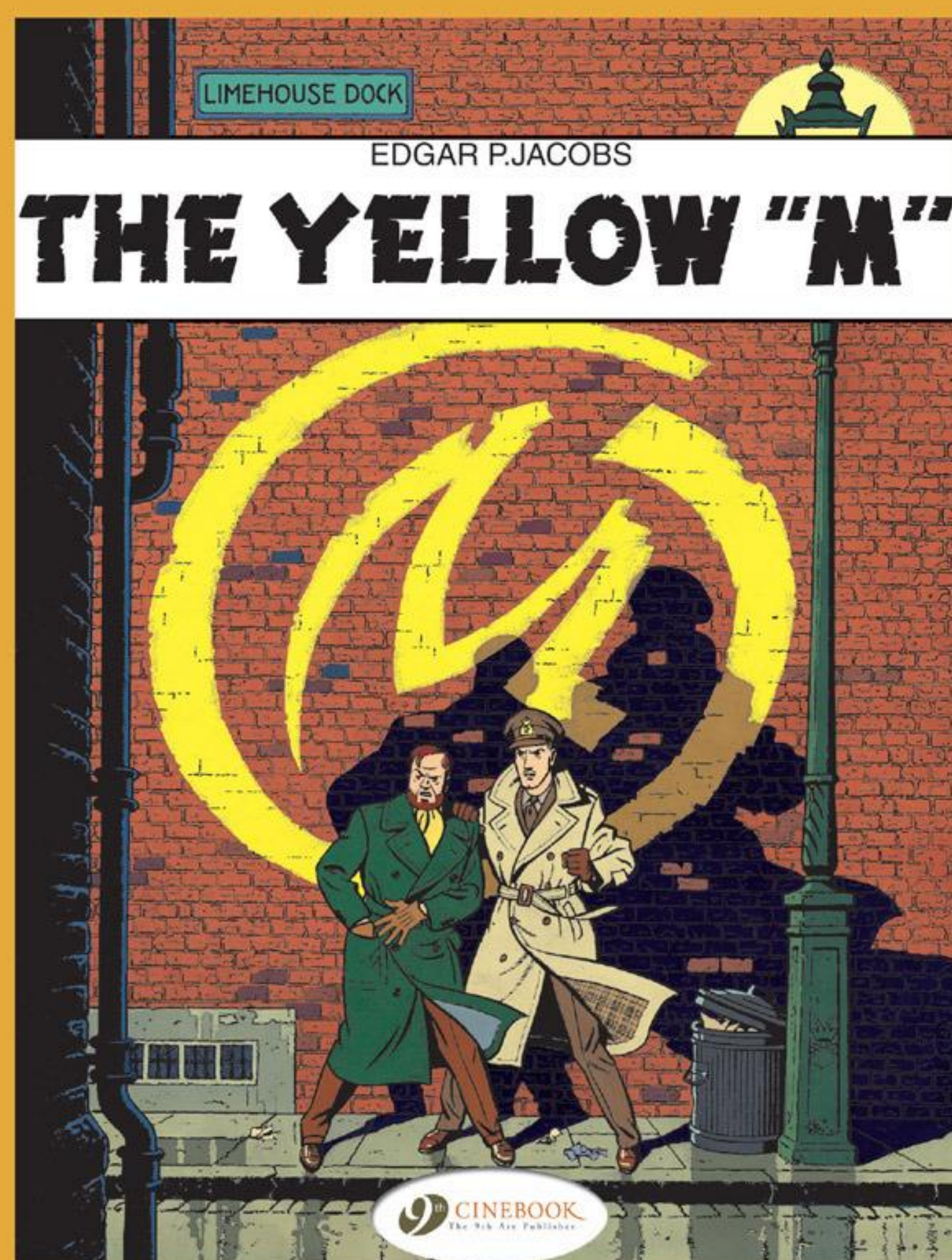




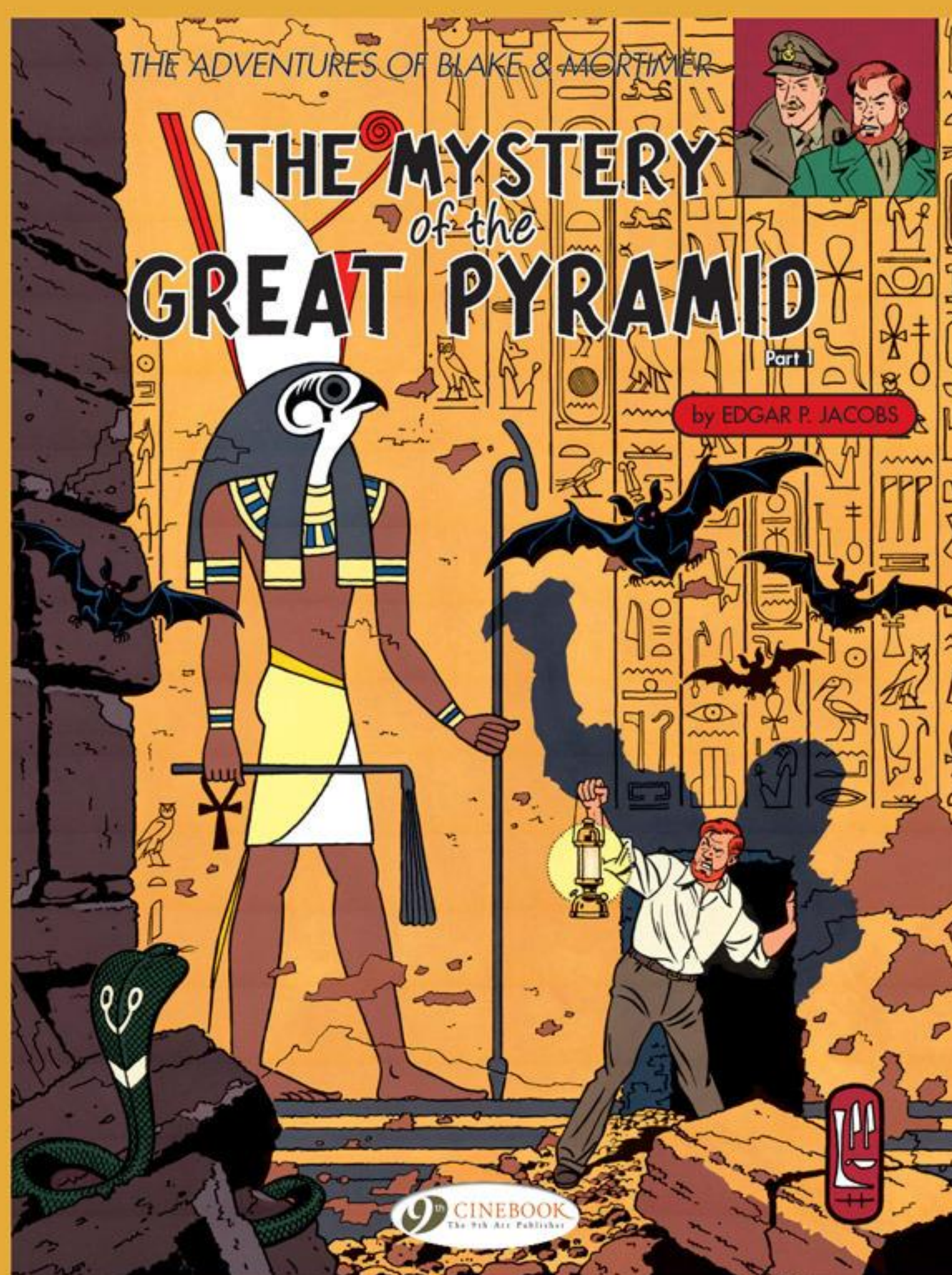


② THE MYSTERY OF THE GREAT PYRAMID - Part 1

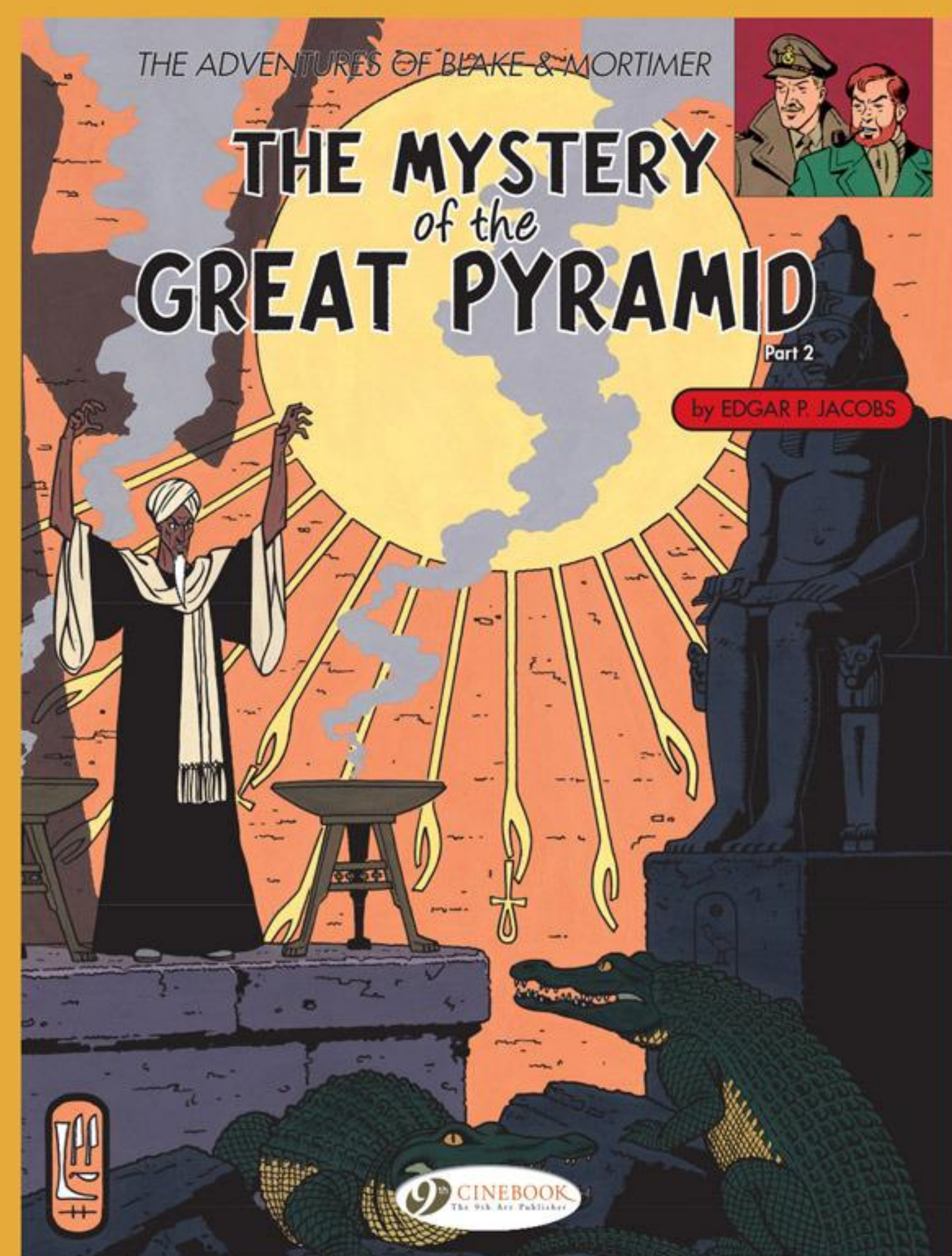
Professor Philip Mortimer has decided to spend his holidays in Cairo with his trusty servant, Nasir. There he plans to meet his old friend, Professor Ahmed Rassim Bey, who offers him the fantastic opportunity to satisfy his passion for Egyptology. Professor Bey has invited him to take part in deciphering his latest discoveries—in this case, some papyrus coming from mummies of the Ptolemaic age. Mortimer and Bey soon realize that one of the fragments deals with the “Chamber of Horus,” a fabled crypt that could contain priceless treasures...



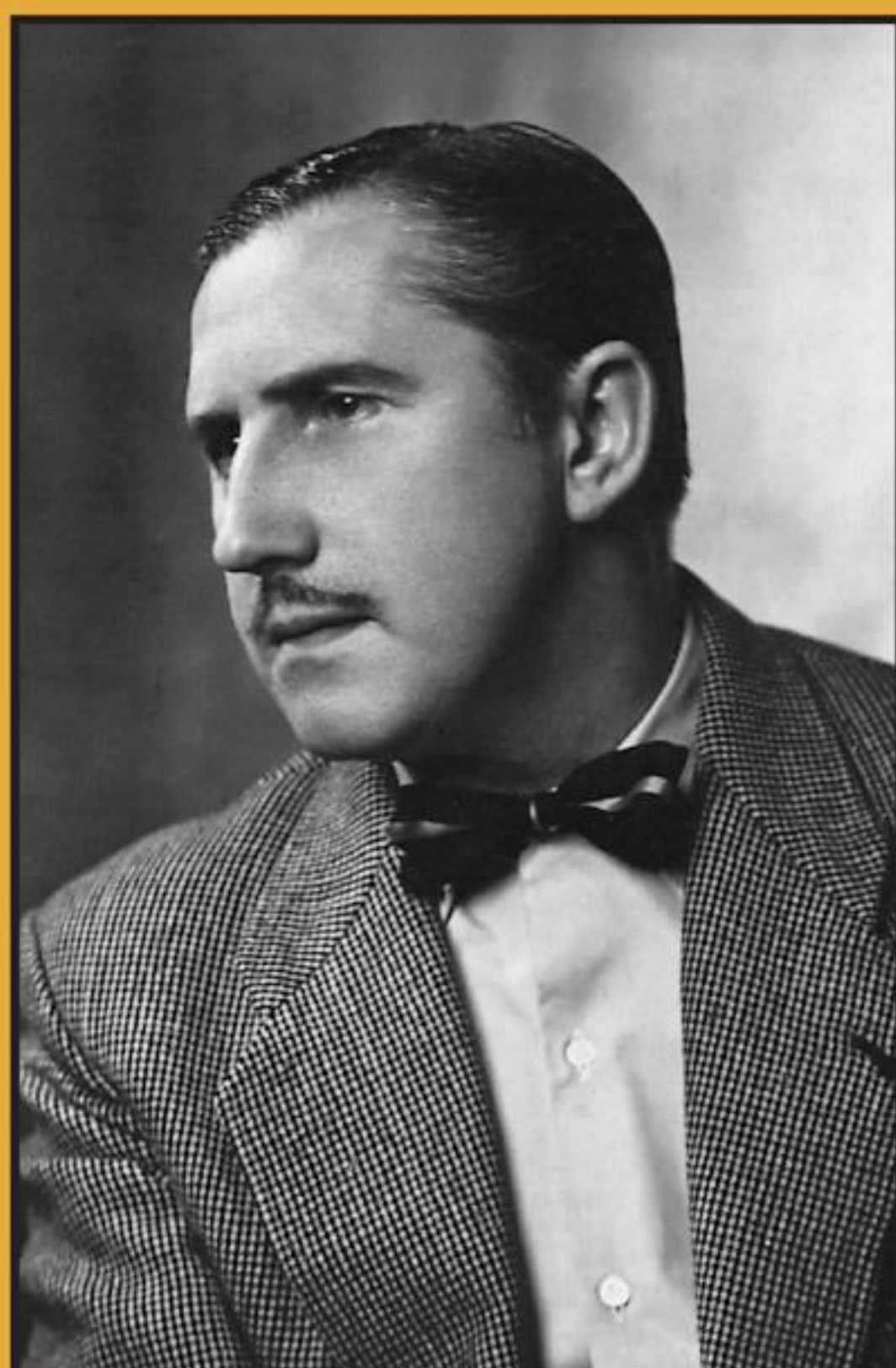
① The Yellow “M”



② The Mystery of the Great Pyramid Part 1



③ The Mystery of the Great Pyramid Part 2



EDGAR P. JACOBS - 1946

Born of **Edgar Pierre Jacobs**’ imagination during the post-WWII period, Professor Philip Mortimer, nuclear physicist, and Captain Francis Blake, dashing head of MI5, are legendary heroes of the 9th art. The author, a close relative of **Hergé**, appreciated the excessive and the astonishing that could be found within the scope of scientific invention; his heroes, very much ahead of their time, discover extraordinary objects and phenomena through their uncommon adventures. Before devoting himself exclusively to them, **Edgar Pierre Jacobs** collaborated with **Hergé** and took part in the realization of *Tintin in the Congo*, *Tintin in America*, *The Blue Lotus*, *King Ottokar's Sceptre*, *The Seven Crystal Balls*, and the *Prisoners of the Sun*.



LYNX-EMPIRE